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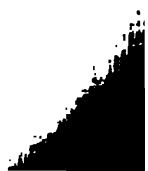
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R. Winklerhoff



**RECOLLECTIONS OF  
A LIFETIME**

BY  
**GENERAL ROELIFF BRINKERHOFF**



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## DEDICATION.

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TO MY WIFE.

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For forty-eight years, through sunshine and through cloudy weather, she has been my traveling companion in life's journey, and in all the vicissitudes of those years she has done more than her share in overcoming hindrances and in making our journey enjoyable. In all the vicissitudes of life she has been my counselor and helper, and always ready to make a sacrifice of herself for my advancement or comfort. In short, she has not only made my home a haven of rest and encouragement, but she has made my public career possible; and if I have accomplished anything of value, it is to her wise prevision and optimistic faith in Providential care, it is largely due.

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## PREFACE.

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In genealogical explorations in past years, with a view to the publication of a family history, I found it exceedingly difficult to get the facts I needed, and often wished that my ancestors had been considerate enough of the generations succeeding them to have left at least a brief outline of the events which had befallen them, and especially of the formative influences which had helped or hindered their mental, moral or physical development.

Considering, as I do, that genealogy is not only an interesting but an important study, I will endeavor to contribute to the records of the Brinkerhoff family an autobiographical outline of my own career and its environments, and trust that others of my name and blood will be induced to do likewise.

In addition to the genealogical incentive to autobiography, there is also the historical, for, as a member of the Ohio Archæological and Historical Society, I have for many years been interested in Ohio history; and here again the absence of authentic information in regard to the first half of the present century is painfully apparent, and we find that even the greatest men of that period are almost mythological for want of contemporaneous records.

There were giants in those days, and it is greatly to be regretted that the lives they lived and deeds they accomplished have not been fully recorded for the education and inspiration of succeeding generations.

Those who make history may not have the time or the



inclination to write history, as Cæsar did, but it is to be regretted that they do not. However, in recent years, the makers of history in the generation now closing have recognized the value of autobiography, and we have the recollections of Grant, Sheridan and W. T. Sherman among our generals, and Blaine, John Sherman and others among our statesmen.

Of course, autobiographies by ordinary citizens will not pay for publication, and therefore they rarely get into print; but yet they have a value even in manuscript, not only for family use, but for consultation by future historians, for they often furnish information of the highest value.

Now, it has so happened that the most active years of my life covered the most important events of the anti-slavery period, commencing with the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854, and closing with the rebellion and the reconstruction and reconstructive incidents growing out of it.

During that period, it has been my fortune to know quite intimately many of its leading men, and again and again I have been at the turning points of history, and have had a part in the shaping of events, and therefore the student of history will find in my recollections some side lights upon contemporary events, which may be useful and interesting.

At any rate, as a loyal member of the Ohio Archæological and Historical Society, I make this contribution to its archives, and trust that others will do likewise, for by so doing I am very sure we render a valuable service to coming generations.



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# RECOLLECTIONS OF A LIFETIME.

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## CHAPTER I.

### CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Place of birth—Ancestors—Life with Grandfather—Home surroundings—First school-teacher—Chapter of accidents—The books I read—Religious influences—Call on President Van Buren—Academy days.

According to the family records, I was born June 28, 1828, in the town of Owasco, Cayuga county, New York, and was the youngest of nine children.

I have no recollection of my mother, who died July 4, 1830.

After her death, I was taken to my grandfather's home (my mother's father), who resided at the village of Owasco, three miles south from my father's house, and I was cared for by mother's sisters, and especially by my mother's youngest sister, Rachel.

There were three sisters, unmarried—Sallie, Margaret and Rachel—and these, with my grandfather, constituted the household.

My grandfather's name was Samuel Bevier, and he was the lineal descendant in the fifth generation in America from Louis Bevier (Bouvier in French), a Huguenot refugee from France, who came to the New Netherlands in 1650, and was one of the twelve patentees of the tract of land in Ulster county, New York, known as New Paltz, and upon which the Huguenot colony settled.

These Huguenots, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, fled to Holland, where they resided several years before emigrating to America.

They soon intermingled with the Dutch, and in a generation or two lost their language and identity as Frenchmen, and to all appearances were as Dutch as the Dutch themselves.

They were a very religious people, and the Beviers, all the way back to their ancestor, Louis, were members of the Dutch Reformed Church, and were active Christians in every good word and work.

My grandmother died eighteen days before I was born. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Bevier, and she was a cousin of my grandfather.

My grandmother on my father's side was also of Huguenot descent. Her name was Baeltie Des Marest, and she was descended from Samuel Des Marest, who came to New Jersey with a Huguenot colony in 1650, and settled upon the Hackensack, in Bergen county, New Jersey. The name is now commonly written Demarest.

Apparently, therefore, I am more French than Dutch, and, so far as I know, I have not a drop of English blood in my veins.

The Brinkerhoff name, however, is pure Dutch, so far as we know, which is back to 1638 in America, and 1301 in Holland and Belgium in the Old World.

My father and mother, and both my grandfathers and grandmothers, were members of the Dutch Reformed Church, and their ancestors, without a break in the line, as far back as we can trace them, were upright, Christian men and women. I have heard my father say that they were not very famous or very rich, but they loved God and their country, and he hoped none of his children would break out of the line.

The Brinkerhoff name has now reached the tenth



generation in America, and there are at present about two thousand men, women and children who bear this name, and yet of those living, and of the thousands who have passed away since Joris Dircksen Brinkerhoff landed on Manhattan Island in 1638, not one, so far as we have any record, has ever been convicted of an offense against the criminal laws, and it is very rare indeed to hear of one who has reached middle life without becoming a member of a Christian church.\*

My oldest brother was not a member of any church, but from his youth upward he was one of the main pillars of support to the old church at Owasco, but for Calvinistic reasons remained an outsider.

In view of the power of heredity for good or evil in every human life, it is evident that the best heritage of a Brinkerhoff is an ancestry morally and physically sound.†

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\* In 1896, a man claiming the name of George Brinkerhoff was sent to the Penitentiary from Wood county, Ohio. He was an unknown tramp, and plead guilty of the charge of shooting with intent to wound. He could give no intelligent account of himself, and the only reference he would give was to a woman in Brooklyn, New York, as his foster mother. The Brooklyn chief of police, at my request, looked her up, and all she would say was that his father was a sailor, born in England, and left his son an orphan at an early age. The authorities were satisfied that George Brinkerhoff was an assumed name. Later on, he was transferred to the Ohio State Reformatory, at Mansfield, from which he was discharged upon the expiration of his sentence, and then admitted that his real name was George Beakley. The name Brinkerhoff, in Brooklyn, where he resided, was one of the oldest in the city, and always creditable, and for that reason, doubtless, he appropriated it. It is the old story of stealing the livery of heaven to serve the devil in.

† The history of the Brinkerhoff family is contained in a volume of 188 pages, published in 1887, entitled "The Family of Joris Dircksen Brinkerhoff, and can be found in all public libraries where genealogy has received attention. It was compiled mainly

In the Owasco village, my grandfather Bevier's house was a little east of the center, and as I remember it, the house was a comfortable, old-fashioned wood structure, located on a large lot, surrounded by fruit trees, and a wide, grassy lawn in front. It was, in fact, a part of my grandfather's farm, which comprised a hundred acres or more.

My recollections of the place are very meager, although I suppose I must have remained there two or three years.

About the only thing I can recall of my grandfather was sitting on his lap and listening to the ticking of a big silver watch he would hold to my ear.

He died about a year after I went there, very suddenly, of apoplexy, and I have a faint remembrance of the commotion it caused in the family.

I remember playing in the yard with a little girl from the neighborhood, by the name of Martha Watson, and beyond that, about the only incident I can recall is a visit to the schoolhouse in the village with my sister, and an attempt on the part of the schoolmistress to bribe me with a penny to say my letters.

I have no doubt my stay with my aunts was very pleasant and helpful to my child life, for they were all good people, but my recollections in regard to it are so dim as practically to amount to nothing.

In fact, my memory fails to report anything with any special distinction until I was six or seven years old.

I do not remember when I returned to my father's house, but I suppose I must have been four or five years old.

My father's farm was a part of a tract of land located

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by myself, but the chapters pertaining to the Flushing branch of the family were furnished by T. Van Wyck Brinkerhoff, of Dutchess county, New York.



by my grandfather in 1795, and he was one of the earliest settlers in Central New York.

My father's farm was one of the best in the county, and fronted upon the Owasco Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, about twelve miles long and a mile and a quarter wide at the place where we lived.

For rural scenery, nothing could be more delightful, and the shores of the lake are now largely occupied by summer villas for city people.

We were on the eastern shore of the lake, about two and a half miles from the foot, and about five miles from the city of Auburn, which at that time, perhaps, had a population of four or five thousand.

Our neighbors were mostly farmers in comfortable circumstances, and for the most part they were of Holland descent, and were zealous supporters of the two Dutch Reformed Churches located at the Owasco village, three miles south of us.

The old homestead is still in the family, and geographically, for a hundred years, it has been known as Brinkerhoff's Point.

Our family at this time consisted of my father, two brothers, two sisters, and a housekeeper (Betsy Bingham) and a hired man.

I was the youngest, and was never strong enough to be of much use on the farm, and for the most part I was left to my own wishes as to employment or pleasure.

Our farm fronted upon the lake, and rose from the water's edge to its eastern boundary with a gentle inclination. The house, barn and other buildings were located on the east side of the highway, three hundred yards or more from the lake. Along the lake was a strip of woodland, a hundred yards wide, perhaps, and between the woods and the road was an apple orchard of choice fruit.

On the southern and eastern boundary lines of the farm was another strip of woodland, and along our northern boundary, extending northeasterly, was a forest of a hundred acres or more, in which we had famous hunting for squirrel, pigeon, raccoon and other small game, during all my boyhood days.

The strip of woods on the east was a sugar camp, in which my father had erected a log-house for sugar-making, and in which some of the most pleasant memories of my early years are centered.

My father was a farmer of superior intelligence, and as a horticulturist had few equals, and he made our farm life very attractive, and from him I imbibed a love of nature and country life which has never allowed me to be contented with the limitations of a large city.

The fact that I have always surrounded myself with ample grounds, and have taken an active interest in their care and culture, has had very much to do, I have no doubt, in securing the uniform good health I have always enjoyed, and now, at the age of seventy-two, enable me to feel as vigorous in body and mind as I did at fifty.

The farm adjoining that of my father's on the south was that of my grandfather, Roeliff Brinkerhoff, after whom I was named. He died when I was two years old, and my grandmother a year or two later. I have no recollection of either of them.

The farm then came to my Uncle Henry, who had a large family of children, and with them for neighbors I had no lack of playmates, and we spent much of our time together, until they burned out and moved to Ohio in 1838.

The farm adjoining my uncle's on the south was owned and occupied by John I. Brinkerhoff, a cousin of my father, and he too had a large family of children, and with them also I spent much time pleasantly.

Northeast from my father's, half a mile across the woods, was the home of my uncle, Richard Parsell, who married my father's oldest sister, Margaret. We called her Aunt Peggy, and she was one of the best women in the world, and she took a special interest in me, and possibly at my mother's request, for I have always understood they were very close friends. At any rate, Aunt Peggy was very kind to me and I was very much attached to her, and as she was a very superior woman, I have no doubt she influenced me for good in many ways.

Aunt Peggy lived to be ninety years of age, and throughout her long life she was a benediction to all who came within the sphere of her influence.

About a mile south of my father's house, on the main road to the Owasco village, was the schoolhouse of the district to which we belonged. It was a modest structure, painted red, and was on the edge of the woods, and was surrounded by some fine forest trees. It is still standing, I believe, and when I saw it a few years ago, it was not changed very much from what it was in my youth. In this house my experience as a schoolboy commenced when I was about six years old. My recollections of that period are very limited.

My teacher was a young man by the name of Jacob Hoornbeek, who afterwards came to Ohio and conducted a commercial school at Sandusky for a number of years, and died there some thirty years or more ago.

He always claimed to have taught me to spell and read, but all I remember of his school is that it was in the summer, and that on pleasant days we had sessions in the woods under a big tree, and had a good time, whether we learned much or little; and I presume my school attendance at this time was not for the purpose of scholarship so much as to keep me out of mischief at home. My sister was with me and took charge of me,



and if I made no special progress, I suffered no loss. I at least learned to read, and I began to be interested in primers and story-books for children.

The next teacher of whom I have any special memory was a lady named Anna Maria De Witt, although not next, I think, in order of time. She interested me in my studies and aroused in me a thirst for knowledge, which soon developed into that love of books which has been the crowning pleasure of my life.

She started me in "Parley's Primary Geography" and commended my progress, and with her encouragement I went ahead of my classes in every direction, and for the first time felt the joy of a successful student. Since then, study has never been irksome, and the acquisition of knowledge has been my highest pleasure.

The old red schoolhouse, embowered in the forest trees, and overlooking to the westward, half a mile away, the blue waters of the Owasco, has always been a delightful memory. Since then, the grounds have been contracted, the trees have been cut down for the most part, the forest has disappeared, and the landscape has been cruelly scarred by the demands of modern improvements; but the old memory remains undimmed.

The lake alone remains unchanged—at least its waters remain, but modern villas and a railroad along its western shore have taken away the most of the charms which linger in my memory.

It has always seemed to me that people, especially country people, do not realize as they ought the importance of locating their schoolhouses amidst pleasant surroundings, and with pleasant outlooks. They ought to recollect that pictures hung up in the memories of childhood are about the only ones that remain when we grow old, and therefore, we owe it as a duty to children that, as far as possible, these pictures should be pleasant and

not repulsive. In my own case I know that when I dream, and locate my dreams, it is usually amid the surroundings of my childhood home.

The old, red schoolhouse and its surroundings are a pleasant memory, but internally it has vastly improved. Then the seats for the older scholars were continuous seats ranged along the four walls, with a break at one end for the teacher's desk, and at the other for the entrance door. In front of these seats was a stationary pine table for writing, and against this table, in front, was a low seat for the smaller children. In the middle of the room was a big wood stove to keep us warm in winter.

To this schoolhouse I trudged, summer and winter, for half a dozen years I suppose, but with the exception of Anna Maria DeWitt, I do not think I gained very much from my teachers, but they were pleasant years, and from nature I learned much; I knew every tree in the forest by name, and every form of forest life was as familiar to me as my alphabet. So with fishes in lake and stream, I knew their habits and could lure them to my hook more surely than any other boy in the neighborhood, and in many ways I became an expert in out-door pursuits. I learned to fish and hunt, swim, skate and could handle a boat with the best. In fact, a large part of my spare time in summer was spent upon the water, and to this day lakes, rivers and ocean attract me beyond anything else in nature.

As a boy I was not an athlete, neither was I an invalid, but still I did not have that exuberance of animal spirits that needed to be worked off in athletic contests, or something more censurable, that gives anxiety to friends. Upon the whole, I think I must have been reasonably tractable, for I do not remember that I was

ever whipped or otherwise punished at home or at school, as bad boys usually are.

However, I was a venturesome boy, and sometimes gave anxiety to the family.

On the water and in the water, as a fisherman, or swimmer, in the summer, and as a skater in winter, I had no sense of fear, and doubtless often took chances, that seemed to others reckless.

However, no accidents came to me after I was a dozen years old, but before that time there were several occasions when my career came very near a premature ending.

The first was when I was eight or nine years old. I was in my uncle's high-roofed barn, filled on the sides, and in the loft above, with sheaves of wheat. My cousins and I were playing hide and seek, and I, true to my climbing instincts, climbed the ladder to the peak of the roof and then crawled over the sheaves of wheat until I reached an unrecognized hole in the middle, and plunged headlong twenty-five or thirty feet to the bare floor below.

My chances for life were hardly one in ten, and for two hours I was considered dead, but under the care of my uncle (my mother's brother), who was the leading physician in that region, and who had been hastily summoned, I came out all right, and suffered no harm.

A little later, I was bathing in the outlet of a brook, and got beyond my depth, and as I had not yet learned to swim, and was at a distance from my companions, there was nothing to do but drown.

The sensation was rather pleasant than otherwise, after the first choking sensations were over. All the stories of drowning people I had ever heard passed before me like a panorama, and also a thousand other things.

One thing troubled me, and that was to how my people would find out what had become of me; but finally it oc-

curred to me that my clothing on the bank would tell the story and then I was satisfied.

There was music in my ears like the hum of bees in summer, and all the colors of the rainbow were about me, and then all was blank.

When I became conscious the boys were rolling me about on the bank, and I again re-entered upon my career which was very near an untimely ending.

A year or too later I had a fall of nearly forty feet out of a forest tree I had climbed for acorns, and by all ordinary calculations ought to have been killed, but I managed to get to a house where they cared for me and sent me home.

I was in bed a week or two, but still survive to tell the story.

The first money I ever earned was by catching and selling the yellow perch (*Perca flavescens*) and the first two dollars I received were invested in a year's subscription for the "Saturday Evening Post," a literary weekly published in Philadelphia, and which I believe is still alive; at any rate it was an excellent periodical and I enjoyed it immensely.

Another periodical in which I invested my earnings in those days was "Parley's Magazine," and for the instruction and entertainment of young people, I do not believe it has ever been equaled since.

Dear old Peter Parley (Samuel Griswold Goodrich), to the youngsters of my generation was ever a safe guide, a wise counselor, and an entertaining friend. He did not write fairy tales, or fiction of any kind, but he made history interesting, and all his books were instructive, and to me, and to thousands of other boys, he was a genuine benefactor, for he helped every one and hindered no one.

Among my early investments in literature was the

Penny Magazine, which was a reprint of an English periodical, and was full of information. I had the numbers bound in large volumes, and have them yet in my library.

By this time my taste for books became a consuming thirst and I read everything I could lay my hands on. My father's library ran to religious books largely, but he also had a taste for poetry and history, but the most of it was rather strong meat for a boy, but still I found much to enjoy in Pope, Dryden, Milton, Josephus, and Bunyan's Pilgrim.

Pope was my father's favorite, and his *Essay on Man* he knew by heart, and often repeated pages from it, and for this reason, I suppose, I took a fancy to Pope.

Milton was also a favorite with my father; but for some reason I never could get very much interested in Milton, and to this day I have never been able to wade through *Paradise Lost*, and it seems to me that it is a desecration of sacred things, and gives to the Devil and his angels a great deal more consideration than they are entitled to.

In my father's library there were no novels, and my father did not believe in that kind of reading, and I must have been ten or twelve years old before I made any incursions into the world of fiction. My first experience was with "*Thaddeus of Warsaw*," which I obtained from a neighbor, and then came the "*Scottish Chiefs*" and various others.

My father looked upon novel reading as he did upon the measles, that it was a disease to which all young people were liable, and was wise enough to give it such direction as would do the least injury, and so he gave me free range of the best writers, and let me surfeit myself, which I did in two or three years, and I have never had the fever since. It was very hot however whilst it lasted, and I exhausted not only the village library, but



also all the private libraries within reach. However, I was thoroughly cured, and suffered no particular harm, except perhaps a habit of reading too rapidly for proper assimilation, but as to any special good to be derived from novel reading I have serious doubts. Doubtless there are grains of wheat in every bushel of chaff, but to me it seems a waste of precious time to hunt them up, so long at least as there are whole granaries of golden grain without the chaff.

Of course the best novels are better than nothing, and a bushel of chaff with a few grains of wheat is better than no grain at all, but to minds really in search of knowledge novels are a waste of time. Possibly, with boys of my age at that time, fiction is helpful in creating a taste for literature which nothing else could give. It cultivates the imagination and affords an outlook upon the great world which otherwise could not be obtained, at least by a country boy; but the boy needs to be carefully guarded in what he reads.

Fortunately my novel reading began with the best authors, and I was so saturated with Scott, Cooper and Dickens that bandit stories of the baser sort never interested me in the least. During these novel reading years I took also a good deal of history, some poetry, and not a little of general literature. N. P. Willis and William Cullen Bryant at this time were leading American writers and influenced me largely, and especially Willis, whose "Pencilings by the Way" and his religious poems made a deep impression upon me. I remember to this day a paragraph from Willis which has shaped my actions in numberless instances. He said: "English society is like a cat's back. If you commence at the head and slicken downwards everything is smooth, but if you commence at the tail and slicken upwards the sparks will fly." From that day to this, whenever I

wanted to accomplish anything with civil, military or corporation officials I have gone to the head and "slickened downwards," and have been greatly obliged to Willis for the suggestion.

Bryant also influenced my life very largely, and more permanently, perhaps, than any other writer, first by his poems and later in life by his political writings in the "New York Evening Post." Among the authors I have known, Bryant was one of the few that personal acquaintance did not disenchant. I knew him quite well a quarter of a century later, and the more I saw of him the more I revered him.

Two other books I read in those early years I remember with gratitude; one was "Combe on the Constitution of Man," and the other was Locke "On the Human Understanding." The first led me to live hygienically, and to him I owe, very largely, the excellent health I have enjoyed to the present time; the other taught me how to use and how to economize my mental powers. For the poets I have never had very much appreciation, and in my early years they attracted me but little. Out of affection for my father I tried hard to wade through Milton, Pollock, and Young's "Night Thoughts," but finally gave up the task, and have never attempted it since. Why this was so, I can not tell; I think I had the poetic temperment more fully than most boys of my age. "I saw visions and dreamed dreams," and many an hour I lay in the grass, or in my boat upon the lake, and built castles in the air, and speculated upon the Infinite. About the only poems that took hold of me at this time with power were the "Book of Job" and "Bryant's Thanatopsis." A little later Byron's poems moved me profoundly, and especially his "Childe Harold" and some of his somber dramas, like "Manfred," "Sardanapalus," and "Cain," and doubtless influenced my life more

or less, but upon the whole the poets have had little to do with my mental make-up. This may be my misfortune; but such is the fact nevertheless.

During all these early years the religious influences which surrounded me were Calvinistic. My father was an elder in the Dutch Reformed Church, and our fireside was often surrounded by the brethren in high discussion upon foreordination, free will, and other religious topics.

My Father was a Calvinist, but he was too much of a Christian to be a bigot, and if his creed had been as faultless as his life there would have been no cause for revision in later generations. Religion as illustrated in my father's life attracted me and held me steady, but our Calvinistic preachers (dominies as they were called in Dutch) repelled me, and made me skeptical. God, as they represented Him, was a cruel tyrant rather than a kind Father. At least it seemed so to me, although I tried hard to think otherwise.

Doubtless Calvinism was better than its creed, and it has been a wonderful power for good in the world, but to a doubting Thomas of a boy like me, it was hurtful in many ways. However, it surrounded me with a religious atmosphere, and my father's life and teachings, in the end, led me to see that God was not a tyrant, but Love, and Light, and Life. With children, example is much more potent than precept, and they are very early in discerning the difference between precept and performance, and I think also that they consider the problem of life and death much earlier than we give them credit for. At any rate, when I recall my child-life, I cannot remember the time when the whence, why, and wherefore of existence were not questions for meditation.

When I was about ten years old, I had my first experience with a President of the United States. It was with Martin Van Buren, who made a visit to the city



of Auburn, five miles from my home. My father and Uncle Henry were old friends of the President, and leading Democrats in the county, and naturally called upon him. My father took me with him. I remember the only person present with the President was Wm. H. Seward, then governor of New York. After the usual salutations, I was introduced by my father as "my youngest." The President patted me kindly on my head, and inquired if I was "a Jackson boy," and when I said "yes, sir," he replied, "then you are all right."

Van Buren, as I remember him, was a placid, smooth-faced sandy-haired gentleman, in middle life, and was very kind and courteous. I have known half a dozen Presidents since then, but none of them were so suave and cultured as Martin Van Buren. Ten years later the "Jackson boy" he commended was a tutor at the Hermitage, in charge of General Jackson's grandchildren.

When I was twelve years old, perhaps at my own request, I was permitted to leave my own district school and attend that of an adjoining district. This was known as the Parsell School, and was near where my uncle and aunt lived. This was a larger and more advanced school than I was accustomed to, and my attendance there was an epoch in my life. The teacher's name was Garret Van Vleet, and his ability for creating a love of knowledge and study in his pupils was really wonderful, and I have never known classes to advance faster or further in the same length of time than they did with him. At any rate, at the end of my second winter with him, I was well up to the standard of the ordinary high school of the present day.

At the age of fourteen, I was sent to the academy at the city of Auburn, about six miles from my home. Here I had an entirely new environment, and, like a bird severed from the parent nest, I had an opportunity to fly

alone for the first time; that I flew a little irregularly is not to be wondered at, but upon the whole I got along fairly well. For a time I boarded at the academy, where the boys were pretty wild, but later on I boarded with a private family, in the city, where I had better opportunity for study.

I was at the academy about a year, and made some progress, especially in Latin and Greek. Mr. Hopkins, the principal of the academy, was a man of considerable learning, but he was not an inspiring teacher to me, although he treated me kindly, and did me no harm. Among my fellow students I made no lasting friendships, and I remember only three or four who became prominent in after life; of these, Roscoe Conkling and Clarence Seward were in the class above me, and Frederick Seward, son of Governor Wm. H. Seward, was in the class below me. Outside I had some close friends who were helpful to me. Among them was a young artist by the name of George Clough, who afterwards became quite famous, and from whom I acquired a taste for art which has been a joy to me ever since. From him I learned free-hand drawing, and painting in oil somewhat, and how to play the flute. In short, what little I know of art and music I learned from him. Through him I became acquainted with Elliot, the famous portrait painter of that generation. What I gained from associating with these two men has been of more value than all I acquired at the academy.

The boys of the academy were wild as colts, and perpetrated many pranks upon the teachers and each other, and I participated in a small way, but I never enjoyed that kind of foolishness very much, and greatly preferred a quiet hour with Clough in his studio, talking art, or listening to his flute. Occasionally, we rambled in the

woods and fields around the city, with our sketch books. Clough at this time painted four landscapes of considerable merit, and one of them he gave to me, and it is still a valued possession. It is a picture of the house and its surroundings of Judge Conkling, the father of Roscoe. It was then a delightfully rural scene, with water and woods in the foreground, but it has long since been covered over with factories and houses, and nothing remains of its pristine beauty. In the picture I am depicted as a fisherman on a bridge, and posed as such whilst Clough sketched me in the picture. I was at the academy, I suppose, about a year, and then was transferred to another school of higher grade at the village of Homer, some forty miles south of my father's house. The Homer Academy at that time was one of the famous schools of the state, made so largely by the presidency of S. B. Woolworth, afterwards the chancellor of the State Normal School. It really deserved its high reputation, and attracted a large number of pupils, both male and female. Here I had larger advantages than at Auburn, and came in contact with more advanced scholars, and upon the whole I think I improved my opportunities fairly well.

My associates were mostly older than I, and the fact that I was able to keep up with them in my studies gave me confidence. Still I made no permanent friendships at Homer, and even the teachers did not impress me as Garret Van Vleet had done at the Parsell District School. Upon the whole, however, my year at Homer was helpful to me in many ways, and was time well spent.

The summer and autumn of 1844, at Homer, gave me my first interest in politics. It was a presidential year, with Clay and Polk as competing candidates. The most of the students were Whigs, but I was a hot young Democrat, and as the adherents of Polk and Dallas were few in number, we had pretty hard work to keep up our end



of the discussions. I, for one, was ready to "back my opinions with a wager," and the result was that numberless oyster suppers and other small stakes were pending when the election came off. The result was I won all, and enforced nothing, and I have never made election bets, or any others, from that day to this.

At Homer, as at all schools where there are a large number of students, we had the usual typical characteristics. Some were diligent and some were dilatory; some steady and some wild; some dull and some bright; some religious and some skeptical. I think I was fairly diligent and steady; I have no recollections of black marks or reprimands. I was not as bright as some others, and made no claim to meteoric gifts in any direction; but I kept well to the front in my classes, and had the good opinion of my teachers.

By inheritance I was of a religious nature, and I can not remember the time when the great questions of God and the future did not interest me profoundly; but at the same time my temperament was critical and skeptical, and a faith without a scientific basis to rest upon was impossible. The result was that I was more of a moralist than a Christian, and rather prided myself that, as a Stoic of the Marcus Aurelius type, I was better in conduct than most Christians; and I am not sure but I was.

My motto was, "*Mens conscia recti*," and I tried to live up to it; but the more I tried the more conscious I became of falling short of my ideal, and the result was years of mental unrest before I discerned that the best of us are miserable sinners, that no one can be saved by works alone, and that there is no solution of the riddle of life except in Jesus Christ, our Lord.

## CHAPTER II.

## BUSINESS BEGINNINGS.

As a school-teacher—The ship launched—Southward bound—  
Storm on Lake Erie—A railroad experience—In a slave state—  
Kindness of Boniface Bell.

In the autumn of 1844, I received an invitation to teach a country school in the township of Niles, a few miles south of my father's, and accepted it. I was a boy just past sixteen years, tall, slender, and rather timid; but the school was small and the twenty or thirty scholars were young enough for me to control, and I got along very well—at least my employers seemed to think so. I was deeply interested in my work and did my best, but still I have always felt that my own education was advanced more than my scholars.

My work gave me confidence in myself and that self-control and clearness of thought which I so much needed. In fact, my experience as a teacher has fully convinced me that we can never fully assimilate what we have learned until we endeavor to impart our knowledge to others.

My Niles school was the beginning of my career as an independent factor in the work of the world. I received the munificent sum of ten dollars a month, and "boarded around," but no king was ever more independent or happier than I, and the experience and the mental uplift I received was of more value than any amount of money.

In the spring of 1845, I concluded to study law. At that time, in New York, it took seven years of study to

obtain admission to the bar; and as I had a chance, through my father's influence, to get into an office where I could partly earn my way, I started in. My preceptor was a lawyer in the city of Auburn, by the name of Stephen A. Goodwin, and he was also an officer of the chancery court, which afforded me some work as a copyist at ten cents a folio of one hundred words. Mr. Goodwin was a middle-aged man, a good lawyer, and a kindly, pleasant gentleman, and my stay with him was agreeable, and I read Blackstone and other elementary works with some degree of profit, I presume, but my memory does not recall any special inspiration or uplift connected with this period.

Whilst a law student with Mr. Goodwin, I attended the famous murder trial known as the "Freeman case," in which Wm. H. Seward was counsel for defendant and John D. Van Buren was prosecutor. It continued many days, and here for the first time I heard the plea of insanity fully considered, and I presume it has never been more ably presented. The negro had slaughtered a whole family, and public sentiment was so overwhelming against him that he was convicted and sentenced to be hung. Before the day of execution, however, his insanity was so palpable that he was reprieved, and soon after died, a pitiable imbecile. This trial gave me a lifelong interest in the subject of insanity.

In the autumn of this year (1845), I accepted an invitation to teach a school in the old red schoolhouse where I first learned to read. My invitation was coupled with the suggestion that I would have a tough lot of pupils to deal with, and if I was able to manage them it was more than any other teacher had done for some years. This, instead of deterring, rather stimulated me, for I knew the crowd from my youth up, and I had a curiosity to try the ring of my metal under adverse circumstances.

There were in the district a dozen or more young men who were as wild as hawks and bright as the light, who had been in the habit of making the winter school a bedlam, ending in chaos in a few weeks. They were older than I, some of them several years older, and it required generalship to handle them. They did not put in an appearance for two or three weeks after school opened, and then they came in a body, bent on mischief. I met them frankly at the very threshold, and insisted on a full understanding as to our relative rights and duties. They were willing to admit that I had had superior educational advantages and that I was competent to instruct them. I, upon my part, assured them they could command all my powers by day and by night, and that I knew them well enough to believe that if we could work together harmoniously, we could make a record as conspicuously good as the past had been conspicuously bad.

The result of our consultation was that we came to a full understanding, and a more progressive set of scholars I have never seen. The enthusiasm was wonderful, and we not only put in the days, but some of the evenings also each week. My classes in all lines caught the contagion, and in some, especially arithmetic and algebra, the progress made was phenomenal. In fact, I have never seen it equaled any where in the same length of time. The outcome was that when the spring came we were the banner school of the county and my reputation as a teacher was at high-water mark. The uplift to me, of course, was immense. It was my first genuine success in life, as the jockeys would say, "I struck my gait," and I am not sure but I made a mistake in not making educational work my life work.

In the month of May, 1846, I returned to my law studies, but my father having become financially embarrassed somewhat, I began to feel that it was incum-

bent upon me to relieve him from further burden upon my account. A year or so previously a cousin of mine had gone to the State of Tennessee as a teacher and it occurred to me that possibly I might do well by going there also, and so I wrote to him and he encouraged me to join him, and thought he could aid me in getting a start. So I talked it over with my father, and early in October he took me to the city, gave me one hundred dollars, took me to the railroad station, and started me out, with good advice and his blessing into the great world alone. I never saw him again. I have never known a better man, and to his example and teachings I am indebted more than to all others.

My father did not dictate in the slightest as to my studies or as to my career in life—perhaps it was hazardous for me that he did not do so—but the moral impress that he left upon me was so powerful that it was impossible for me to drift very far out of the line of rectitude, wherever the winds and currents of life might carry me. Doubtless, a directing hand would have been helpful to me at my age, but the heredity, and example my father gave me were worth a thousand times more than the wisest dictation without them.

When I look back over the years that have come and gone since that October morning in 1846, when I cut loose from home surroundings, and home influence, and assumed the entire responsibility of my own career, and ask myself as to its wisdom or unwisdom, I can only say, God only knows; I do not. If I were asked by a young fellow situated as I was, I presume I would say without hesitation, don't you do it. Very likely two years earlier I would have said to him keep out of a law office until you have finished a college course and acquired a sufficient mental discipline to know what you are best fitted for. Still, I am not sure but the course I actually




did take was the very best I could have adopted for the best development of the mental and physical forces given me.

At any rate here I was on that memorable October day, on the New York Central Railroad (then but recently opened), on my way to Nashville, Tennessee, via Buffalo and the lake. It was a long leap into the unknown for a beardless boy, like me to make; but the world was fresh, and all things were new and entertaining, and of course the sensations were immensely interesting. I reached Buffalo late in the afternoon and went directly to the steamer "Wisconsin," then one of the finest boats on the lake.

We left the harbor at sundown; the sky was overcast, and a heavy storm was evidently gathering along the western horizon, and within an hour the wind began to blow heavily, and by midnight it became a howling gale. By this time nearly all the passengers were sick and many were badly frightened. Fortunately for me I had spent a great deal of time on the water at home, and did not get sick or scared. On the contrary, there was a sublime fascination in the storm which banished all sense of personal danger.

Aside from the officers and crew I was the only person on deck, and by holding on to an iron stanchion, I was able to keep my feet. I have never seen a wilder night on any waters, fresh or salt. As the night wore on the wind increased and grew colder, and finally a blinding storm of snow and sleet came down upon us. At last the winds were so fierce and the sea so heavy that it was evident we were making no headway, and the captain came to the conclusion to hunt a shelter under the Canada shore. It was a risky business to swing the ship around in the teeth of such a gale, but it was finally accomplished, and we ran northeasterly towards the light upon



Long Point, and just about daylight we swung under its lee and anchored. Here we remained all that day and part of the next, when the wind lulled somewhat and we made another start up the lake, but it was soon found that the sea was too heavy for progress, and back we came again under the friendly shelter of Long Point.

The next day we tried it again and finally succeeded in pushing through to Cleveland, where we ran upon a sand bar, on account of the water blown out of the harbor by the winds, and were landed by a canal boat. Here, in order to gain time, I took a freight steamer for Sandusky. I was in bad luck again, for the wind blew great guns, and it was past midnight before we reached Milan.

At Milan I learned or remembered that the collector of the port was my first school teacher, Jacob Hoornebeek, and as he lived close by the landing, I concluded to stop and see him and take my chances of getting to Sandusky by land, which was only ten miles away. So I routed him out of bed and staid until morning. I was certainly glad to see him, and I think he was glad to see me, and we had a pleasant time together.

The next morning I hired a carriage and driver and reached Sandusky in time to take the south-bound train on the Sandusky, Mansfield and Newark Railroad. This road at that time was probably the longest in the state. There were a few miles on each end of the old Mad River road, and beyond that, so far as I remember, there was not a mile of railroad anywhere in the state.

At Plymouth, twenty miles north of Mansfield, I stopped a week or ten days to visit my sisters and other relations, and then went on to Mansfield, and took the stage for Springfield, via Newark and Columbus. We left Mansfield about noon and reached Columbus the evening of the next day, which made the ride long and

tedious. This ride was without incident, and was rather tiresome.

At Springfield I took the train for Cincinnati. It was early in the morning as we pulled out in a foggy drizzle, and there were but few passengers in the car. Presently the conductor, a stalwart Irishman, came in to collect fares. He had evidently been drinking and was not yet sober. When he came to me I handed him a five dollar bill which he took in a maudlin way, and after looking it over returned it to me, and said that kind of money would not pass. It was a new bill, received by me at the Cayuga County Bank, and was a part of the hundred dollars given me by my father, and was really worth a premium in Ohio, and I told him so. He insisted that it was not good and that I could not ride on it. I told him all the money I had was of that kind, that I knew it was good, and that I proposed to ride on it. He pulled the bell rope to stop the train, and went forward to the brakeman to help him put me off. Of course they could put me off, but I was young and fiery and did not propose to go without a fight for my rights.

Just then a passenger sitting behind me tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Count me on your side." I looked around and saw a strong, heavily-bearded man, wrapped in a blue army overcoat, and of course I felt relieved. The train stopped and the conductor and brakeman came for me, my new friend caught his arm and called a halt. "Who are you?" said the conductor with a big oath. "I am Major Gordon of the United States Army," was the reply, "and all the men you have on this train can't put this young man off." In short, I was let alone and rode in peace to Cincinnati.

Major Gordon, as he told me, was a cavalry officer under General Taylor, and had been wounded at the Battle of Resaca de la Palma in the month of May, and

was now on his way to rejoin his regiment. It was my first experience with a regular army officer, and I have had an affection for West Pointers ever since.

Later in my life, when I became a soldier myself, I always preferred service under a regular army officer; and I had a large experience with them, and never had the slightest friction with one of them. They were gentlemen, and knew what they wanted, and knew when a subordinate was doing his duty, and were always ready to commend faithful service.

Major Gordon as we neared Cincinnati paid my fare, and told me I could repay him at the hotel when I got my money changed. This I did at the Henri House, where we stopped. At noon I bade him good-bye and took the mail boat for Louisville. I had been up two nights and was glad to get into my stateroom and go to sleep. When I awakened I had evidently been at the wharf in Louisville for sometime.

It was two o'clock in the morning, and not a living person to be found. I finally went ashore and wandered about the landing to find some one to take me to the Galt House, where I knew the stage started for Nashville at four o'clock. It was perfectly still and there was not the slightest form of life to be found, and for the first time I was homesick, and knew what it was to be a stranger in a strange land. After awhile I heard the sound of wheels, and presently a negro with a mule and cart came in view, and I engaged him to take me to the Galt House. We succeeded in getting my trunk ashore and into the cart, and seated upon it I rode to the Galt House in triumph.

I got my breakfast and took the stage at daylight. It was a glorious morning, clear, crisp and frosty. The scenery was new, strange and interesting, and I was young, fresh and healthy, and of course I was happy.

I was now in a slave state, and the preponderance of negroes was the first novelty that attracted my attention, and the next was Kentucky farm houses with a chimney at each end on the outside.

We were on a splendid pike road, bowling along at ten miles an hour, and changing horses frequently. As the day wore on it grew colder, and as evening came there were but two passengers left—myself and a young man by the name of Pearson, from Philadelphia. It grew still colder, and we told stories and sang songs, and amused ourselves as best we could. At last, about nine o'clock at night, we stopped for supper, at what was known as "Bell's Tavern," seven miles from Mammoth Cave.

The landlord opened the stage door and helped me out, but I found that I was so nearly frozen that I could not walk alone. Mr. Bell helped me to the house and opened the door and ushered us into a room with an old-fashioned fireplace, with a great fire, which looked like a blazing log heap; the light and warmth was like heaven upon earth. After thawing out a little, Mr. Bell said: "The next thing you need is some peach brandy and honey;" and he took us to the bar at one end of the room and poured out a tumbler nearly full of these generous ingredients, and then, warmed up with an inward and outward glow, he took us to a supper fit for a king. The venison, and quail, and coffee, and hot rolls of that supper have been a joy of memory ever since.

Dear old Boniface Bell has gone to his rest long ago; but I have marked his memory with a white stone, and shall never forget him. There are now no Bell's Taverns in all that Southern land, and never can be where railroads run. We left Bell's Tavern with a glow of satisfaction, warmed and invigorated for our all-night ride, and did not experience further inconvenience from cold.



In fact, as we were going due south, the weather soon moderated, and by morning it was mild enough for me to ride outside with the driver and see the country.

From the Tennessee boundary southward, through Sumner and Davidson counties to Nashville, is a beautiful rolling country, and pleasant to the view at all times; but riding through it for the first time, as I did, on a sunny day in November, it was unusually attractive.


## CHAPTER III.

## LIFE IN TENNESSEE.

Arrival at Nashville—Southern hospitality—My cousin, Hardenberg Parsell—Seeking a school—A disappointment—The Donelson family—The Donelson school—Social life in the South—"Poor whites"—Country life—Politics of the South—Followers of Calhoun—Repeal of the Missouri Compromise foreshadowed—Duelling in the South—The Branch family—Change of location.

We reached Nashville late in the afternoon and stopped at the Suwanee House, then a well-known hostelry, and then, after brushing off the dust of travel, I called at the office of the "Daily American," and presented a letter of introduction to a Mr. Shepard, who was then its business manager. He received me kindly and invited me to his house, and gave me all the information I needed to find my cousin, who was located at Neeley's Bend, some six miles up the river. The next day he introduced me to a planter who lived in the neighborhood, who proposed to show me the way. So I procured a saddle-horse and went with him.

In those days, carriages were rarely used and horse-back riding was the almost universal method of locomotion, both for men and women. The civilization of the old slaveholding South was as different from that of the North as that of England from France. Unlike the North, the cultivated, educated and traveled people lived on the plantations and not in the cities. In that respect it resembled England rather than the North. Like the nobility and country squires of England, the planters



looked upon city people engaged in trade or manufacture as social inferiors rather than equals. The best lands, as a rule, were in large plantations, and were cultivated by slaves, and resembled in many ways the old baronial estates of England. As a rule, white men did not cultivate the land, and when they did not own slaves they hired them from those who did to do their work.

The poor whites, who neither owned nor hired slaves, at least in Middle Tennessee, were denizens of the worthless lands, and were the hangers-on of the plantations, and as a rule, they made a living by illicit traffic with the slaves and by hunting and fishing. They were despised by the slaves as "poor white trash" and were annoyances to the planters. In short, the planters were the ruling class in all the slave states, and this exercise of power and authority, as in the old Grecian republics, developed a type of civilization which in many respects was noble and elevating. With wealth and leisure and slaves at command, they were generous and hospitable, and made their homes attractive to friends and visitors. In public life, as a rule, they were honorable, patriotic and trustworthy. They were too proud to steal and too brave to deceive, and the result was the production of such men as Washington, Jefferson, Jackson and Clay, and scores of others of a similar type. In short, they had the virtues of the feudal system as well as its vices.

The plantation of Mr. Neely was on the north side of the Cumberland river, and around it the river made a curve which was known as Neely's Bend. At this point was a ferry which we did not reach until nightfall, and here for the first time I heard the weird boat cry of a negro ferryman in answer to our call. He took us over safely and a short ride brought us to Mr. Neely's house, where I found my cousin, Hardenberg Parsell, and received a hospitable welcome from Mr. Neely. Here I




remained for a week or two, mostly in the house, nursing a bad cold and a quinsy throat.

Parsell was teaching a select school in the neighborhood with Mr. Neely as his principal patron. Knowing of my coming and its purpose, he had made inquiry and had heard of a vacant school an Hendersonville, some ten miles away to the northwest in Sumner county, and, therefore, when I had recovered, we rode over to that neighborhood to see what could be done. We went first to a Dr. Graham, one of the trustees of the school, and he advised us to see General Donelson, as the most important person interested in the school. We found the general was absent from home, and his wife informed us that nothing would be done until his return some days later. Mrs. Donelson invited us to dinner and treated us very handsomely. I told her my story, and she encouraged me to remain until the general returned. She seemed interested in me, and I certainly was in her. She was a middle-aged woman, of fine presence, and evidently had been well educated and trained. She was the daughter of Governor Branch of Florida, who had also been United States Senator from North Carolina and Secretary of the Navy under President Jackson.

On our return to Dr. Graham's, he invited me to remain at his house until General Donelson should return, so I sent my horse home with Parsell, and made myself at home with the doctor and enjoyed myself immensely. I hunted in the woods, and fished in the river, and made the acquaintance of various families in the neighborhood.

In a few days, I was invited to a wedding and escorted the doctor's niece. We went on horseback, and there were at least a dozen couples, and we had several miles to ride. After the wedding, we went to the "infair," as they called it, at the house of the groom's father, and of



course I was initiated into the customs of a social life entirely new to me. The boundless hospitality of the old South, as contrasted with that of the North, was very striking and very attractive.

In due time General Donelson returned, and a conference was held by the directors of the Hendersonville school, which resulted in the selection of a competing candidate who had local influence through relatives and friends in the neighborhood, and it was also surmised that politics was a potential factor. The result was announced to me by one of the directors by the name of Lyle, who was a planter in the neighborhood, whose acquaintance I had made. I told him I would have been glad to have had it otherwise, but still I was more than repaid for my stay among them by the pleasant acquaintances I had made and the hospitality I had received. He asked me what I expected to do next, and I told him I would take the stage for Nashville in the afternoon. He told me not to be in a hurry, but go with him and call upon General Donelson, who might be of service to me, and then if I wanted to go anywhere, he would furnish me a horse. Do you see that mare, he asked, pointing to the animal near by? Yes, I said, and she is a beauty. Yes, he replied, she is the finest thunderbolt mare in Tennessee. I have refused fifteen hundred dollars for her. You can have her to ride until you get located, and then you can send her home.

This was Tennessee hospitality. Here was a man who had never seen me but once, and knew nothing of my antecedents, and yet he was willing to back me on sight with property and friendship. Where, except in the old South, would such a proposition be possible? And yet this was the spirit I met in my intercourse with the planters of Tennessee practically everywhere. We called

upon General Donelson, whom we found at his home. He was a large, fine-looking man, of about fifty years of age. He had been a graduate of the West Point Military Academy, ranking high in his class, and was a man of high character and ability, and ample means. He was connected by birth and marriage with some of the most influential families of the South.

The Donelson family was one of the oldest in the state, being descended from Captain John Donelson, the founder of the city of Nashville, whose daughter, Rachel, became the wife of General Jackson. The brother of General Donelson was private secretary for General Jackson when President, and subsequently was United States minister at Berlin. The sisters of General Donelson were women of unusual ability and beauty. One was the wife of Judge Cahal of the high court of chancery; another married General Caruthers, of Lebanon, a leading lawyer; another, Dr. Allison, of Lebanon, a prominent physician, and still another was the wife of Dr. Hockett, one of the largest planters and slaveholders in the state, so that in securing the friendship of General Donelson I obtained an influence of the highest value. I was not aware of this, however, when I made his acquaintance, but simply knew that he was considered an important factor in the community where he lived.

The Donelson plantation was located between the Galatin pike and the Cumberland river, and the homestead buildings were a short half mile from the village of Hendersonville, now a station on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, in Sumner county, about sixteen miles from Nashville. The general received us very cordially, invited us to dinner, and sent our horses to the stable. We remained with him several hours. He was a man of ability, and of large acquaintance with the leading men of the country, and withal, was a very en-



tertaining talker, so that he made our stay very pleasant. After dinner, he took up the school question, and expressed himself as very much dissatisfied with what had been done, and finally declared he would have nothing more to do with the Hendersonville school. He said he had a schoolhouse of his own on his own land, and if Mr. Lyle and other friends would join with him he saw no reason why they should not support a school of their own.

To make a long story short, he proposed that I should take charge of such a school. He said his wife favored such arrangement, although they had only daughters to send to the school, and upon the whole he thought they could give me a fair support. At any rate, he would furnish the schoolhouse, and I could board with him free of expense, and he would pay me a stipulated amount, and I could get as many outside scholars as I could.

At any rate, he would be glad to have me try it for one year, and see what would come of it.

The result was I accepted his proposition and became an inmate of the family for the year, and had no cause to regret it. It was a delightful southern home, and they made my life with them very enjoyable. My school-room was a quarter of a mile away in a pleasant grove, and as my pupils were only about a score in number, I was not worked hard, and upon the whole I passed my time pleasantly and profitably.

I had at command a gun and ammunition, and a splendid gray hunter to ride, so that I explored the woods and surrounding country, and soon made the acquaintance of the people for miles around, and had a good time generally. Mrs. Donelson's good-will for me, which gave me my start, grew out of my resemblance to her dead brother James, and there probably was a family

resemblance, for Governor Branch, the father, looked more like my own father than any man I ever knew.

So it happens in life that very little things shape our destiny, as I have found many times in my experience. We call them accidents, but Shakespeare was right when he declared: "There is a *Providence* that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will."

During the school year of ten months I passed with the Donelsons, nothing of special importance occurred to make or mar my fortune. I was a part and parcel of the daily routine of an intelligent and well-ordered family. We quite frequently had visitors, people of prominence in the state, and sometimes from other states.

General Donelson was a Democrat in politics, and a man of large influence in the councils of his party. The Whig and Democratic parties were very evenly matched in Tennessee in those days, and party contests were very heated. It was the custom then, and a very good one, for rival candidates for governor, or for congress, to debate political questions before their constituents, and the year 1847 was memorable for the joint discussions of the two Browns, Aaron V. Brown, and Neil S. Brown, who were rival candidates for governor, the first a Democrat, and the second a Whig.

I attended their debates at Gallatin, and became very much interested in the consideration of political questions. Under this system of joint discussion, the voters had a much more intelligent comprehension of political questions than it is possible to get under the *ex parte* discussions almost universal at the North. The people, like a jury in a court of law, heard both sides, and decided according to the weight of evidence and argument. Of course I soon became familiar with the peculiarities of the slaveholding civilization around me.

Society was more distinctly stratified than in a free



state. First, the whites and blacks, between whom an impassable gulf was fixed, so far as civil and social rights were concerned. The whites were then subdivided into three grand divisions, but the boundaries were not impassable. First, the slaveholding planters, who were often educated at Northern colleges, and were polished by foreign travel and were practically the ruling class, and gave their lives to politics, and were the lawmakers and statesmen of their section. With these the lawyers, preachers, doctors might be classed. Next to them were the merchants, manufacturers and small planters who occupied a position similar to the middle class in England. They were not the nobility, but were next to them, and in many ways intermingled with them.

Of course, money counted for a good deal in the old South as it does in the North to-day, but money alone was not a passport to the best society. A disreputable calling was more of a ban upon a man than it is now in most of our cities. For example, there was a rich man near Gallatin who had made himself rich by trading in negro slaves, and yet he was a social pariah. He was not personally a disagreeable man, and his wife was a woman of good family, and of many attractions, but their fine establishment and the money that supported it came of negro trading, a calling that the slaveholding planters tolerated, but despised as heartily as the old Egyptians despised the embalmers of their dead.

The poor whites, or "the poor white trash," as they were called by the negroes, I have already referred to. They were not numerous in Middle Tennessee, and yet every community had a few. They were not tramps or gypsies, and yet they had some of the characteristics of both of these nomads. They hunted and fished, and carried on a contraband trade with the negroes, and petty thieves on the plantations could manage to get a little

whisky in exchange for their plunder. They had votes, and in close elections they were coddled by the politicians, and in that way secured toleration, and some material help. They were a queer lot, and yet, like their prototypes, the tramps and gypsies, they seemed to enjoy life, and would hardly change for something better if they had an opportunity.

Naturally, it would be supposed that this class of people would sympathize with the slaves in any desire they might have for freedom. But such was not the fact; on the contrary, the most ultra proslavery people in the South were the poor whites. I could talk with the large planters with entire freedom, and discuss the evils of slavery fully, but to a man who never owned a slave, and never expected to own one, it was dangerous to mention the subject except in commendation. With the poor white his color was the only badge of superiority over the slave. Freedom to the slave meant degradation to the poor white, and, therefore, to him, the mere suggestion of freedom to the slave was an unpardonable sin; and it was this feeling that made them the fiercest rebels in the Confederate armies of the great rebellion.

In Eastern Tennessee, and in other mountain regions of the South where there were but few slaves, the poor whites were of a different nature, and to a large extent were unfriendly to slavery and slaveholders, but it was not so elsewhere. In my hunting excursions I came to know some of the leading spirits among the poor whites, and my taste for hunting and fishing pleased them. I am quite sure I was neither a bold rider nor a good marksman, but they thought I was, and my reputation as such was a passport to their good will. General Donelson's splendid gray hunter would give any body a send off who could sit in a saddle, but their faith in my skill with the rifle was based almost entirely upon an accidental shot



which picked a squirrel from the top of a tall tree after one of their best marksmen had failed to dislodge him. As a fisherman I really had skill, which I had acquired in early years, and I was discreet enough to keep within my limitations, and in that way maintained a friendly footing with this particular class of people.

Life in the country in Tennessee, as I found it, was far more interesting than I had been accustomed to, among the hard-working farmers of the North, and I enjoyed it immensely, and made the most of it. My associations, in the main, were at the top, where there was ample leisure, considerable culture, and a free-handed hospitality, and I was too young to vex myself very much with the rights and wrongs of other people, and therefore enjoyed the life that came to me, and was happy and content.

In saying this, however, it does not follow that I was blind to the defects of this Southern civilization, or that I considered it preferable to what I had been accustomed to at the North; but I simply indicate that my own particular environment was agreeable, and upon the whole, as a formative influence, was helpful and not hurtful. My associations, for the most part, were with the Donelson family and their friends and relatives, and beyond these my intimacies were few in number, and my time was too much occupied to allow any large familiarity with the social life outside. The young men of my own age, as a rule, were a careless, happy-go-lucky, fox-hunting, pleasure-loving crowd, without any special occupation or aim in life, and for such I never had any special affinity; and so, whilst I kept on good terms with them, I excused myself from any large participation in their pursuits or pleasures.


The friends of General Donelson whom I met at his house or elsewhere were mostly people of mature years,



and of responsible position in life, and as members of the ruling class they considered and discussed the various problems of the civilization for which they were responsible. These problems were never more serious than at this time. The Mexican war was in progress, and it was evident that its conclusion would bring large accessions of territory to the United States, and of course this involved all the questions pertaining to the extension of slavery beyond the existing limitations. In fact, Texas was already one of the United States, having been annexed by act of Congress in December, 1845, and California was acquired by conquest a year later, so that questions pertaining to their future political status were the main topics for consideration among Southern statesmen when I came to Tennessee.

The people of the South were practically unanimous in desiring to extend slavery into the newly-acquired territories, but for different reasons. A great many slaveholders, and probably a majority, did not believe in slavery as a desirable institution to perpetuate. They saw its evils, but could not see how to get rid of them, and therefore, when they saw the probable acquirement of such continental acquisitions of new territory as Texas, California, and intervening lands, they hailed it with joy as an opportunity to reduce slavery in the old states by emigration to the new.

Another class of Southern men, under the leadership of John C. Calhoun and his coterie, believed in slavery *per se*, and taught the doctrine that a slave empire ruled by the Anglo-Saxon race was the highest attainable civilization under existing conditions. The negroes, they insisted, were inferior by nature, and wholly unfitted for self-government, and that freedom to them simply meant a return to African barbarism, and therefore the safety of the whites and the welfare of blacks required that



slavery should be perpetuated. The leaders of this ultra proslavery propaganda were not only aggressive, but they were sagacious enough to see that slavery never could be safe unless its upholders could retain the control of the general government; and they saw also that the time must come in the not very distant future when the South would be in a minority, and hence they were already shaping events for the ultimate separation of the slave from the free states. Of course this purpose was not openly avowed, and was only discussed in private among themselves.

I remember, as if it were yesterday, when the secret was revealed to me. It was in the early autumn or late summer of 1847. A number of prominent gentlemen were at General Donelson's to meet Governor Branch, of Florida, the father of Mrs. Donelson, and her brother, Wm. Branch, who was afterwards a brigadier-general in the Confederate army and was killed at the second Bull Run fight.

After dinner, we all went out under the wide-spreading branches of a magnificent elm in front of the house, to smoke cigars and talk. The whole party were followers of Calhoun, and were men of mark. It was Saturday, and I was at liberty to spend the afternoon with them. The talk, as usual, ran upon current political questions. Presently General Donelson's negro boy, "Joe," came in from Hendersonville with the mail, and with the package came a newspaper, containing a speech or letter or deliverance of some kind from Mr. Calhoun upon pending issues. My recollection is that it was the "Washington Globe," but congress could not have been in session at that time, and therefore it could hardly have contained a report of a speech in the senate. However, the party around me called for the reading of Mr. Calhoun's speech, and I was appointed the reader.

What the speech was about I do not now remember, beyond the fact that it presented the extreme views of that great thinker upon the slave question with a logic and power which no one else could command. At any rate, it captured my hearers and started a conversation, and interchange of ideas that opened up to me for the first time a fair comprehension of the ultimate designs of the ultra proslavery men of the South. They had a magnificent dream of empire, which, in brief, contemplated the use of the government of the United States, so long as they could control it, for the acquisition of slave territory, and this included not only Texas and California, but all between them, and then in addition the Island of Cuba. This scheme included also, somewhere in the future, the acquisition of Mexico and Central America, with the Gulf of Mexico as an inland sea of the mighty oligarchy which was to come.

In the New Republic, as they were pleased to call it, the masses of the people, as in ancient Athens, were to be slaves; but, unlike Athens, slaves were to be black, so that the white men who were to rule would have a patent of nobility in their color alone. In the realization of this scheme, the first thing to be done was to secure to slavery all the territory to be acquired from Mexico; but to this there were obstacles.

To reach California, at that time, the only practicable way seemed to be the overland route, via St. Louis, Independence and the Santa Fe trail, and that would take them through Kansas north of the Missouri Compromise line of 36 degrees and 30 minutes, and the Supreme Court of the United States had decided that a slave taken upon free soil by his master became, *ipso facto*, a free man. To remove this obstacle, the only practicable method seemed to be the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and make a slave state of Kansas. These visions

of empire were not idle dreams, as we learned a few years later.

The repeal of the Missouri Compromise, in all human probability, would have carried Kansas and California and intervening territories to the slave oligarchy, except for the discovery of gold, which carried with it that enormous rush of emigrants of freemen from the northern states. It was God Almighty, and not northern wisdom, that thwarted the schemes of the slave oligarchy. The Calhoun school of southern statesmen at this time were doubtless largely in the minority, but they were bold, aggressive and very able. They were at the same time cautious and skillful, and marshaled events with such consummate skill that when the time came for action, they were able to control the political forces of the country and secure the repeal of the Missouri Compromise line, and open for themselves a highway through Kansas to the vast territories acquired from Mexico. The discovery of gold, however, not only poured into this highway an overwhelming tide of freeman from the North, but it also whitened the seas with emigrant ships around Cape Horn, and, later on, to and from the Isthmus.

All this is history now, but the conspiracy for the disruption of the Union was not known to the country at large until it was announced by the roar of cannon in the bombardment of Fort Sumter in April, 1861, nearly fourteen years after its revelation to me on that sunny afternoon in 1847. Possibly I did not comprehend it fully at that time, but it helped to shape my destiny farther on.

Dueling in Tennessee, in my time there, was under the ban of the law, but its spirit remained in full force in encounters known as street fights, which in a large portion of the South still prevails, and, in some respects, is


more barborous than the formal duels. The street fights require that the offended party, instead of sending a formal challenge, shall notify his antagonist that he will kill him on sight. Both parties then arm themselves, and when they meet, the battle begins, and only ends when one or both are "*hors de combat.*"

I had a notice of this kind sent to me, but the sender knew when he got sober that he had made a fool of himself, and finally apologized. General Donelson, however, furnished me a six-shooter, and proposed to stand by me in case of attack, but nothing came of it, and I was not sorry; still, I had done no wrong, and would have had no compunctions of conscience in defending myself.

The duel in all its forms is a relic of the bloody customs of the middle ages, and possibly had its origin in the provisions of Jewish law in regard to avengers of blood, but it is really an absurd as well as a cruel custom, and ought to come to an end. Among English-speaking races it is already practically ended, except in our own Southern States, and even there it is weakening year by year.

Governor Branch, although he was not specially brilliant or profound, was agreeable and interesting, and a most excellent man in private life. As a Senator from North Carolina for six years and a Secretary of the Navy under Jackson, he had seen much of public life and knew personally nearly all the leading public men of his time. He was appointed Governor of the Territory of Florida in 1843, and when I knew him he resided in Tallahassee. In summer he was accustomed to travel north as far as Saratoga, and then with the approach of autumn he would return to Florida via Tennessee, where he visited his daughter, Mrs. Donelson.

At the time I met him he was about sixty-five years of age, and I never saw him again. He lived for many



years after that and died in 1863. I have heard that two of his sons, Lawrence and William, were generals in the Rebel army, and were both killed. His son-in-law, General Reed, had been killed in a duel some years before I knew him, and Mrs. Reed, a sad-faced, quiet woman, was with him. He was kind to me, and his resemblance to my father in person and spirit attached me to him very much.

My school year of ten months with the Donelsons was coming to an end, and I made up my mind to go elsewhere. The General insisted upon my remaining, but I told him what he was paying me would employ a governess for his own children with much better results than was possible under the existing arrangement, and with his help I could do better for myself elsewhere.

My first idea was to seek the charge of the academy at Gallatin, but just then I heard of a vacancy at the Hermitage, which for many reasons was more attractive to me, and so armed with a letter of introduction to Andrew Jackson, Jr., I crossed the river and rode up to the Hermitage. The General's recommendation proved amply sufficient, and I closed a contract with him for a year, and in a few days took up my residence at the Hermitage as tutor for the Hermitage boys. These boys were four in number. Two of them, Andrew and Samuel, were sons of Mr. Jackson, and the other two, William and Andrew, were sons of Mrs. Adams, who was a widowed sister of Mrs. Jackson, who made her home at the Hermitage. The two older boys were about fifteen or sixteen years old, and the younger, twelve or thirteen. The Jackson's had a daughter also, Rachel, but she was absent at school in Virginia.

## CHAPTER IV.


## THE HERMITAGE.

A plantation home—Early history of the Hermitage—My life at the Hermitage—Mrs. Andrew Jackson, Jr.—The Jackson family—Political views of the Jacksons—Judge Phillips—Slavery in the South.

The Hermitage plantation at this time comprised, perhaps, a thousand acres, and had been selected by General Jackson at an early day on account of its location and fertility. At his death in 1845, this estate, together with another plantation in Mississippi, and other property in Tennessee, and all his slaves, came into possession of his adopted son by will. The Hermitage property was kept in order and cultivated by some fifty slaves, and all its appointments were of the best. In fact, at that time, I presume there was no estate in Tennessee of superior attractions.

Andrew Jackson, Jr., was a nephew of Mrs. Jackson, and was adopted by the General when an infant, and he became his heir at his death. His twin brother, Samuel Donelson, when I was at the Hermitage, resided in Philadelphia, but I never met him.

Andrew Jackson, Jr., although he never made any special figure in the world, was a man of fair ability and excellent character. He was a gentleman in the true sense of the term; a kind husband and father, a good neighbor, a rather too-confiding friend, and in all respects was a worthy citizen, and an upright, useful, Christian man.



Mrs. Andrew Jackson, Jr., was a Miss York, of Philadelphia, and went to the White House as the wife of the adopted son of the president during his first term of office. She was a woman of beauty, refinement and culture, and was in every respect fitted to adorn the position she occupied. She was a great favorite with the General, and to the day of his death she remained the trusted and unquestioned head of his household affairs.

The history of the Hermitage household prior to my residence there is interesting, but it is not a part of my own personal experiences. I wrote it up, however, quite fully thirty years ago, and it was published in 1871, in the early numbers of a weekly journal, called "The Capital," established and edited by Donn Piatt and George Alfred Townsend, at Washington, D. C. These articles also contain a good deal of my own experiences at the Hermitage, and in fact were headed "Three Years at the Hermitage;" but still I will not repeat what is already in print beyond what is necessary to indicate my environment and connect the thread of my story.

Our schoolroom was the library which remained substantially as it was when General Jackson died two years before. A large front window overlooked the garden in which was the General's tomb. There were two doors, one opening into the hall, and the other with the General's room, where he died. The spaces between doors and windows were filled with book-cases and books. A writing table and half a dozen chairs constituted the furniture. One of the chairs was a relic of President Washington, having been his office chair. It was a large, leather-covered armchair, and very comfortable for use. It was a sunny, pleasant room, and here for nearly three years I passed the larger portion of my waking hours.



My pupils were bright, cheerful well-behaved boys, and as there were only four of them, my duties were not onerous and I had ample opportunity for reading and studying for my own improvement. My own experience is that the work of teaching, faithfully done, educates the teacher as much as it does his pupils, and I certainly found it so, and I have always believed that the years I spent in teaching were as useful as a college course.

It is true, my opportunities at the Hermitage were exceptionally good, not only in the schoolroom, but in the family and social life of which I was a part; but still for a young man, the discipline, attention and self control essential to success as a teacher cannot be otherwise than helpful to his mental and moral growth. My life at the Hermitage was so even in its tenor, so placid in all its ongoings, so free from cares, or exciting incidents, that one day was very much like every other day, and all were sunny and agreeable. In fact, my Hermitage life, to a large extent, was the realization of the poet's dream:

"Oh, for a bright little isle of our own,  
In the blue summer ocean far out and alone."

I have no doubt the people around me, in the house or on the plantation, had the anxieties and troubles common to humanity, but they did not extend to me. Everybody, whether white or black, was considerate of my comfort and happiness, and I cannot recall a single unpleasant incident or unkind word calculated in the slightest to mar the serenity of my life.

Notwithstanding all this, my life was by no means a dull monotony. The schoolroom, of course, was my central occupation, and its requirements were amply sufficient for the fullest activity of head and heart. Outside of the schoolroom, mornings and evenings, and Saturdays, the forests, and fields, and rivers invited us

to outdoor enjoyments, of which we were not slow in accepting.

On Saturday, especially, Mr. Jackson and I, together with one or more of the boys, often rode for miles through the Cumberland and Stone river bottoms in search of game, and enjoyed ourselves immensely in the crisp air of autumn or early winter.

At the Hermitage I acquired a taste for natural history and made it a special study whilst there, and it has been delightful to me ever since. The books in the library indicated that General Jackson had a taste for such studies, and among these books was a set of Audubon's superb volumes upon "The Birds of America," which afforded me every opportunity to identify the feathered denizens of the surrounding country. I dabbled also in botany, geology and entomology, but without an instructor I could not make much progress. Still I came into contact with nature more intelligently than I otherwise would, and made an acquaintance with her that has been a joy to me ever since.

In the house we had much to interest us outside of the schoolroom. Visitors without number came to the Hermitage to see the tomb and home of Jackson, and of these, such as were known to the family or had letters of introduction, many were invited into the house, and to have distinguished people at dinner with us was the rule rather than the exception. Among these I remember an English lord, and a Russian count, and various other dignitaries from our own and other countries.

One of our educational amusements, at our meals when alone, and elsewhere, when together, was to criticize each other as to grammar and pronunciation, and from it we profited not a little. I know I did, and the habit of accuracy in pronunciation thus acquired has remained

with me ever since, and I rarely hear a speaker I cannot correct.

Mrs. Jackson was a very accomplished woman. She was born and raised and educated in Philadelphia, and after her marriage was at the White House several years as its mistress; and, of course, as "the first lady in the land," she was the head of social life of Washington City.

With the close of Jackson's term of office, in March, 1841, she left Washington thoroughly tired of fashionable life, and came to the Hermitage, delighted with the quiet domestic life it afforded, and I have often heard her rejoice in the exchange thus made. Her husband fully sympathized with her in her preference of home over public life, and so they were contented and happy in the quiet enjoyment of the Hermitage. Mrs. Jackson at this time was a year or two under forty, and Mr. Jackson was a year or two over forty, and both were in full health and vigor. Mrs. Jackson was a fine conversationalist, and was full of reminiscences of Washington and Hermitage life and of famous people she had met. She abounded also in anecdotes of General Jackson, and if I had been wise enough to have kept a record of these talks, I could give the world a much better idea of Jackson as he really was than it is likely to get. I was a good listener and she was a good talker, and so between us we got along famously together, and almost every day I was entertained and instructed by her conversations, and sometimes on a rainy Saturday for many continuous hours.

Mrs. Adams was older than her sister, Mrs. Jackson, and was of a different temperament. She was a woman of good sense and judgment, but was quiet and sedate. Her married life had not been happy, and she was now a widow and dependent upon the Jacksons for a home.

These families, however, lived together as one household in perfect unity and harmony, and so far as I could detect without the slightest friction. The Jacksons and Mrs. Adams were all members of the Presbyterian Church and were exemplary Christians.

The home life of the Hermitage was admirable in every way, and continued such until the cyclone of war tore it all to pieces. The Hermitage family and the Donelson family were quite dissimilar in their tastes, habits, aspirations and general tone. Both were admirable in their way, and both were very kind to me. The Jacksons were essentially a religious people, and made their enjoyment and employment mainly in the care and management of their children and in the direction and control of the half a hundred slaves upon the plantation. Of course they necessarily entertained largely, and took pleasure in having friends and visitors about them and making them happy. Political ambitions, if they ever had any, seemed fully gratified in what they had experienced with General Jackson and the consideration they still received.

In the political controversies of the time they took no active participation beyond maintaining emphatically the ideas incalculated and illustrated by General Jackson. This necessarily made them antagonistic to the Calhoun ideas of state sovereignty and the right of secession. I was often told by the Jacksons that the one thing the the General always regretted was that he had not hanged Calhoun for high treason during the nullification times in South Carolina. The result was that the Jacksons were not friendly to Calhoun or his followers, and I do not remember that any of them ever visited the Hermitage whilst I was there.

The Donelson family, on the other hand, were ardent followers of Calhoun, and General Donelson was one of

the ablest of the Calhoun leaders in Tennessee, and was ambitious of political advancement. The Donelsons whilst they were not irreligious yet the atmosphere of the home was not distinctly Christian as it was at the Hermitage. The disciples of Calhoun were not numerous in Tennessee at this time, but they comprised some of the most influential members of the Democratic party, and were rapidly gaining adherents. A dozen years later the doctrine of state sovereignty had progressed so far among the people as to enable its advocates to carry the state into the vortex of secession. Of course it was neither proper nor prudent for me, in local controversy of this kind, to mix in. I had friends on both sides, and, therefore, contented myself with being a Democrat on general principles, and making myself a listener rather than a talker on political subjects.

During the presidential contest of 1848, in which Cass was the candidate of the Democrats and Taylor of the Whigs, the question of the extension of slavery into the territories entered into the discussions somewhat, and the fact that Taylor was a slaveholder probably gave him preference in the South, but still he could not have been elected except for the defection of the Free-soil Democrats, under the leadership of Van Buren, which gave him the electoral votes of New York. I was not yet a voter, but still I was interested in the discussions and was friendly to the election of Cass.

The next year (1849), when I became of age, I cast my first vote for William O. Trousdale, the Democratic candidate for governor. During these years I was frequently in Nashville, where I had friends and acquaintances. Nashville was about twelve miles away on the Lebanon Pike and was of easy access; and through the Jacksons I was in friendly relations with many of the

best people. I knew also some of the large planters in Middle Tennessee and enjoyed visiting them, especially during the Christmas holidays.

One of the most interesting men I have ever known was a Judge Phillips, who resided a few miles from Murfreesboro, and was one of the largest slaveholders in the state. He was a man well advanced in life, but greatly enjoyed the companionship of young men. He had been prominent in the politics in the state, and had known personally all the leading men of his time. He was an aid to General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans, and was a close friend of Jackson throughout his career. His recollections of Jackson and his times were endless, and his knowledge of the statesmen and the statesmanship of the first half of the present century was so comprehensive, that it was exceedingly interesting to hear him. I have spent hours, and even whole days, in listening to him without weariness. Of all the men I have met I have never known a broader, wiser, or more philosophic thinker than Judge Phillips. Although he was a large slaveholder, there was no one, not even Jefferson, who was more conscious of the dangers and evils of slavery, and to him more than any one else I owe my early anti-slavery convictions. His visions of coming events were almost prophetic, but he could see no way to avert the deluge. My days with Judge Phillips were a liberal education upon political and historical subjects, and I have always remembered him with gratitude.

Slavery, as I saw it, was not the unmitigated evil it has been considered by Northern people. Certainly to the slaves themselves their condition was far preferable to what it would have been among their kinsmen in Africa, and nowhere in the world's history has the negro race been so well cared for, or so fully protected, or so highly civilized, as they have been in the United States.

Probably there was no other possible way in which this could have been accomplished except in the compulsory school of slavery. We think of them as having been torn from family, friends, and country, but we should remember that in their removal to a southern plantation their condition was so vastly improved that, comparatively speaking, it was a change from hell to heaven.

Slavery, as I saw it, was rarely cruel. As a rule, the slaves were kindly cared for, and were all fairly well fed, housed, and clothed. The labor required of them was not one-half of what was expected of free labor in the North, and for this reason an overseer from the North was far more exacting than white men of the South.

The truth is, the negro race, in the compulsory school of slavery, has been elevated to a plane of civilization higher than it has ever attained elsewhere in the world's history, and now that the negro has graduated into freedom and full citizenship, the hope of his future lies in the training and discipline he received in bondage as much as in anything we can do for him now. In fact, without that preliminary training, he could do but very little, or at the best nothing more, than has been done in Africa.

Slavery to the negro was a civilizer, and undoubtedly elevated him far above his previous condition of savagery, but to the whites, as a whole, it was a great curse in almost every direction. It corrupted morals, degraded labor, stifled enterprise, and so handicapped the industrial development of the South, that, with all its superior advantages by nature, it steadily fell behind its northern competitors.

Doubtless, in the future, when the relations between the two races are harmoniously adjusted, the South will regain much, and possibly all, that was lost by slavery;



but, in the nature of things, it will require several generations to accomplish this result.

The negro problem is a perplexing one, but I have the faith to believe that Christianity and education will solve it in due time. It may be a long time, but patience and perseverance, together with the cordial cooperation of Christian people, North and South, will conquer in the end. In the main, the negro problem must be solved by the white people of the South. We of the North can help them by maintaining schools, and especially industrial and normal schools for the training of colored teachers, and theological schools for the preparation of preachers for colored churches. Probably the greatest bar to progress, at the present time, is the ignorance and immorality of the old-time colored preachers, with whom emotional demonstrations are far more important than any observance of the requirements of the decalogue.



## CHAPTER V.

## GENERAL JACKSON'S HOME LIFE.

Jackson's inner life—Wife of General Jackson—The Jackson Cemetery—The Hermitage servants—"Alfred, the overseer"—General Jackson's later life—Closing scenes—Return to my early home—Plantation life—The Jackson children.

General Jackson died two years before I came to the Hermitage, and I never knew him personally, but living, as I did for three years, in daily association with his family and friends, I learned a great deal about his private life, and personal characteristics, that were very interesting to me, and may be to others. Even the public life of Jackson has failed to get into history in a shape to do him the justice he deserves.

Mr. Parton has done the best by far of any who have attempted it, but he fails to comprehend the spirit of the man. The portrait he gives us, like a shadow on the wall, is doubtless correct, as far as it goes, as a mere outline, but, like a shadow on the wall, it has no breath in it. "There is no speculation in those eyes." That nameless something which we call individuality is largely wanting, or, at least, is grossly perverted.

The man Jackson, as he appeared to his family and to those of his contemporaries who were nearest to him, was a very different man from what is revealed of him in any histories yet written, and his countrymen will have to wait for some future Motley or Macaulay to do him justice. Jackson himself expected his close friend, Francis P. Blair, Sr., would write the history of his public life, and for that purpose put him in possession of the neces-

sary materials for such a work. Why Mr. Blair failed to fulfill those expectations, I do not know.

It has been said by some one that "No man is a hero to his wife or to his valet." My own conviction, however, is that a man who is not a hero to his wife and his valet is no hero at all, but is a sham and a fraud. A real hero, worthy of the name, is the more a hero the nearer you approach his inner life. This was precisely the case with Jackson, in my experience, at the Hermitage. To the Jackson household, from the least to the greatest, white or black, as they knew him, he was the model man of the world, and especially so in all the relations of home life.

When I went to the Hermitage, the wife of General Jackson had been dead for nearly twenty years, and yet the aroma of her presence filled the air and penetrated every nook and corner of the neighborhood. I have often wondered what it was in this diffident, retiring, uncultured woman which so won all hearts which came within the sphere of her influence. She dominated the volcanic nature of her fiery husband as the sun the humid vapors of the morning. There never was a moment in Jackson's married life but he would have died for her upon the rack or at the stake. Even in death, her influence ceased not, and her memory with Jackson, at the White House, was more powerful than congress, cabinets or kings. It controlled his passions; it curbed his tongue; it held him true to his convictions of right and duty; it kept ablaze the fires of Christian faith with the fuel of fond hopes of a reunion with her in a better world to come.

In public and in private life, in the White House and at the Hermitage, down to the day of his death, Jackson never retired to rest at night without taking from his bosom the miniature portrait of his wife and placing it

in a position, propped up against his Bible, so as to be the last thing seen when he went into the land of dreams and the first thing to greet him when the morning sun recalled the light.

On his return home, after months of absence at Washington, his first greetings were not to his family, not to his friends, not to his servants, but to the memory of her who slept beneath the little temple in the garden, and to which he wended his way as a weary pilgrim to a saintly shrine. The seclusion, the silence, and the solemnity of these visits, so far as I have heard, were never violated or profaned by the presence of inquiring eyes.

This adoration of Jackson was not engendered by the absence of reciprocal affection from other women. He was no Caliban bewitched by Miranda because she was the only woman he had ever seen. Far from it. General Jackson was a universal favorite among women. He was as courtly as Chesterfield and as chivalrous in his bearing as any knight who ever poised a lance. The cause must lie deeper. It must have been that Rachel Jackson possessed the qualities essential to the creation of a flame so grand. What were they? I have often asked as I studied her portrait in the front parlor at the Hermitage. The portrait may have belied her, but her friends said not. At any rate, there was a stout woman with a kindly face, over which the breezes of fifty summers had blown lightly, but there was no suggestion of any special beauty. The whole range of the floral kingdom presents no specimen for comparison, unless it is the humble dandelion opening its sunny petals in the grassy meadows of spring.

After all, is not the dandelion a lovable flower as it looks up into your face so kindly in spring, and reminds us the chilly winds of winter are gone? Little



children love it and bless it as they kiss the dews from its motherly face. At any rate, this was all the portrait told me, and perhaps it was all it needed to tell me as an addition to what I already knew of the womanly virtues of the original. Still, in her youth, Rachel Donelson (for that was her maiden name) must have had some physical attractions as well as mental, for without them she could hardly have made the commotion she did among the roaring blades of Nashville in those early days of Tennessee.

However, I do not propose to go into that branch of the subject. Parton, and the political newspapers of the Jackson presidential times have done that with more than sufficient particularity. Suffice it to say, that no woman ever made a man a better wife than she did Andrew Jackson. For thirty-seven years (from 1791 to 1828) they lived together in as happy a home as this world can know. Mrs. Jackson died in December, 1828, in the midst of the triumph of her husband's election to the highest office in the gift of the American people. Her death, doubtless, was hastened by the dastardly assaults upon her fair fame, made by the public prints in the political controversies of the day. Her gentle spirit could not brook the ruthless slanders poured upon her head, and so she died. If anyone can read the glimpses of that death scene as given by faithful "old Hannah," in Parton's life of Jackson, without a mist in his eyes, I pity him.

Over her grave in the little temple in the Hermitage garden is a plain marble slab, and upon it is an inscription, written by her husband, which is as follows:

"Here lies the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22d of December, 1828, aged sixty one. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, her heart kind; she delighted in re-

lieving the wants of her fellow-creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods: to the poor she was a benefactor; to the rich an example; to the wretched a comforter; to the prosperous an ornament, her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and virtuous, slander might wound but not dishonor. Even death, when he tore her, from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God."

The Hermitage servants, two or three of whom I have already referred to, were about fifty in number, and were all slaves. Among them was George, who had been the General's body servant, and Charles, his carriage driver. Old Dick was another character, and had held various positions near the General, but his love of Robertson county whiskey interfered sadly with the permanency of his promotions. Poor old Charles, also, had a weakness in that direction. Hannah was the diningroom servant, and Aunt Gracy and Nancy were the patron saints of the sewing and chamber departments. From this list I ought not to exclude "Billy," who was a special attaché of my own. He was as black as Erebus, and as mischievous and as supple as a kitten. He was the errand boy of the schoolroom, and game carrier in our hunting excursions.

Outside of the house servants were the plantation hands of all grades, and consisted of men, women and children, of all ages and shades of color. The most noticeable among these was Alfred, who, in the absence of his master, acted as overseer: Alfred was a man of powerful physique, and had the brains and executive powers of a major-general. He was thoroughly reliable, and was fully and deservedly trusted in the management of the plantation affairs. He had the easiest and most

honorably possible for a slave, but he was far from being content. He thirsted for freedom. I remember meeting him one evening as I strolled through the park. As usual, I accosted him pleasantly, and inquired after various matters connected with his farm employments. He seemed, however, unusually reticent and gloomy, and instead of answering my questions he changed the topic with the remark, "You white folks have easy times, don't you?" "Why so, Alfred?" I asked. "You have liberty to come and go as you will," he replied. I soon found that he was full of discontent with his lot, and I thought it wise to turn his attention to the brighter side. Therefore, I said, "You have a kind master, have you not?" "Yes, Massa Andrew is always very kind." "You have a wife and children and a pleasant home, have you not?" "Yes, but who knows how long Massa Andrew will live?" I saw that the shadow of possible separation darkened his thought, and I took another tack. I showed him how freedom had its burdens as well as slavery; that God had so constituted human life that every one in every station had a load to carry, and that he was the wisest and the happiest who contentedly did his duty, and looked to a world beyond, where all inequalities would be made even. Alfred did not seem disposed to argue the question with me, or to combat my logic, but he quietly looked up into my face and popped this question at me, "How would you like to be a slave?" It is needless to say I backed out as gracefully as I could, but I have never yet found an answer to the argument embodied in that question.

General Jackson was a kind master, and fully recognized all of his Christian obligations in that relation. Under his rule slavery appeared in its least offensive form, and his dependents regarded him more in the light of a friend than a taskmaster. The convictions of

Jackson were adverse to the existence of the institution, but, like many other southern men, he could see no immediate way to emancipation except through evils greater than slavery itself; and so he waited for the developing processes of time, apprehensive, but hoping for a peaceful solution of the problem.

At the allotted age of three score years and ten, Jackson left office and left Washington City, broken in health, and to some degree broken in fortune. Not a single day of health passed over him afterwards; in fact, almost every hour was filled with pain. The seven years of life which followed were years of retirement at his Hermitage home. Although his interest and influence in the politics of the country never left him, still his time, in the main, was devoted to home duties, such as the direction of his farm affairs, and kindly ministrations to his family and friends. He endeavored not only to supply but to anticipate every want of those around him. He was the peacemaker of the neighborhood and the friend and counselor of all.

Mr. Parton has given us a very full and interesting account of these last days, but there is still another little anecdote, untold, which is exceedingly characteristic of Jackson's thoughtfulness for the comfort or pleasure of those around him. On the front verandah were a large number of beautiful flowers which Mrs. Jackson had cherished with much care. Some of them were rare exotics, brought by Commodore Barron from the Mediterranean sea. Two or three days before his death, Jackson called the attention of his adopted son to those flowers, as the fragrance of their summer bloom floated through the open window of the sick room. "My son," said the dying man, slowly and with gasping breath, "Sarah loves those flowers. At my funeral there will be many persons, and, unless the flowers are protected, the chances are they will be

carried away as mementos; therefore, take them to the upper verandah and lock the door, and then they will be safe."

Suffice it to say, these instructions were forgotten or neglected and the flowers were lost; but who, except Jackson, would have thought of such a thing at such a time? The flowers were lost, but the recollection of the kindly remembrance of Jackson at such an hour will bloom forever.

And thus he died.

In November, 1849, my father died, and for various reasons it seemed necessary that I should return to the north. I had been in Tennessee over three years, and had attained an age when it was important that I should recommence my legal studies if I expected to be a lawyer. There were strong inducements to make my home permanently in Tennessee. I had as powerful friends, as any young man could reasonably desire, to push my fortunes, and it was suggested that I should attend the law school at Lebanon, with the understanding that a partnership could be arranged with a leading lawyer there, and with the assurance that I could have the backing of the leading families in Middle Tennessee. In fact, my opportunities for worldly success in Tennessee seemed very flattering, but still I knew that there was an irrepressible conflict between the civilization of the North and the South, and that sooner or later an explosion was inevitable, and in all probability it would come in my lifetime, and if so, where ought I to be?

The more I thought about it the more I became convinced that the North rather than the South was the proper place for my life work, and so I shaped my affairs to leave Tennessee in the month of February, 1850. I left the Hermitage with many regrets. It had been a



delightful home to me, and the months and years spent there are filled with pleasant memories.

To one who has never had experience of plantation life, in the old slaveholding South, it is hard to understand the kindly relations which existed between the slaves and their master and his family. In fact, the slaves were a part of the family, and all, whether young or old, were treated with considerate care. Doubtless, there were cruel masters, as there are cruel fathers and mothers everywhere, but cruel masters were the rare exceptions rather than the rule.

It must be remembered also that the master was responsible for the conduct of his slaves, and occupied the position of a magistrate in the maintenance of order and obedience to law. All misdemeanors, and all crimes except that of murder, committed by slaves, came under the jurisdiction of the master, and it was his duty to correct or punish. As a rule, when the lash was used, it was for offenses for which a free man would be sent to the penitentiary for a term of years or to the workhouse. So far as my observations extend, the masters were more lenient to slave offenders than the courts of free states were to white offenders. In short, the slave system as I saw it was the patriarchal system as depicted in Hebrew and Arabic history, but moderated and softened by a Christian civilization.

In leaving the Hermitage, I not only shook hands with my white friends, but with my black friends also. Dear old Charles, the coachman, who occasionally fell into disgrace through love of stimulants, and old Dick, who answered the door bell and piloted the visitors around the premises, both of them had been body servants of General Jackson, and on account of faithful services were largely privileged characters. Hannah had charge of the dining-room, and Sarah of the sewing-room, and

Nancy of the chambers. Billy, a boy of twelve or fifteen summers, was as black as a coal, and was my errand boy and game carrier. I was attached to them all, and to many others who worked outside on the plantation, and in parting we parted as friends.

I took a steamer at Nashville in company with Mr. Jackson, who went with me as far as Smithland at the mouth of the Cumberland, and there he left me to go to his cotton plantation in Mississippi, and I went on to Cincinnati, and never saw him again. In fact, I never saw any of the Hermitage family again, except Andrew, the oldest son, whom I met at the Hermitage in 1889, where he then resided with his family.

Andrew was the oldest of the Jackson boys, and after I left the Hermitage he was appointed a cadet at West Point, and graduated well up in his class. In the rebellion he took the Confederate side, and came out a colonel. Samuel, his brother, was also in the Confederate service, and died of disease. The two Adams boys also died in the Confederate service. Rachel, the oldest of the Jackson children, and whom I never met, married a Dr. Lawrence, who was surgeon in the Confederate army and died in the service. Rachel was left a widow with several children, and for a time after the war, I have been told, was a clerk in the Treasury Department, at Washington City. She was born in the White House, and was a great favorite with President Jackson. Rachel was named after her grandmother, and was the angel of the household to the President. Her mother told me that many a night, when the child was ill, the President rolled her little carriage through the great East Room, in defiance of the remonstrances of the mother and nurse, while the world gave him credit of dreaming fierce dreams of war to the knife against nullification or the United States Bank. "She likes it, and so do I," said

the man of war; and so the hours of the night were wiled away.

The custom of the President was to retire at ten o'clock at night. At nine he left whatever company he had, and then Mrs. Jackson would read to him a chapter in the Bible, and they would sing a hymn together, and then, with a kind "Good night, my daughter," he went to his rest. A curious contrast, truly, to the "Gorgon dire" pictured to us by the opposition newspapers of those stormy times.

The father of Rachel, Andrew Jackson, Jr., maintained his loyalty to the government, and died of an accidental gunshot wound received while hunting, near the close of the war. Mrs. Jackson, mother-like, sympathized with her children in their adherence to the Confederacy. She resided at the Hermitage until her death, in the summer of 1887. Mrs. Adams did not long survive her children, and died at the Hermitage.

The Hermitage estate was ground to powder between the upper and nether millstones of war. The only part saved from the wreck was fifty acres surrounding the house and tomb of Jackson, which was purchased by the State of Tennessee, and is in charge of an association of ladies, who seek to preserve it in memory of Jackson, the same as Mount Vernon is preserved in memory of Washington. The State of Tennessee gave to Mrs. Jackson the occupancy of the Hermitage free of rent during her lifetime, and after her death Andrew remained some years as a tenant. The Hermitage, as I saw it in 1889, in comparison with the magnificent estate I knew so well, presented a spectacle so melancholy as to be simply indescribable. The ladies' association hope to preserve what is left and to restore it as far as possible, and in this good work they should receive the encouragement of all patriotic Americans.

## CHAPTER VI.

## AT THE NORTH AGAIN.

Home again—"A dream that was not all a dream"—How I missed a college education—A law student again—Opportunities afforded—The Pentagonal Club—My social life—My first political speech.

I reached Cincinnati in a February snow storm, which changed to rain in the morning, when I took an up-river steamer bound for Pittsburgh. As we started, another steamer from a rival line pushed out into the river, and at once a race commenced with Pittsburgh as the goal. Racing was common in those days on the river, and as a consequence accidents were frequent, but, as a rule, passengers and crew in a race were willing to risk their lives in the hope of victory. So, with us, when the race was on, we encouraged it all day and all night and all of the next day, until, at last, we ran into our rival and knocked off a wheel-house, so that we no longer had a competitor. About all I remember of that trip are the incidents of the race and a dream I had on the succeeding night on our way to Pittsburgh.

When the excitement of the race was over, I retired early and went into a profound sleep. I seemed to be a boy again, reclining in the grass upon my father's lawn, near an old granite bowlder, around which we children were accustomed to play. All at once I noticed a ladder standing up at an angle of eighty or ninety degrees, with its foot against the bowlder, and its top, like Jacob's ladder, invisible in the heavens above. On the ladder, ten or twelve feet from the ground, a woman was standing

with a child upon one arm and holding to the ladder with the other. Mother and child were marvelously beautiful. Unlike the ordinary Madonnas of the great artists, the mother and child were of no nationality, but were idealized and cosmopolitan. They seemed to be looking at me, and the woman seemed about to speak to me, when the boat struck the wharf at Pittsburgh, and I awoke. The picture made so vivid an impression upon me that I have never forgotten it. However, nothing came of it until twenty years later, when I stopped over a day in a Michigan city to visit a picture gallery, upon an invitation of its owner, who had discovered that I had a taste for art. The gallery was a brick structure connected to the house by a corridor.

After dinner my friend showed me the pictures in the house, and then said, let us go into the gallery. At the end of the corridor was a large green baize door, which he swung open, and disclosed upon the opposite wall the Madonna of my dreams. It was a copy of a picture which he had ordered in Rome, and the original was by a Spanish artist. Why should a Spanish artist of a century or more ago have the same conception of the Virgin that I had in my dream? Certainly, I had never seen this picture. Did we, in fact, in vision, see the Mother of our Lord? Shakespeare has said:

"Dreams are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;"

and still another poet has said:

"Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes;  
When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes."

Doubtless, this is a correct diagnosis of the origin and outcome of ordinary dreams, and yet, at rare intervals, a dream comes to us which apparently has no connection with previous thought or bodily conditions, and makes



an impression upon us that we remember, and wonder whence it came, and what it means.

Byron has said:

"I had a dream which was not all a dream;"

and of such he has written:

"Dreams in their development have breadth,  
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;  
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,  
They take a weight from off our waking toils,  
They do divide our being; they become  
A portion of ourselves as of our time,  
And look like heralds of Eternity."

As a boy I was a good deal of a day-dreamer, and like other boys I built castles in the air without number, but as a night-dreamer I never was much of a success. In fact, I have only had two or three dreams that made an impression sufficiently vivid to be remembered. One was my Madonna, and the other occurred thirty years later.

I was profoundly asleep, when, like St. Paul, I seemed to be caught up into the third heaven, but, unlike Paul, I have no recollection of what I saw; I only remember that in coming back I came out of infinite light—not sunlight or fire-light, which casts a shadow—but light omnipresent, uncreated, and eternal, and I came with a message which I was to deliver to a friend upon the earth. I seemed, in my dream, to know that this friend had a sister who had been born with such a fearful deformity of body that no one outside of the family had ever been permitted to see her, and they kept her secluded in a wooden cage. I came to this man and demanded that he should open the cage, and this he did with much remonstrance, using a hatchet to pry off the top. As this was accomplished, there arose from the box a vision of beauty in the form of a young girl in the bloom of

youth and the perfection of health. She had a family likeness to her brother, but was brighter and handsomer every way. He looked at her in astonishment a little while, and then turned to me with an exclamation that I remember clearly, and I remember my reply. He said: "What will the world think of all this?" My reply was: "What care we what the world thinks so long as we know that God Almighty lives, and hears us when we wil!"

With this I awoke, bathed in tears of joy, and the next few minutes were the happiest of my life, for God and the Infinite were certainties without questionings, and like Thomas when he put his hand upon the nail prints and spear thrust, I could exclaim: "My Lord and my God!"

To regain consciousness and realize that it was only a dream was like an eclipse of the sun, but yet it remains as a memory and remains without solution. It may have been an object-lesson of what God can do for a deformed body. It may also be a prophecy of what He will do for a deformed soul through Jesus Christ our Lord.

At Pittsburgh, I took a steamboat on the Monongahela river to Brownsville, and thence went by stage to Cumberland, in the State of Maryland. The pike from Brownsville to Cumberland at that time was the great thoroughfare of travel from the West to Baltimore and Washington. I remember we left Brownsville in a procession of nine stage-coaches, in each of which were nine passengers inside, and one outside with the driver. At Cumberland, we connected with the railroad to Baltimore. At Baltimore, I remained for a day or two and took in the sights of the city. I ought to have gone to Washington, but did not, for reasons I cannot now remember, and missed my only opportunity of seeing Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, and other great men then in Congress.

From Baltimore I went to Philadelphia, and visited Independence Hall, the Academy of Fine Arts, and other places of interest, and then went on to New York City for a few days.

From New York I went direct to my old home in Owasco. I had been absent less than four years, but still it did not seem like home. Everything was dwarfed. Hills, forests, streams, and distances had all dwindled, and the people I had looked up to as magnates in the land a few short years before had lost their importance. In short, I was disappointed, and the scenes of my boyhood had never seemed natural to me since except in dreams. Still it was a beautiful country, and the chain of lakes in Central New York, of which the Owasco was one, for charming rural scenery has but few equals. The country had not changed materially, but I had, and my aspirations soon carried me elsewhere.

The death of my father had left me, from his estate, money enough, with careful economy, to take a college course, and I made up my mind to take it. With this object in view I started for Amherst College at Amherst Massachusetts. I was prepared for the Sophomore year, but thought it likely that it would be desirable to spend a few months at a preparatory school. I went by rail as far as Northampton, six miles from Amherst, where I stopped to call upon the principal of an academy, to whom I had a letter of introduction. He invited me to his house to spend the night, and I went. I was not well, and apparently had a bad cold. I was restless during the night, and arose in the morning with a high fever, and feeling so ill that I felt that the sooner I returned to the care of friends the better. My cousin, Hardenberg Parsell, who was with me in Tennessee, was a law student at Balston Spa, New York, and I could reach him by night, and so I took the first train via



Springfield and Troy. I was very ill and did not improve until afternoon, when, all at once, I felt better. In fact I felt quite well, but the passengers looked at me curiously. Finally at Troy, in passing through the station hotel, I looked at myself in a mirror, and found that I was as speckled as a brook trout. In short, I had the measles.

I reached Balston in the evening, where my cousin took care of me, and in a week or ten days I came out all right so far as the measles were concerned, but almost immediately I took the mumps, and was again laid up for a week or two. I survived my afflictions, however, without serious impairment; but in the meantime influences were brought to bear upon me which put an end to my college aspirations and plans.

The law school at Balston Spa had attained a high reputation, and my cousin who was attending it, and others with whom I became acquainted, counseled me to give up a college course and devote the time and money it would require to a course of legal studies at the Balston law school. Whether this advice was wise or unwise, I assented; and so it came about that an attack of the measles was the providence that deprived me of the opportunities of a college education.

My arrangements were to remain with my cousin through the vacation, then near at hand, and review the elementary books I had already read, and commence at the law school with the autumn term. It so happened, however, that at the close of the term a conflict arose between Mr. Fowler, the president of the law school, and its managers, which disorganized the institution so that I made up my mind to abandon it altogether and go to the Harvard College Law School, at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

As I had the summer at command, I concluded to



spend it in visiting friends in Ohio. I went first to Plymouth, Ohio, where my two sisters were living, and after a week or two with them I went to Mansfield to visit my kinsman, Jacob Brinkerhoff, who was a leading lawyer there. Jacob heard my plans, but advised me to study law with him instead of going to a law school. Whether wisely or unwisely, I again assented to a change of program, and was duly entered as a student in the office of Brinkerhoff and Geddes, in the month of June, A. D. 1850. In the office I found another student, by the name of H. C. Smith (who afterwards changed his name to H. C. Carhart), who was about my age, and had read about the same amount of law, and we two became companions and friends, and were helpful to each other.

The Mansfield bar at that time was very able. Among its members were Ex-Governor T. W. Bartley, afterwards one of the supreme judges of the state; Jacob Brinkerhoff, afterwards upon the supreme bench for fifteen years; Samuel J. Kirkwood, afterwards governor, and United States senator, in Iowa; John Sherman, who since 1855 has been in congress, as senator, representative or cabinet minister; James Stewart, who soon after became a common pleas judge, and was one of the ablest jury lawyers and judges of his time; Geo. W. Geddes, afterwards a common pleas judge for three terms, and a member of congress three terms; Charles T. Sherman, afterwards judge of the United States District Court for Northern District of Ohio; Judge Jacob Parker, who as a case lawyer was unsurpassed; and various other lawyers of more than ordinary ability.

As students, therefore, we had for example and inspiration as brilliant galaxy of lawyers as could be found in the state, or any other city of equal size in the United States. Under the circumstances I am not sure but my opportunities as a student were as favorable at Mansfield

as they would have been at Cambridge or elsewhere. I knew all of these legal giants very well, and some of them intimately. I made a study of their mental characteristics and professional methods, and from these observations I believe I could write a volume, even now, after a lapse of nearly fifty years, that would be interesting and instructive.

The pioneer lawyers of Ohio, and their immediate successors, who were at the front when I became a student, were greater men than those of the generation following them or likely to follow them. In the nature of things they were broader, more fully developed than is possible under existing conditions.

Lawyers now are divided up into specialties, but a specialty necessarily limits development in other directions. The modern specialist deals in precedents which narrows, whilst the old style lawyer dealt in principles which broadened. I asked Secretary Stanton one day at the war office how it happened that the legal profession of the present generation failed to produce men equal to the giants of an earlier day; men for example like Ewing, Chase, Thurman, Stanberry, Ranney, and many others I could name. Well, he said, "I suppose it was because we lawyers in our day had to do everything, and, as we had but few books, we had to deal with principles rather than precedents, and the result was an all-round development, which is hardly possible under existing conditions in the profession." Doubtless specialties are a necessity of our modern civilization, but they are fatal to that large statesmanship so conspicuous in the early days of our republic.

I settled down at once to the work of a law student, and followed it steadily to the time of my admission to the bar. I read all the books usually assigned to law students, and a good many more, so that my time was

fully occupied, and my preparation for my profession was as thorough as I could make it.

One of the hindrances which I had to overcome, and which had been a worryment to me all my life, was an excessive timidity in speaking in public. When at school I could hardly read a composition in public without breaking down, and debates and declamations were out of the question. Now that I have fully overcome this weakness, and for many years have found a large audience an inspiration and not a terror, I can hardly understand why I should have suffered so terribly in my youth from what is commonly known as stage fright.

As a student I knew perfectly well that I must get rid of this infirmity or quit the business. As Judge Brinkerhoff said, "modesty is delightful in women, but it will never do for a lawyer," and so I determined to conquer it by main force. I began by arranging with another student afflicted in the same manner, to be an audience of one to each other, and so we went into the woods, or into our rooms, and made speeches with no one but ourselves to listen, until we gained confidence enough to add another to our audience.

Finally I arranged a program for a club of five, and blocked out a constitution and a name which at last crystallized into what was known as "The Pentagonal Club." The members were Manuel May, Isaac Gass, Henry C. Davis, H. C. Carhart, and myself, three of whom are still living, and all, I think, will testify that it was the most helpful literary society they have ever belonged to. At any rate that is my verdict.

We met once a week, and no outsiders whatever were admitted. We served in rotation as president, and the rules required that the president should prepare and read a paper upon some subject of his own selection, and the

other four members were to debate a question selected at the previous meeting. At the close of the debate, the president was required to criticize the debaters and decide as to the preponderance of the argument.

For nearly two years we kept at it steadily, and as we made careful preparation for our several assignments, we were greatly benefited, and I, for one, advanced so far that I could face an audience of any size without serious inconvenience. From that day to this, I have cherished a kindly remembrance for the Pentagonal Club and all its members. Judge May still retains our constitution and by-laws among his most valued treasures.

Outside of my regular hours, I had various recreations. I boarded at the Mansion House, on the corner of Walnut and West Market streets, where the Baptist church now stands, which was then a kind of social center for the town. Among the young men there was Amos Townsend (my roommate), who was a dry goods merchant, who subsequently moved to Cleveland, where he became wealthy and a member of congress. Another intimate friend of mine was Henry B. Horton, who afterwards removed to Chicago and is now a prominent business man. Another young man of our set was the Rev. Craycraft, the rector of the Episcopal church.

Among the families boarding there at that time, whose friendship for me I remember with pleasure, were the Drennans, the Tracys and the Pattersons. I soon became acquainted with the young people of the town, and participated in their social gayeties, and I think we got as much enjoyment out of life as young people ever get anywhere.

As every crow thinks its own young the whitest, so every generation of young people thinks its own set the brightest, and I am not an exception to the rule, and

those of us who got our wives out of that set are sure that she was a paragon of excellence.

During those student days, I dabbled in literature a little and wrote for the newspapers somewhat. I also dabbled in politics somewhat, and made a Democratic speech (my first attempt) at Koogle's Schoolhouse, in Mifflin township, in company with Manuel May.

My speech was twenty minutes long and Manuel's was two hours; but I am afraid we were hardly as eloquent as Webster or Clay; but we did our best, and that was all the audience could hold us accountable for. I also joined the Richland Lodge of Oddfellows, which then met in the third story of the North American Hotel, and for a number of years I was an active member and passed all the chairs and was benefited in many ways by its associations. To young men and to many older men, the secret orders, so far as I have known them, are all helpful. Their associations are clean and their work is useful. In fact, in benevolent work, the church itself has much to learn from Oddfellowship, and, as a Christian, I have often commended some of its methods for imitation by the churches. The secret societies, so far as I have known them, all inculcate a high standard of morality, based upon the Bible, and Bible illustrations dominate in the rites and ceremonies of the various degrees.

A man who lives up to the teachings of Oddfellowship or Masonry cannot be otherwise than a good citizen, and outside of our churches, I know of no organization more wholesome in their influences than these societies. Whilst they are not Christian in creed, they certainly are the friends of Christianity, and churches, in treating them as enemies, make a great mistake. Personally, I have long since abandoned all active participation in the

regular work of all secret societies, although I preserve my connections with some of them, and pay my dues and contribute cheerfully to their benevolences; but as a Christian, I find a higher plane of activity, and I have no time to spare for that which is lower.



## CHAPTER VII.

## CAREER AS A LAWYER.

My examination—My law partner—My marriage—My removal to Ashland—My first case at the bar—Church membership—Dutch Calvinism—Christ and the resurrection—More recent doctrine—Return to Mansfield—My new law partner—The Repeal of the Missouri Compromise—A non-partizan political meeting—"The Know-nothings"—The People's Party—Thomas H. Ford.

I was admitted to the bar, December 24, 1851, at Columbus, Ohio. Fortunately, or unfortunately, my examination was exceptionally severe. A committee of three lawyers had been appointed by the Supreme Court to examine all applicants, and up to the day of my arrival all examinations had been made by two members. I went to one of these examiners and he sent me to the other, and he sent me to the third, Noah H. Swayne, telling me to say to him that he must do his share of the committee work.

Mr. Swayne was then one of the leading lawyers of the state, and was afterwards made a member of the Supreme Court of the United States. I went to his office and delivered my message and he went at me with an examination so exhaustive and protracted that I doubt if any applicant ever received a more thorough sifting. There were a number of persons in his office, and I have always thought that the time he spent on me was more to show off his own learning than to find out what I knew. Fortunately I was well up in all of the elementary books, and held my own very well; but when



he went outside into English history, and special cases, I bungled somewhat.

He finally stated a complicated case under the statute of frauds and asked me what I would say to a client under such a state of facts.

After sweating over it a few minutes, a happy thought occurred to me, and I said, "I would tell my client I would examine the books and give him an opinion later on."

"That is exactly what you ought to say," he replied, "but, still, I would like to have your impression as to the points of law applicable to such a case."

I told him; and he said he thought so too when the case was presented to him by a client, but found, by carrying it to the Supreme Court, that he was mistaken. The result of my examination was that I got my sheepskin, and went on my way rejoicing.

I had already arranged for a partnership with Bolivar Kellogg, the prosecuting attorney of Ashland county, and for some weeks had been in his office at Ashland, and on my return our partnership commenced. This, practically, was the beginning of my career. All before it was simply preparatory. Apparently I was making a fairly good beginning. Mr. Kellogg, for a young man, stood very high at the bar. He was a man of fine presence and popular manners, and his ability as a lawyer and speaker was recognized by all.

We started with a good business, and our future seemed bright, but still it was only a beginning, and to think of getting married under the circumstances would be considered by prudent people as decidedly premature. However that was exactly what I did, and I have never had occasion to doubt its wisdom.

I was married to Mary Lake Bentley, February 3, 1852, at the Congregational Church, Mansfield, Ohio,

by the Rev. James B. Walker, and, after a reception at the home of the bride, we left for Ashland with the congratulations and good wishes of all our friends, and for the time being took up our abode at the Sampsel Hotel. I was twenty-three years old and my wife was eighteen, and our combined experiences, I presume, had not developed profound wisdom for getting along in the world; but still we did get along, and through all these years that followed our home has been happy and the wolf of want has never been at our door.

The blessings I have received in life have been innumerable, and I doubt if any one has ever lived to whom life has been more delightful, but the crowning blessing of all has been my home. In the world outside I have had my share of storms and buffeting, but inside, in the harbor of home, I have never found aught but sunshine and rest. It is an old saying, that "Home is where the heart is," which is all very true, but still a home at its best needs also comfortable surroundings and some degree of permanency, so that local attachments can be formed.

I have always been thankful that I was born in the country, and that I grew up to manhood in close companionship with nature. The memories of fields, forests, and lakes and streams remain with a tenacity that nothing can efface, and even now when I dream, the scenes that come back to me are those of my childhood and youth rather than those of a later period. Doubtless there are pleasant homes in the tenanted houses of cities, but in the memories of children reared in such homes, there must be a deficiency that all the experiences of later years can never supply. Every family, if possible, should have a home of its own, in which to express its own individuality and growth, and in which children

can hang up pictures in memory, which shall be an inspiration for good in all the years to come.

Coming, as I did, through seven generations of country homes, it was natural that when I married I should desire a home of my own, and fortunately this desire was soon accomplished. My wife had some means from her father's estate, which, supplemented with some additions from her mother, enabled us to obtain a modest cottage home in Ashland, which we proceeded to occupy and enjoy, and from that day to this, with a brief interval after returning to Mansfield, we have lived in our own home, and for over thirty years in the house we now occupy (1899). Every tree and shrub and plant on our four acres of ground is of our own planting, and every nook and corner of every building is of our own designing, and the memories which cluster around them, to us, and our children are a joy forever.

Our Ashland life did not last long. The illness of my wife's mother and the absence of her stepfather rendered it imperative that we should return to Mansfield and care for the family, and so in the autumn of 1852, we abandoned Ashland as a residence, and we soon after sold our cottage home.

I had been in Ashland only about a year, but I had so rooted myself that it seemed a calamity to leave. The village was pleasant, my business outlook was promising, and our social life was agreeable, and in all respects my opportunities were exceptionally favorable, so that a change under the circumstances was very discouraging. But duty seemed to require it and we went. My year of life in Ashland, whilst it made no large impression upon me, it gave me some valuable experiences and some pleasant memories.

In the practical work of my profession, I made some progress, especially in the preparation and trial of cases.

My first case was before a justice of the peace at Haysville, and was brought to recover damage for a warranty of soundness in a horse trade and was hotly contested. The horse turned out to be a "cribbiter," or "stump-sucker," which we claimed to be legal unsoundness, and which the other side denied. A decision of Lord Tenterden, in England, which I luckily found quoted in a horse-book, carried the case for my client, and we got a judgment for twenty-five dollars, from which I got a ten dollar fee and as much glory as I could safely carry.

During the year I was at Ashland, I was a candidate for nomination by the Democratic party for the office of prosecuting attorney. It was a scheme of Kellogg not to nominate me, but to beat another fellow, and give me a general acquaintance in the county. Of course I was not nominated, but I did make a large acquaintance and gained the friendship of some people who have since been of service to me in many ways.

During the year my wife and I united with the Presbyterian Church under the pastorate of Dr. Robinson—my wife by letter and I by confession. Practically I had been a Christian in faith all my life, and in the Congregational Church at Mansfield, had been a Sabbath-school teacher, but actual profession and membership began in Ashland. In my younger days, in Protestant churches, the idea prevailed almost universally that conversion to Christianity could only come to persons of mature years, and then only through great mental conflicts, and church membership to younger people was looked upon with suspicion.

In the Dutch Reformed Church in which I was born and raised, and in the Presbyterian and other Calvinistic churches, the doctrine of election dominated, and the fact of election could only be known through some cyclonic mental disturbance, and the result was that

many people thoroughly Christian in spirit and faith, were kept out of church membership all their lives because they had never experienced the mental tribulations which seemed to be required.

In the Methodist Church, where the doctrine of election did not prevail, the requirements for physical and mental demonstrations were even more pronounced than with the Calvinists, and revival meetings were almost as noisy and demonstrative as ghost dances, among the Indians in the Far West. !

Now that time has brought about a better understanding of gospel requirements, it is quite generally recognized that early church membership is to be desired rather than deprecated, and I have no doubt the time is not far off when the children of Christian parents will be "*ipso facto*" church members, as fully as they are American citizens, by birth.

Full communion in the church, like the right of voting in the state, may be postponed until adult years, but citizenship is a birth-right in both kingdoms—in the one by constitutional guarantee, and in the other by promise to believers and their children. As to myself, if I am sure of anything, I am sure I am a Christian, but I cannot determine any day, or month, or year when I became such. As Paul said to the captain of the Temple Guard, "I was free-born," like Timothy, through his mother Eunice, and his grandmother Lois.

Doubtless I have had "fears without and fightings within," like other Christians, but my contentions have been against creeds and not against Christianity. I have long since outgrown the tyranny of creeds, but if a creed must be had, that known as the "Apostle's Creed" is ample for all practical purposes, and those who accept it in truth and in fact I recognize as my brethren. A shorter and better creed, and the only one recognized by

the Master is the Confession of Peter: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," for upon that Christ declared, "I will build my church. Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of Man also confess before the angels of God." This was also the creed of the Apostle Paul, for he says: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." This is the only creed, not excepting even the Apostle's Creed, to which I am able to give absolute assent, without mental reservation, or special interpretations, and upon it I base my hopes of "The life that now is, and of that which is to come." In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him.

That God did send his Son into the world in the person of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, the Son of Mary, that He was crucified under Pontius Pilate, and that on the third day He rose from the dead, is the declaration of Christianity, and upon the truth of this statement its whole superstructure is built. The apostles and their disciples, everywhere, preached Christ and the resurrection as an historical fact, and in this assertion they went to martyrdom. The apostles, and many others (St. Paul says five hundred at one time) were eye-witnesses of the risen Christ. Is it conceivable that they would go to death with a lie in their mouths?

To me there is no fact in history more certainly proved than the resurrection of our Lord. The fact that the Declaration of Independence was signed and promulgated on the 4th day of July, 1776, is not more certain, and it seems strange to me that Christian scholarship has failed to focus upon this central fact and prove it beyond a reasonable doubt, as they surely can.

If Jesus Christ rose from the dead what care we as to the mistakes of Moses, about which Ingersoll driveled? What care we whether there were two, or half a dozen Isaiahs? What care we whether the story of Jonah was truth or fiction? If Jesus Christ rose from the dead, then He was more than a man, and His teachings are divine, and the supernatural in the gospels, without which Christianity is "an irridescent dream," is no longer a stumbling-block.

Fifty years ago, when I was a law-student, reading Greenleaf's "Rules of Evidence," which was then our highest authority, I also came upon Greenleaf's "Testimony of the Evangelists," in which he applied those rules, and I have never doubted since the truthfulness of those witnesses. In addition to these, however, we have the testimony of the Apostle Paul, which Greenleaf did not consider, and the erroneous confirmations of history tory through the centuries that followed.

In view of these facts, it is amazing to me that Christian apologists waste their energies upon side issues, when the corner-stone of the whole Christian fabric is the historic fact of the resurrection. St. Paul made no such blunder, for in his first letter to the Corinthians (chapter xv, verse 14) he says: "*If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain.*" We also, therefore, should center upon the fact of the risen Christ, and marshal the testimony to prove it.

I know of no greater boon to mankind than a convincing volume upon the resurrection of Jesus, by some great jurist of national reputation, like Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court, who, as I have reason to know, believes as I do. There was a book on this subject published years ago by Rev. James H. Brookes, entitled, "Did Jesus Rise?" which is the most satisfactory

of any I have seen, but it is the plea of an advocate, rather than the calm, unbiased verdict of a judge.

We returned to Mansfield in the autumn of 1852, and for a month or two boarded at the Wiler House, and then removed to the home of my wife's mother, whose failing health required that we should assume the entire charge of the household, and remained there until after her death, in 1854.

Upon my return to Mansfield, I opened a law office, and soon after formed a partnership with Walter H. Shupe, but this continued only a few months, when I formed another partnership with Downing H. Young, who had been in active practice for several years, and had built up quite a large business. I had special charge of the office work, and the preparation of cases for trial. Our business increased rapidly, and within a year we had a docket equal, at least in volume, to any other firm in the city.

I was now once more fairly started in a professional career for which, in the main, the previous ten years had been devoted to preparatory study. I was fully determined from my boyhood to be a lawyer, and a good one, if it was in me, and to make the profession my life work, but it seemed to be foreordained otherwise. Whatever I may think of the Calvinistic doctrine, I do believe there is "a Divinity that shapes our ends," which is quite a different proposition, and is entirely consistent with freedom of the will.

In short, there is a changeless purpose in the on-goings of the universe. We have the high privilege of participating in the consummation of that purpose, and the positions we occupy are assignments for duty. If we do our part, it is well with us; but, if we fail, some one else will be found who will not fail, and the Divine purpose is not hindered in the slightest.



The poet has said:

“Man's life is all a mist, and in the dark  
 Our fortunes meet us.  
 If fate be not, then what can we foresee?  
 And how can we avoid it if it be?  
 If by free will in our own paths we move,  
 How are we bounded by decrees above?  
 Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,  
 If ill, 'tis ours; if good, the act of heaven.”

However this may be, my own experience has been that my career has been ordered from without, and not from within, and whatever good I have accomplished has been as an instrument and not as a designer.

Again and again I have carefully considered and adopted a line of action designed to be permanent, and fairly within my capacity and limitations, and yet again and again an obstacle arose which absolutely blocked the way, and deflected me into a different sphere of action, and so it came about that my second start in the legal profession came to a conclusion. This time politics apparently did the business for me.

The congress of 1853 and 1854 was in session, and as usual the slave power was arrogant and aggressive, but the public generally had no idea that the Compromise of 1850, known as “The Missouri Compromise,” would be seriously attacked. It had been accepted by all sections, and latitude thirty-six thirty, as the northern limit of any possible extension of slavery, to all appearances, was now fully settled for all time. Under the circumstances, the introduction into the Senate of the United States by Stephen A. Douglas, as chairman of the Committee on Territories, of a bill to repeal the Missouri Compromise, was like a flash of lightning from a clear sky.

Nothing else, in my time, of a political nature, had created such a sensation. The extent of the upheaval can

be realized, somewhat, from the fact that within a year the old political parties were torn into fragments. In the Democratic Party the proposed repeal of the Missouri compact was resisted by petitions to members of congress, and by resolutions and speeches at public meetings.

From Mansfield, petitions and letters without number were sent to our member of congress, William D. Lindsey, by his Democratic constituents, and these were followed by a public meeting, called without distinction of party, but of which a majority were Democrats.

As I look over the call of this meeting, which I have in a scrap-book, I find it was signed by one hundred and thirty-four citizens of Mansfield and Richland county, of whom about twenty are now (1899) living, and of the entire list I was the youngest. The call was as follows: "The undersigned, without distinction of party, invite a meeting of the citizens of Mansfield and vicinity, Friday, February 17, 1854, to consider the Nebraska Bill, now pending in congress." The names appended were pretty equally divided between the old political parties, but when the meeting assembled and the country people came in, the Democrats were in the ascendant. At any rate, those who came to the front were mainly Democrats. Levi Stevenson, an old Democratic wheelhorse from Weller township, was president, and I was secretary.

Among the speakers, I remember, were Samuel J. Kirkwood, Jacob Brinkerhoff and Barnabas Burns, all Democrats, and all men of national reputation later on. The only record of the proceedings now in my possession seems to be the resolutions adopted unanimously by the meeting, and my recollection is that they were reported by Samuel J. Kirkwood, as chairman of the committee on resolutions. The meeting was held in the courthouse, and I remember the president sat in the judge's

chair, with General Robert Bentley (my wife's grandfather), one of the old Democratic associate judges, at his side as one of the vice-presidents.

The report of the committee on resolutions presented compactly and clearly the history of the Missouri Compromise, and closed with the following resolutions:

*“Resolved,* That in view of the foregoing considerations, we are opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise deliberately entered into for the settlement of an exciting and dangerous sectional controversy, because such repeal would tend to destroy confidence in the other compromises touching the subject of slavery, and to produce uneasiness and distrust in the public mind; because we conceive it to be in violation of the wholesome and sound doctrine announced by the convention of 1852, on the agitation of the slavery question, and because we believe its effect would be to renew that agitation and again to produce between different sections of our country strife, confusion, bitterness and discord.

*“Resolved,* That the foregoing preamble and resolutions be published in our county papers, and that a copy thereof be forwarded to our senators and representatives in congress, and to the Honorable Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, and to the President of the United States.”

As in Mansfield, so all over the North, the discussion of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill absorbed public attention to the exclusion of all other political issues, but without avail in defeating its adoption. The bill was made a party measure by the administration of President Pierce, and passed the Senate, March 3, 1854, and the House, May 14th, and was approved by the President, May 30th. The passage of this bill was far-reaching in its results, and during the twenty years that followed, the slavery question, like “Aaron’s rod,” swallowed all others; and

even after slavery was abolished, its aftermath remained, for many years a potent influence for evil.

The passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, instead of decreasing, rather increased the agitation of the public mind. The old parties disintegrated. At the North, the Whig Party dissolved, and such of its members as were opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise united with the Antislavery Democrats, first as the People's Party and then as the Republican Party.

In the elections for 1854, the old party names were retained, but the vote for congressmen showed that a pro-slavery candidate in either party lost votes, and that the people were ready for a new party organization. One of the potent factors of the elections in 1854 was the "Know-nothing vote," which was largely antislavery. This new organization was ostensibly operated against foreign immigrants, but its sudden growth was almost entirely due to a revolt of members of the old parties on the slavery question. In our congressional district, William D. Lindsey was renominated for congress, and John Sherman by the Whigs.

Mr. Sherman, in his memoirs, refers to his opponent as an ignorant man, who spelled seed corn "ceed korn." Mr. Sherman was certainly misinformed, for I received several letters from Mr. Lindsey as well written and as correctly spelled as Mr. Sherman himself could write. Mr. Lindsey was an excellent man and a good representative, and was defeated upon a side issue, which would have defeated almost any man who could have been nominated at the time. No one expected that Lindsey could have been defeated, but the Know-nothings threw their strength for Sherman and he was elected. I voted for him my elf, although I supported the remainder of the Democratic ticket.

The Know-nothing movement was simply a stepping-

stone to what followed. It enabled disaffected Whigs or Democrats to act together in secret, and prepared them for open co-operation in the People's Party, next year, and in the Republican Party in 1856.

During the campaign I retained connections with the Democratic Party so far as to support its local nominations, and filled my assignments for speeches in various townships.

During the congress of 1854 and 1855, the administration made the Kansas-Nebraska iniquity its main test of party fealty, so that antislavery Democrats were left out in the cold and had to seek shelter somewhere, and therefore they made an alliance with the antislavery Whigs, and acted together as "The People's Party."

This party met in convention at Columbus in June, 1855, and put in nomination a state ticket, with Salmon P. Chase for governor, Thomas H. Ford for lieutenant-governor, and Jacob Brinkerhoff for supreme judge.

I was a delegate to this convention and an active participant in its proceedings, and made the personal acquaintance of all the leading spirits of that movement.

My kinsman, Jacob Brinkerhoff, was warmly supported for governor by a large number of delegates, and I was his personal representative in the management of his interests. I thought his chances were good for the nomination, and I think the managers for Mr. Chase thought so, for they made me a proposition that if Brinkerhoff would withdraw for governor and accept a nomination for supreme judge, he could have their unanimous support. This proposition I conveyed to Jacob, and he directed me to accept it, as he was not rich enough to be governor, and under the circumstances would prefer the judgeship, which was in the line of his profession.

Upon this arrangement Chase was nominated for governor and Brinkerhoff for supreme judge.

Thomas H. Ford was nominated for lieutenant-governor, making two candidates from Mansfield and the county of Richland, which was contrary to all precedent; but a recent speech in a national convention of "Know-nothings," or North Americans, as they called themselves, had given him a phenomenal popularity, and he was nominated with a hurrah.

Ford was a man with a splendid physique, over six feet high, and on a great occasion was a great orator; but he was a very indolent man, and failed to develop his great natural powers.

I knew him intimately for many years and had a warm affection for him, as everybody else had who knew him; but his happy-go-lucky disposition prevented any large attainments.

He had been a captain in the Mexican war, and when the rebellion broke out he was made the colonel of the Thirty-second O. V. I., and was cashiered (unjustly, I think) for conduct at the Harper's Ferry fiasco. He was afterwards restored and honorably discharged. He then settled in Washington City as a claim lawyer, and died a few years after the war.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## CAREER AS AN EDITOR.

My valedictory and salutatory—David R. Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby)—A parting word—Appreciation of reporters—Editorial incidents—Editorial conventions.

A short time after the state convention of the People's Party, I was again switched off the track of my profession by one of those unaccountable providences which I suppose comes to all occasionally. I was passing the house of Matthias Day, Jr., then the editor and proprietor of the "Mansfield Weekly Herald." It was early in the evening, and Mr. Day was sitting in his doorway. I spoke to him and went on, but had only gone a short distance when he called me back and told me he was going away for a few weeks for his health, and he would like very much if I would look after the editorial department of his paper somewhat. I told him I was very busy and would have no time to prepare editorials. "Well," he said, "you can, at least, see what goes in and prevent any indiscrete articles from appearing, and you can use the scissors in getting extracts from other papers."

The upshot of the conference was that I agreed to do what I could find time to do, and he gave me the key to the post-office box to get the exchanges. The result was I made the paper hot for our opponents, and enjoyed the exercise. Mr. Day's health did not improve, and he finally thought it best to sell out his paper and take a protracted rest.

We finally got a proposition to purchase from James G. Robinson, and David R. Locke, who had recently sold out their paper at Plymouth, Ohio, provided some one at Mansfield, well known to the public, would take a third interest. My friends urged me to take such an interest, and as Locke and Robinson did not ask me to do more than give them the use of my name, and write as I found leisure, I finally agreed to go in, and the firm, "Brinkerhoff & Co." appeared as the proprietors of the "Herald," and our ship was launched the twelfth day of September, 1855.

Nothing was further from my intentions than to abandon my profession. I was deeply interested in the impending conflict between slavery and freedom, and my life in the South had given me information which enabled me to apprehend the magnitude of coming events which northern people generally could not comprehend. Still I did not expect to give any more time to the enlightenment of the public than I could consistently with the discharge of my regular business requirements, as a lawyer.

I had already edited the paper for a month, and by arrangement with my law partner I proposed to put in a part of my time upon editorial work until after the October election, when the immediate exigency would be over. The spirit which actuated me is fairly indicated in my valedictory, as editor *pro tem*, and my salutatory for Brinkerhoff & Co., from which I make a few extracts.

"For a month past, Mr. Day, the former able and popular editor of the "Herald," has been absent from the state, for the purpose of recruiting his health, which has become impaired by his over devotion to the arduous duties of his profession." . . .

"During the absence of Mr. Day, the subscriber has devoted to the editorial columns of the "Herald," such



times as he could spare from the pressure of legal business.

“As to the result of his labors it is not for him to speak, and suffice it to say, with Childe Harold,

“‘What is writ is writ, would it were worthier.’

“He trusts, however, that with the experience already acquired, and the co-operation of those with whom he is associated, he will in the future be enabled to merit more entirely the confidence and patronage of the public.”

“Of the future political character of the ‘Herald’ so far as the subscriber is concerned, the public can judge by reference to its columns during the past month. . . . The subscriber has always been a Democrat in the primary significance of the word, and he still believes that as a Republican he is reverently treading in the footsteps of Jefferson. He feels that the time has come when the great contest between freedom and slavery must be terminated. There is no way of avoiding this contest. It is as certain as death. In the position of affairs, it seems to us there is but one position that any true American, one who fears God and loves his fellow-men, can take, and that is on the side of freedom, and to dedicate to the cause, ‘his life (if needs be), his fortune, and his sacred honor.’ ”

In my salutatory, I said: “Politically, the ‘Herald’ will be Republican out and out; we shall oppose to the full extent of our ability the further extension of the area of human bondage. We shall oppose the admission of any more slave states—we shall advocate a judicious and economical administration of public affairs—we shall oppose the elevation to office of improper and unqualified men—we shall advocate zealously and freely all measures which we think will result in public good—we shall, in all things, advocate the right and oppose and denounce

the wrong, no matter what the consequences may be to ourselves. In contests with opponents, we shall carefully avoid personalities, slang, and everything that tends to irritate uselessly. We shall use argument to defend our positions, and when that fails us we shall retire as gracefully as circumstances will permit, and acknowledge that others may be right as well as ourselves. . . ."

Of the firm of Brinkerhoff & Co., I was the political representative and writer. James G. Robinson was a good, practical printer, and a good business man, and to him was assigned the charge of the job and printing departments, and he did no editorial work of any kind. David R. Locke was a practical printer, but he was also a spicy writer, and looked after local items. He was also, as I soon discovered, a humorous writer of great promise. In fact, I think I was the first person to appreciate and encourage his humorous vein. When upon the "Herald," he wrote a series of articles which he named the "Sniggs' Articles," which for rollicking humor, I do not believe were afterwards equaled by his famous "Nasby Letters." The "Sniggs' Articles" professed to give an account of the experiences and adventures of a young man of that name during his courtship and marriage. I do not remember anything in literature more laugh-provoking than Sniggs' account of the cow his mother-in-law gave him. The whole series ought to have been republished long ago, but they mysteriously disappeared.

After Locke became famous, I went to my bound volumes of the "Herald" and found all of the "Sniggs' Articles" had been cut out and carried off. From people who knew Locke's history, I heard that the "Sniggs' Articles" were largely founded on fact, and that his wife's relatives were a good deal ruffled by the revelations made.

However this may be, the articles disappeared from my files, and I have no doubt Locke got possession of them. At any rate they have never seen daylight. I told Locke some years after the war that he ought to republish the "Sniggs' Articles," for they were the best he had ever written, and he told me he had thought of doing so, and possibly he might, but he never did.

Locke and Robinson came to Plymouth, Ohio, from Pittsburgh, where they had been journeymen printers, and started the "Plymouth Advertiser," which still continues. At Plymouth, Robinson married a Miss Benschoter, and Locke, a Miss Bodine. Robinson was steady as a clock, and had some means, but Locke was a little wild and rather fast, and saved nothing, and the result was, when payments on our purchase came due, Locke had no money, and concluded to go out. Locke subsequently became famous as a political writer, over the *non de plume* of Petroleum V. Nasby, and the "Nasby letters" during the war gave him fame and fortune. President Lincoln is reported to have said that, next to a dispatch announcing a federal victory, he read a Nasby letter with the most pleasure.

After the withdrawal of Mr. Locke, the "Herald" files show, Robinson and I became the sole owners, January 30, 1856. This new deal, of course, put extra work upon me, but, during the summer, Mr. Day's health had so far improved that he desired to take an interest with us, and so we sold him a third interest. This arrangement I hoped would relieve me, and it did temporarily, but Mr Robinson and Mr. Day did not get along well together, and the friction became so great that Mr. Day proposed that he and I should take Mr. Robinson's interest, and this we finally did, October, 1856.

I very soon found that this arrangement would not work, as his views of business management were not in

harmony with my own, and so I proposed to sell out my interest, but he did not feel able to make the purchase, and so I felt compelled, in order to save what I had put in, to shoulder the whole business, which I did.

Having staked all I had in the world upon a newspaper interest, I felt it indispensable to give it my whole time, at least until I could unload; and, therefore, on the 4th of November, 1857, I became sole proprietor, and ran it alone until November 17, 1858, when my brother-in-law, Robert H. Bentley, took an interest, and took charge of the books and accounts, and we ran it successfully until May 18, 1859, when we sold out the whole establishment, without loss, to George T. Myers & Brother, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Three years and a half with the "Herald" had practically taken me out of the legal profession, although I kept my sign out, and preserved a nominal position at the bar, but, in reality, to start again, was to start new. Still, I was yet young (not quite thirty-one), and my career as an editor had given me a large acquaintance, and a mental training, which I have always considered of great value. In fact, as a formative influence upon my subsequent life, I know of nothing more potent for good.

As to my ability and experience as an editor, the files of the "Herald" (which I have given to the Memorial Library) are the best witnesses. As I look over those files I am not ashamed of my record, and really, for so young a man, I think I did very well indeed. At any rate, I did my best, and tried to do my duty, and my valedictory, in the "Herald," of May 18, 1859, which I quote entire, was a candid and truthful retrospect of my editorial career up to that time. It was as follows:

"A PARTING WORD.—A valedictory is usually a very dull document except to the person perpetrating it, and

I propose, therefore, as far as established custom and good manners will warrant, to save the readers of the 'Herald' from such an infliction. It is now over three years and a half since I assumed the editorial position which I am about to resign. During that time, through our weekly intercourse, the patrons of the 'Herald' have, for the most part, become my personal friends. That acquaintance and intercourse, too, I am happy to say, has always been of the most agreeable character, and I should, therefore, be less than human not to entertain feelings of regret at the sundering of relations and associations which have ever been pleasant, and to which I have become accustomed. The reasons prompting me to abandon my position as an editor are various, and need not be stated in full here; suffice it to say that the leading one is a desire to return to the profession for which I was educated, and to the acquisition of which I have devoted the best years of my life. I am a lawyer through choice and early training, and have been an editor only by accident and the force of circumstances.

"I am aware that most persons entertain the idea that no preliminary training is needed for the position of an editor, and that any one in fact of ordinary literary attainments can at once conduct a newspaper. No mistake can be greater. To be a successful editor requires as much ability and as long training as any other profession. In fact my observation warrants me in asserting that to attain eminence as an editor, a rarer combination of talent is required than in any other profession. An editor must not only be able to write properly and entertainingly, but he must also know when to write. An article may possess all the brilliancy of Macaulay combined with all the vigor and originality of Ruskin or Carlyle, and may withal be as truthful as the records of Holy Writ, and yet if it is ill-timed and improperly

adjusted to the exigencies of surrounding circumstances, it had better be burned by far than published.

"Napoleon was accustomed to say that in military affairs 'a blunder was worse than a crime.' The latter involved only the individual, but the former might ruin an army. So with the editor, a blunder, although not as bad as a crime, is yet a very serious matter, and cannot often be repeated with any prospect of professional success. In short, an editor should possess not only independence, integrity and literary ability, but a tact also, which can only be acquired by long experience and a thorough knowledge of human nature.

"In regard to my success as an editor, it is not for me to determine. I can only say that I have endeavored to do my duty by promulgating such opinions and advocating such measures as I believed to be right, and as the exigencies of the times seemed to require. I have truckled to no man, party, sect or power; I have compromised no opinion, and I have kept back no truth. The only cause I have for regret is, the want of ability to fulfill my own ideal of an editor, and thereby be enabled to advocate more effectually the principles I have professed.

"With my brethren of the press, I am happy to say, I have always been upon the most friendly terms; our political controversies, it is true, at times, have been sharp and somewhat protracted, but no enmities have been engendered, and to-day I take leave of each and all—political opponents and political friends—with no animosities to cherish and no bitterness to remember.

"In conclusion, I would tender to all patrons, printers, brethren of the quill, and all others interested, my best wishes, and as an editor bid you a fraternal farewell.

"ROELIFF BRINKERHOFF."

My career as an editor gave me a large acquaintance in the state, and especially with politicians and editors. In those days the editors kept up an editorial association, and their annual meetings brought them together for two or three days, so that we became well acquainted, and our discussions were helpful to the fraternity in many ways. I was an active member of the association and attended all of its meetings, and have always retained a warm attachment for editors generally. In fact I know of no other body of men more genial or generous.

It is the fashion of many public men to decry newspaper men, and especially newspaper reporters and interviewers, but my experience with them, with a very few exceptions, have given me a very high opinion of their ability and integrity. I have been interviewed and reported a great many times, and I have always been treated honorably and fairly, and I have often wondered how they managed, under the pressure and haste to which they were subjected, to make so few mistakes. The "boys," on our daily journals, who hustle for news have always had a warm place in my heart, and I never fail to give them a helping hand when I can, and they in return have helped me in numberless ways. In short, I have always found the reporters the most appreciative, the most responsive and the most helpful people I have ever met in all enterprises of a public character with which I have been connected.

That modern daily newspapers are sensational and unclean is the fault of the public rather than of the reporters. If there was no demand there would be no supply, and no class of people would be more gratified than the reporters if there could be a change for the better.

There are, of course, black sheep among editors and reporters as there are among lawyers, or doctors, or

preachers, but as a rule they are as useful to the public, and as considerate of the rights of others, as can be found in any of our professional classes.

My observation and experience lead me to believe that editors receive less appreciation from the public than any other class of men of equal ability. Everybody is a critic of newspapers, and every one in his own estimation is wiser than the editor, and is sure that he can instruct him as to the management of his paper. During my career as an editor I do not remember, but one single instance, when any one came in and commended my work until after I had ceased to be an editor, and then I felt the commendations I received were simply clubs with which to beat the heads of my successors.

The one instance of commendation referred to came from Rev. J. B. Walker, who, upon leaving for another field of labor, came in and subscribed for my paper and paid two or three years in advance, and said to me that I was doing good work, and doing it ably and well, and he wanted to make sure of receiving my paper weekly. Mr. Walker was one of the best men I have ever known, and he was as able as he was good. As a writer upon religious subjects he has had but few equals, and his "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation" has been translated into more languages than any other religious book by an American writer. I knew him very intimately, and his life and teachings did more than all others to dispel the doubts and difficulties that kept me back from a distinctively religious life. He had been through the same experiences and knew how to sympathize with me. When I first came to Mansfield, I attended his church, and soon became a teacher in his Sunday school. I was married by him in the church, and my wife and I, when we returned from Ashland, brought letters from the Presbyterian Church, which we had joined, and united



with the Congregational Church, where we have remained ever since.

That I valued the hearty approval of my editorial career by a man like J. B. Walker is not to be wondered at. My lifelong interest in Bible study had its inception largely, I think, from Mr. Walker, and especially from his expository sermons. At any rate, soon after I first knew him, I became a Sunday-school teacher, and ever since I have been the teacher of a Bible class; and as the years have come and gone, my interest in the Book of Books has been intensified, and all other books, in comparison, have become trivial. The Book itself is the highest evidence of its divinity. It is as boundless as space, as inexhaustible as the ocean.

The beginning of the end of slavery in the United States was the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. It is true, the old Abolitionists, of whom Garrison and Phillips were the leaders, have arrogated to themselves the honor of destroying slavery; but it seems to me they had very little to do with it, except to irritate the South to the madness which culminated in the repeal of the Missouri Compact and the enactment of the fugitive slave law.

The Abolitionists of the North and the fire-eaters of the South were simply fanatics of the most ultra type, and each of these parties was an injury to the cause they championed rather than a help. They doubtless were honest men, and self-sacrificing, but they had no charity for each other, and were utterly oblivious to the fact that there are usually two sides to every question and that truth usually lies between two extremes. My experience in life is that the most dangerous man is a wrong-headed, strong-headed, honest man. Philip II in burning Protestants, Calvin in burning Servetus, Cotton Mather in burning old women as witches, were honest

men, and no doubt thought they were doing God service, but nevertheless they were very cruel and very much mistaken.

It must be admitted that men of this type, when they are right as well as honest, are very valuable. Like St. Paul after his conversion, they are indefatigable in well-doing, and so it comes about that the old Abolitionists of Massachusetts and the fire-eaters of South Carolina have furnished some of the ablest champions of peace and good will between the sections, of which Charles Sumner and Wade Hampton are good examples. A few years ago, I spent some days with William Lloyd Garrison, the son of the great antislavery leader, and a more kindly advocate of liberality to the South I have not met anywhere.

During my editorial career, from 1855 to 1860, I was an active member of what was known as the "Association of Ohio Editors," and did as much, perhaps, as any one in the state to make the annual conventions entertaining and instructive. These conventions were very beneficial to the editors, and to the public also.

In those days, we made it a rule to have papers prepared upon subjects pertaining to the editorial and business management of newspapers, and the discussions that followed were full of information to newspaper men and brought about not only a better business management, but a higher standard in the editorial departments. I remember spending a good deal of time in preparing an essay upon advertising for the Dayton convention, in which I presented the history, methods and philosophy of advertising, which received a good deal of attention and was quoted largely. Of course, we always had a banquet and a jolly good time, and if nothing more came of the conventions than goodfellowship and mutual

acquaintance among newspaper men, the time was well spent.

The acquaintances I formed in that way have been of great value to me in numberless ways. They were nearly all older than I, and but very few are now alive, but I remember them all with gratitude.

## CHAPTER IX.

## SALMON P. CHASE.

First acquaintance with Chase—His influence over me—Oberlin rescue case—The fugitive slave law—Decision of Ohio Supreme Court—Professor Peck in Cleveland jail—The state convention of 1859—Coming events cast their shadows before—Interview with Governor Chase—The committee on resolutions—The famous third resolution—Presidential aspirations of Mr. Chase—Estrangement and reconciliation with Mr. Chase.

Among the old abolitionists, by all means the ablest and wisest, in my judgment, was Salmon P. Chase. He was an intense antislavery man, but he was also a broad-minded man, and could understand how a proslavery man could be honest and sincere. Of the statesmen of his generation, Mr. Chase has impressed me as the greatest of them all. I knew him intimately, and was associated with him in many ways. I was a law student when I first knew him, and for some reason—possibly because I was a near kinsman of his friend and antislavery collaborer, Jacob Brinkerhoff—he seemed to take a fancy to me. In fact, he made me his confidential agent and friend in various personal and political matters. Of course, to a young fellow like me such attention from a man of the standing and ability of Mr. Chase could not be other than gratifying, and I formed a close friendship with him, which lasted as long as he lived. In short, he became not only my friend, but my political godfather, and I followed his banner with enthusiasm until the final windup of the slavery question by the adoption of

the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the constitution of the United States.

Mr. Chase, mentally, morally and physically, was one of the noblest of men. He was a man of high ambition, but his ambition was entirely subordinate to his sense of duty. A single instance in my own personal experience with him will illustrate this characteristic; but in order to understand it fully it is necessary to give the circumstances which led up to it. In the history of the anti-slavery contest in Ohio, the year 1859 is memorable on account of the Oberlin rescue cases, and the decision of the Supreme Court of Ohio sustaining the constitutionality of the fugitive slave law, and the political results that followed.

The Oberlin cases grew out of the arrest of a fugitive slave in that vicinity, by the United States marshal. The Oberlin people rallied to the rescue and succeeded in taking the slave from the possession of the marshal, and posted him on to Canada. Warrants were then issued by the United States District Court at Cleveland, and thirty-seven of the Oberlin people were arrested and indicted for a violation of the fugitive slave law. Among these were Professor Peck of the college faculty and several leading citizens. They were taken to Cleveland and were held for trial in the county jail. The court offered to let them go home on their own recognizance whilst awaiting trial, but they preferred to remain in prison in the role of martyrs to the cause of freedom.

Later on, two of them (Langston and Bushnell) were convicted, and then the question of the constitutionality of the fugitive slave law was made by *habeas corpus* in the Supreme Court of Ohio. The court, a short time before the state convention, decided the case against the prisoners. Three of the judges sustaining the law as constitutional, and two dissenting. Chief-Justice Swan

gave the opinion of the majority of the court, and Judge Brinkerhoff of the minority.

Many of the Republican leaders at this time favored the doctrine of state rights, and it was understood that Governor Chase would nullify the action of the United States Court if the Supreme Court of Ohio should hold the fugitive slave law unconstitutional, and if necessary, would call out the state militia to protect the prisoners.

The result was a great disappointment to a majority of Republicans, and especially to those who were residents of the Western Reserve. To these, the action of Judge Swan was especially obnoxious, and although he had been elected five years before as a Republican, and had always been prominent as an antislavery man, they determined that he should not have a second term.


The state convention was to be held on the second day of June, only two days after the rendition of Judge Swan's opinion, so that there was but little time for consultation, and, therefore, whatever was to be done was to be done quickly. To me it seemed imperative that something should be done to heal party differences or the state would be lost at the fall election. The Republicans in the southern half of the state, for the most part, were friendly to Judge Swan, and even Judge Brinkerhoff, who rendered the dissenting opinion, did not deem it right to strike Judge Swan for an honest opinion, and so the controversy became excited and threatened the disruption of the party.

As I had been elected a delegate to the convention, I deemed it wise to take a look at the situation from a northern standpoint, and so on Monday morning preceding the convention, I went to Cleveland. I found a large preponderance of Republicans redhot against Judge Swan, but there was a difference among them as to what should be done with the Oberlin contingent in

the county jail. The more violent among them were in favor of having Professor Peck and a few more of the representative men among the prisoners give bail and go to the convention, which, of course, would add fuel to the fire.

After getting the run of matters, I concluded to go up to the county jail, which was the storm-center of the existing disturbance, and see the prisoners. I knew Professor Peck very well, and that acquaintance, together with my kinship with Judge Brinkerhoff, gave me a cordial welcome. The jail was crowded with politicians, coming and going, some advising one thing and some another, so that Peck, who was a sensible man, was worried to know just what to do, and when I came from a region outside of the local excitement he seemed very glad to see me. He took me aside and told me his perplexities, and wanted me to advise him what to do. I told him I knew perfectly well what he ought to do, but I was unwilling to give advise unless he would agree to follow it, and not otherwise.

Very likely he thought I represented Judge Brinkerhoff's views, and possibly I did, but we held no conference about it, and so he said all right, I must decide one way or the other, and I think your judgment is less likely to be biased than that of those about me. Well, I said, stay in jail as a conspicuous protest to the iniquities of the fugitive slave law, and let us who are outside take care of the convention. The result was that Peck and his associates staid in jail, and next morning I took an early train for Columbus. I found the train crowded with people going to the convention, and opinions like the north wind, all blew one way, and that was against Judge Swan. As we went south, however, we were joined by delegations from other sections, and counter-currents began to appear.



When we got to Columbus, we found the delegations from the south as strong for Swan as those from the north were against him, and the battle began in earnest. Before evening, it was evident that Judge Swan must go, but it was equally evident that the Swan men would bolt the convention unless some compromise could be brought about.

As the anti-Swan men had a safe working majority they concluded to relegate all discussion to the committee upon resolutions, and put their program through the open convention with a high hand without debate, and then if the minority wanted to bolt, let them take the responsibility upon themselves.

As conventions were managed in those days, the delegations from the several congressional districts, in the evening, after the temporary organization, were expected to select a representative on each of the regular committees. In our district, the thirteenth, the most prominent man was Governor Thomas H. Ford, and the Richland county delegation put him forward for the committee upon resolutions, but the Reserve counties considered him too conservative for their purposes, and therefore, opposed him, although for various reasons, they were willing that our county should have the man. After a good deal of caucusing and controversy, the reserve counties proposed as a compromise that they would be satisfied if my name was proposed by Richland county. This proposition was acceded to and I was selected not because of any special ability or promise, but because I was a kinsman of Judge Brinkerhoff, and was supposed to be in harmony with his ideas.

In the morning, soon after the committees were announced, I received a message from Governor Chase requesting that I should call and see him at the state house. I found him in the governor's office surrounded



by a crowd of politicians, but as soon as he saw me he took me to his private room, and as soon as we were alone he told me he understood that I was a member of the committee upon resolutions, and that he had prepared some resolutions for the consideration of the committee, and that he desired me to present them if I found them in sympathy with my own views. He gave me the resolutions, and said he would give me time to look over them and would return presently, and then went back to his office. I saw he was troubled and worried, and as I read his platform I saw he was evidently hopeless of harmony in the convention.

When he returned, he asked what I thought of his resolutions. I told him his propositions were very clearly stated, and that personally I could agree with them, but, I said, you of course understand that if these resolutions are adopted by the convention that a bolt is inevitable, and that the state will be lost. Yes, he said, that is probably true, but my judgment is that we should proclaim the truth and go down with our flag flying. He said he had done his best to harmonize conflicting opinions and had found it impossible, and, therefore, under the circumstances, thought the majority should assert themselves, and if the minority wanted to bolt, let them take the responsibility of defeat upon themselves. I said to him that it seemed to me that an army fighting a common enemy, ought to find some plan of joint action and not turn their guns on each other. Defeat in Ohio meant danger to the cause all over the country, and probably the loss of the presidential election next year (1860).

Again, it meant the loss of all hope for his nomination for President, a matter in which I, and many others, were greatly interested in, in Ohio. He looked at me a moment, and said, I don't want you to consider any personal

interest I may have in the matter. If I know myself, and I think I do, I would not jeopardize for an instant any principle involved in this contest to promote in the slightest my personal ambitions. Well, I said, let us see if something cannot be done without a sacrifice of principle, and I sat down at his table and wrote the resolution, which subsequently became famous as the third resolution in the platform of that year, and which saved the party from defeat. The resolution was as follows:

*Resolved*, That proclaiming our determination rigidly to respect the constitutional obligations imposed upon the states by the federal compact, we maintain the union of the states, the rights of the states and the liberties of the people; and in order to attain these important ends, we demand the repeal of the fugitive slave act of 1850, as subversive of both the rights of the states, and the liberties of the people, and as contrary to the plainest dictates of humanity and justice, and as abhorrent to the moral sense of the civilized world."

It will be noticed I did not say the fugitive slave law was unconstitutional, which would please the Swan faction, but I did say, as strongly as I could, that the fugitive slave law was an outrage, which ought to please the anti-Swan men, and did not stultify anybody.

I handed the resolution to Mr. Chase. He considered it carefully, and said he could accept it, but the committee would not. Very well, I said, let me try it before attempting anything stronger.

All right, he said, and we parted.

The personnel of the committee on resolutions was unusually strong in the prominence and ability of its members. It consisted of twenty-one members contributed by the congressional districts as follows:

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|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1. G. B. Hollister. | 12. Henry D. Cooke.  |
| 2. James Cox.       | 13. R. Brinkerhoff.  |
| 3. L. D. Campbell.  | 14. James Monroe.    |
| 4. M. H. Nichols.   | 15. J. C. Davis.     |
| 5. James M. Ashley. | 16. Danl. Applegate. |
| 6. J. H. Kincaid.   | 17. J. F. Cowan.     |
| 7. Thomas Corwin.   | 18. Sidney Exgerton. |
| 8. Benj. Stanton.   | 19. B. F. Backus.    |
| 9. E. Stilling.     | 20. B. F. Wade.      |
| 10. A. P. Miller.   | 21. John A. Bingham. |
| 11. L. H. Culver.   |                      |

Of these, eight were members of congress, from the third, fourth, fifth, seventh, eighth, eighteenth, twentieth, and twenty-first districts.

Professor Monroe, of the fifteenth district, was subsequently elected to congress. Henry D. Cooke, from the twelfth district, was then editor of the "Sandusky Register," and was afterwards governor of the District of Columbia. In fact, all the districts, except the thirteenth, were represented by men of prominence.

In such a committee, my own obscurity was in reality a help to me, for I was not conspicuous enough to invite or attract antagonism. I was personally acquainted with about one-half of the committee, but of these Henry D. Cooke was the only one with whom I had close relations, and through him I was introduced to the others.

Hon. B. F. Wade, then United States senator, was elected chairman, but it was soon announced that he had been made permanent chairman of the convention, and Mr. Corwin was then made chairman of the committee. In the convention, on motion of Mr. Giddings, D. W. C. Ratliff was appointed to take the place of Mr. Wade on the committee on resolutions.



After the committee was organized, it was suggested that those who had resolutions or platform already prepared should present them for consideration, and a majority of the members responded; a shower of resolutions and some elaborate platforms were immediately forthcoming, and the fugitive slave law at once became the storm center.

For various reasons, it seemed to me desirable that this subject should be kept in abeyance until subjects of minor interest could be disposed of, and therefore I suggested to Mr. Cooke to make a motion to that effect, which he did, and it was adopted. It soon became apparent, as is usually the case on such occasions, that almost every member had some idea he desired to incorporate in the platform, and I made it my business to help every one I could to succeed in his specialty, and the result was that by the time we got around to my specialty I had quite a number of delegates under some obligations to me for friendly votes.

After awhile we got around to the main question, and the battle began in earnest, and waxed hotter and hotter until it got red-hot, and almost culminated in a personal encounter between Ashley and Nichols. This was suppressed, but the war of words went on until a call came from the convention to hurry up the platform, and it was evident that they must stop talking and begin voting.

My time had come, and when Campbell rose to move the previous question, I requested him to allow me to be heard for a moment, to which he assented; and I commenced by saying that the committee would bear me witness that in the long discussion I had not said a word or taken up a moment of time, and I was sure they would admit that I was entitled to be heard for a few minutes. I asked them to remember that in the great contest for the restriction of slavery we were friends and

not enemies, and because we differed in our methods of attack upon the common enemy we ought not to fight each other, but should find some plan of operations upon which we could unite our forces. In the main, I agreed with our friends from the North that the fugitive slave law was unconstitutional, but I could understand how our friends from the South could honestly think differently, and yet I knew they were as earnestly opposed to the extension of slavery as I was, which, after all, was the main objective point.

When we remember that our chairman (Mr. Corwin) was a member of the cabinet of President Fillmore and assented to the approval of the fugitive slave law, we certainly could not ask him now to declare it unconstitutional, but I could ask him to assent to the evil effects of that law and to ask for its repeal. In short, I had a resolution in my hand that I desired to offer as a substitute for pending propositions, and I was certain it was broad enough to afford standing room for every honest antislavery man without stultification or mental reservation.

I read my resolution, and Mr. Corwin at once called John A. Bingham to the chair, and came on the floor and made a half hour's speech against it. He said the gentlemen from Richland county had disclaimed any intention of asking him to pronounce the fugitive slave law unconstitutional, but a law "subversive of the rights of the states and the liberties of the people," as this resolution describes it, in the nature of things, must be unconstitutional, and, therefore, he was opposed to it.

By this time various members of the committee began to realize that my resolution was a practicable road out of our difficulties. Professor Monroe made a speech in its favor and others followed, and the result was that when a vote was reached, it was adopted by a handsome

majority. Subsequently it was reported to the convention, where it was approved with substantial unanimity, and the current of history was changed.

John A. Bingham reported our platform to the convention for the reason that Mr. Corwin declined to do so on account of my resolution, but he did not bolt, and subsequently supported the ticket. In fact, there was no bolt whatever, although extremists were more or less dissatisfied.

Mr. Dennison was nominated for governor, and Wm. Y. Gholson, of Cincinnati, for supreme judge, and the whole ticket was triumphantly elected in October. Our victory in Ohio, in 1859, made a national victory possible in 1860, and its culminating result was the election of Abraham Lincoln as President.

Salmon P. Chase was the logical candidate of the Republicans for President in 1860, and he would have been the candidate except for the opposition of the old Whig element in the Republican Party in Ohio under the leadership of Mr. Corwin. Intellectually, Mr. Chase was the superior of Mr. Lincoln, but he was not a popular leader, and lacked that matchless, political sagacity so conspicuous in Mr. Lincoln, and which was so indispensable to a pilot of the ship of state in the stormy years of the Great Rebellion.

The old silver gray Whigs never forgave Mr. Chase for having been elected to the senate as an antislavery Democrat, and they always antagonized him when an opportunity offered. In a long letter I received from him after the presidential convention, he told me of the defections of the Ohio delegation, but he took his defeat philosophically, and went on his way rejoicing in the prospects of victory for the antislavery cause.

When Mr. Lincoln became President, Mr. Chase went into his cabinet as secretary of the treasury, where his

services were of incalculable value. During the time he was in the cabinet I did not see him often; but after he became chief justice I was stationed some months in Washington and met him frequently, and after the war I was often in Washington, and always called upon him. He was one of the most companionable, as well as one of the wisest of men.

The only weakness I ever detected in him was the infatuation of his later years to be President, and I always thought that arose more from a desire to gratify the ambition of his daughter rather than his own. Upon this subject he seemed to be unable to see, what every well-informed person could not help seeing, that the presidency to him was impossible.

A single incident will illustrate this: Some months previous to the nomination of General Grant for President, in 1868, I came to Washington from Ohio, and the next day being Sunday, I went to the Foundry Church, where many of the army officers were in the habit of going during the war, on account of the vigorous loyalty of its pastor, and where Mr. Chase made his church home. Upon coming out of the church after the services, by an accident I met Mr. Chase, and we walked together along E street on our way home. At that time he was living with his daughter, Mrs. Senator Sprague. When we came to the house he invited me to stop. He said the family were away and he wanted to talk with me, and so I went in. The servant brought us a lunch, and he began to talk about the political outlook, and wound up finally by asking me what I thought of his prospects for the nomination, and especially of his prospects in Ohio.

Knowing that the truth, as I saw it, would be very distasteful to him, I hesitated and talked around the subject, rather than at it, long enough to make up my

mind just what to say; but the more I thought about it the more I felt that somebody ought to tell him the truth, and the whole truth, and I might as well do it as anybody else. In doing so, however, I took special pains to put it gently and kindly.

I told him that many of his oldest and truest friends were in doubt as to whether it was best for him, or the country, that he should exchange his position of chief justice for that of the presidency, even if it was entirely practicable for him to do so. Now that the war was over, there were many men who could fill the office of President fairly well; but where was the man who could take his place as chief justice? I referred him to Chief Justice Marshall and his enormous influence for good in shaping events after the revolutionary war, and endeavored to impress upon him the fact, which was a fact, that Chief Justice Chase could be more potential for good than President Chase, and would be remembered longer.

Then I took up the general outlook of affairs, and reminded him that after every war it was the soldier, and not the statesman, that became the popular idol, and that now, as it had been before, it was inevitable that for many years to come bullet-headed soldiers, rather than statesmen, would fill the presidential chair, and for this reason, if for no other, it was of the utmost importance that one statesman, at least, should be upon the supreme bench. In short, I wound up in telling him that his nomination was not possible, and that the wisest thing for him to do was to get it out of his mind and bend all his energies to his duties as chief justice, and make his record illustrious.

As I anticipated, he did not take my advice kindly, or rather he did not accept my diagnosis of the case; on the contrary, he took up at least an hour to convince me that



my conclusions were all wrong, and that he could and would receive the nomination. The result was our old-time relations were severed, at least it seemed to me that his old-time cordiality was gone, and I did not call upon him when I came to Washington, as I always did in former years.

Not long afterwards, during the impeachment trial of President Johnson, I was on the floor of the senate every day, and he could not help seeing me but he made no sign of recognition. So the years went on, Grant was elected President, and Chase was again a candidate for President and was defeated by Horatio Seymour, and his last chance for the coveted position was gone; but yet my old friendly relations with him had not been restored.

Some months before his death, however, I was in Washington, and going up to the capitol one day, near the head of Pennsylvania avenue, I met Mr. Chase returning from the supreme court room. He did not see me, and did not seem to see anybody, but walked with his head bowed forward, and I noticed a stoop in his shoulders, and he looked haggard and worn, so that my sympathies were aroused and I made up my mind I would go and see him. He was then living on I street, not far from the Ebbitt House, where I was stopping, and so in the evening I went to his house, and sent in my card. He sent for me at once, and I went into the library where I found him alone, and no one interrupted us for an hour.

He received me with his old-time cordiality, and I had a very pleasant visit with him. He did not refer to the past with any bitterness, neither did he look into the future with hopefulness. In fact, it struck me that he was pessimistic rather than hopeful. I remember that he referred to the fact that I had been active in promul-



gating the doctrine of revenue reform, and heartily commended me, but he said, "even if you succeed you can have no assurance that it will last. Public opinion was as fickle as the wind, and was here to-day and gone to-morrow."

In leaving him, he gave me a kindly good-bye, and hoped I would always come and see him when I was in Washington. We parted, and I never saw him again.

## CHAPTER X.

## VARIOUS EVENTS.

A home of our own—Pittsburgh Convention—Discordant elements—Charles Reemelin as an orator—A national party organized—The Fremont Convention—Hobby number one—Pioneer history—Return to law again—Lincoln's inauguration.

In 1855, my wife and I bought three acres of ground on the north side of Market street (now Park avenue), opposite to Sturges avenue. We enlarged the cottage on it, and lived there about eight years; and during that time had ample opportunity to gratify our tastes for trees, flowers, and gardening. Our daughters were born in that house, and our joys were many and our sorrows few.

During these years, having acquired the lands, where we have since lived, the family, in 1863, during my absence in the army, moved into a cottage adjoining, on an acre of ground, acquired from a clergyman by the name of Collins. East of this house was an open clover field, upon which, five years later, we built our present home-stead, and named it Clover Hill. This field was only a pasture lot, so that every tree and shrub and plant upon it has been of our own selection and planting, and each is a part of family history. We moved into our present home January 1, 1869, and the years that have come and gone since then, are filled with happy memories.

Four acres of ground in the midst of a city, as they now are, may seem extravagant, but it is the only direction in which I have been inclined to be extravagant, and I am very sure we have been amply repaid by the enjoyments and delightful memories resulting therefrom. To my mind there is no influence more powerful for



"CLOVER HILL.."

(The Mansfield Residence of General Brinkerhoff for the past thirty years.)



good, in the training of children, than to make home the most delightful place on earth. At least this was the experience of my own childhood and youth, and I have endeavored to transmit similar experience to my own children.

One of the most important events during my editorial career, and of which I was a part, was the convention held at Pittsburgh, February 22, 1856, at which the Republican Party, as a national organization, came into existence. Prior to this time it was only in a few states where the opponents of the repeal of the Missouri compromise had taken the name of Republicans.

The call for the Pittsburgh Convention was signed by A. P. Stone, of Ohio, J. B. Goodrich, of Massachusetts, Lawrence Brainard, of Vermont, and William A. White, of Wisconsin, as chairmen of the Republican organizations of their several states, and the purpose assigned was the foundation of a national organization, and to provide for a national delegate convention, to nominate candidates for President and vice-president. To this convention, so far as I remember, Jacob Brinkerhoff and I were the only delegates from Richland county.

According to my recollection, there were no official delegates, and the convention was in fact a mass meeting of all who claimed to be opposed to the extension of slavery. However, it was a notable occasion, and as much depended upon its harmonious action, in a political way, as any held in my time.

The convention was composed of very discordant elements, and it was a very difficult task to bring them into harmonious action.

The largest number of delegates were of Whig antecedents, and next to them were those of Democratic antecedents. These again were divided into Know-nothings, or North Americans, as they called themselves,

and from Cincinnati and some other cities came representatives of the German Turner organizations.

To these also should be added the Freesoilers and the Abolitionists. To harmonize such antagonistic elements required generalship of a high order, for the only idea held in common by them all was opposition to the extension of slavery, and hence the only way possible for joint action was a platform of practically one plank. This was finally accomplished, but failure was imminent every hour.

The convention was organized by the selection as chairman Francis P. Blair, of Maryland, the close friend and adviser of President Jackson during his administration, and to whom Jackson left by will his private letters and papers. Blair was a representative of the Freesoil Party, which came into existence as a national organization in 1852, and supported Martin Van Buren for President, and among its chief supporters were Chase, Charles Francis Adams, Charles Sumner, David Wilmot, Jacob Brinkerhoff, Preston King and others. The Freesoilers had already left the old parties, and had burned the bridges behind them, and were ready to join the new party in a body. The antislavery Whigs, under the leadership of Lincoln, Seward, Greeley, Fessenden, Thaddeus Stevens and others, were more numerous than the recruits from other parties, but they were wise enough to give prominence to a Freesoil Democrat from a slave state like Blair. The Know-nothings were also a national organization, and, under the leadership of such men as Henry Wilson, N. P. Banks, Burlingame, Colfax and Henry Winter Davis, had a large following in a number of states. The old Abolitionists were also an important factor, although they had no distinct organization. They were represented at Pittsburgh by Joshua R. Giddings and others. Next to the antislavery

Whigs, of course, in point of numbers the antislavery Democrats were the most numerous, and among them were Hannibal Hamlin, Simon Cameron, Lyman Trumbull, William C. Bryant and others.

With elements so diverse, and all were represented in the Pittsburgh Convention, it was not easy to secure harmonious action. The Whigs were Protectionists, the Democrats were Freetraders, the Know-nothings were opposed to the foreigners, and the foreign-born citizens were opposed to the Know-nothings, and it was very soon evident that the only thing in common among them was opposition to slavery, and that everything else must be kept in abeyance.

The hardest people to manage were the Know-nothings and the Germans. The former under the leadership of Julian, of Indiana, and the latter under Charles Reemelin, of Cincinnati, were furious against each other, and it looked very much as if the convention would break up in a row the first night, and I think it would except for a speech made by a delegate from New Jersey, by the name of David Ripley, who called himself the "Saw Log Man." He was an uncultured man, and I do not know on what side he was speaking, and I doubt if he knew himself, but the oddity of the man, and his uncouth gestures, and his stories and personal experiences, were so immensely funny that the convention laughed itself into a good humor, and the result was that an adjournment was secured without further collision between the warring factions, and by morning milder counsels prevailed, and in the end harmonious action was secured, although at one time an explosion was imminent. The final encounter between the Know-nothings and their opponents came on in the afternoon of the second day.

Gibson, of Ohio, made a furious onslaught upon the



Know-nothings, and insisted upon their exclusion from the new party. Julian, of Indiana, retaliated. Both were fine orators, and they worked up an intense antagonism which boded evil to the convention, but before a vote could be ordered, Reemelin, of Cincinnati, got the floor. He was a cultured orator, trained in the universities of Germany, but his accent was so perfect that he could hardly be recognized as a foreigner by his speech. He called a halt on passion, and begged for calmer counsels.

Just there an incident occurred to help him, which seemed almost providential. It had been a gloomy day, enhanced by a drizzling rain, but as Reemelin got fairly started in his plea for harmony, the clouds parted, and the sunlight poured through the western windows in a flood of radiance upon the great audience. Reemelin, with infinite tact, took in the incident as an admonition to the convention as to the spirit in which the pending controversy should be met, and related with wonderful power the old fable from Æsop of the Sun and the North Wind in their efforts to induce a traveler to take off his coat. It was one of the happiest flights of oratory I have ever witnessed, and the result was a harmonious conclusion. Reemelin, Gibson and Julian I have often heard since then, but I have never heard them more to their own credit than in the Pittsburgh Convention, but the greatest of the three at that time was Reemelin.

The convention planted itself upon the single issue of opposition to slavery, and gave a cordial invitation to all citizens, without regard to creed, color, nationality or previous political affiliation to unite with them. Upon this platform the battle of liberty was fought, and when this was accomplished the Republican Party ought to have resolved itself into its original elements instead of foisting old Whiggery upon the Democratic adherents.

Time however has had its revenges and the era of protection is passing away.

At the Pittsburgh Convention a national convention for the nomination of candidates for President and vice-president was arranged for to meet June 17, 1856, at Philadelphia. An appeal to the American people, prepared and read by Henry J. Raymond, the editor of the "New York Times," was adopted, and the convention adjourned.

The Pittsburgh Convention was the first national convention I ever attended, and it was one of the most important ever convened in the country. For some reason it has never attracted much attention in the histories of that time, but it was an important historic event and will be studied more in the future than it has been in the past.\* To me it was helpful in many ways. It not only broadened my vision, but it gave me an acquaintance with many of the leading men of the time, that has been useful to me in many ways ever since. Among the friendships that I formed at Pittsburgh was that of William Dennison, afterwards governor of Ohio, and postmaster-general in the cabinet of President Lincoln. I probably had met him before at Columbus, but I do not remember when, but at Pittsburgh he was a candidate against A. P. Stone for the position of committeeman for Ohio, in the national organization of the Republican Party, and I supported him warmly. He was defeated, but he appreciated my good will for him, and he was my friend as long as he lived.

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\* There is now in preparation a complete history of the Pittsburgh Convention, by Rev. Paul Weyand, of Pittsburgh, Pa., and as I am one of the few surviving delegates, he has asked me to aid him in securing biographies of the Ohio delegates. There were about sixty, and we have nearly all of them, and so far every man subsequently attained distinction in county, state or national affairs. (April 25, 1900.)

Mr. Dennison was not a great man, but he was an accomplished gentleman, and a reliable and efficient executive officer. His ability as governor of Ohio at the opening of the war was everywhere recognized, and gave him a national reputation, and made him post-master-general upon the retirement of Montgomery Blair from Mr. Lincoln's cabinet.

The Republican National Convention met at Philadelphia, June 17, 1856, the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill. I was not a delegate, but attended as a looker on. Josiah Scott, afterwards Chief Justice Scott, of Ohio, and I roomed together at the Continental Hotel, and between us we managed to be on the inside, and lend a helping hand to the supporters of Fremont. It was of course a much greater convention, in point of numbers, than that at Pittsburgh, but in results it was far inferior. Pittsburgh was a tempestuous sea; Philadelphia was a land locked bay, and the sailing was easy. Fremont was nominated for President and Dayton for vice-president; there was a grand jollification at night, at which William H. Gibson, of Ohio, carried off the honors as an orator and the convention dissolved.

I was an ardent supporter of Fremont, the Pathfinder—as we called him—and I went to New York City to see him. He lived on Tenth street, and I called upon him in company with Marshall P. Wilder, of Boston, and had a pleasant interview. Fremont as an explorer was a great success, and deserves grateful remembrance from the American people, but it was doubtless a blessing that he was defeated for President. We are all apt to be hero worshipers, more or less, but as a rule the nearer we get to our heroes the smaller they get, and as we grow older our heroes decrease in number as well as in magnitude.

One of the definitions Webster gives to the word



hobby is "a favorite and ever-recurring theme of discourse, thought or effort." In the sense I use the word, it means a favorite theme of thought and study outside of regular business pursuits, and in that sense I think every one who has a hobby is happier and more useful. I have always had at least one such hobby on hand, and sometimes two or three at a time, and I have never known a man to amount to much who never had a hobby. The hobby I am about to describe is called Number One, although in fact I had several short-lived ones before that, but they did not amount to much.

Number One, ought, perhaps to be called my pioneer hobby, because it arose out of my special interest in the early history of my own county of Richland, Ohio. My wife was the grand-daughter of General Robert Bently, one of the early pioneers of the county, and through him I came in contact with many others of the early settlers.

The pioneers of Ohio were the picked men of the East, for only brave and strong men were able to endure and overcome the howling wilderness which extended from the Ohio river to the Lakes, and the men who did this developed an individuality that presented a very attractive and interesting study.

There were giants in those days, and their idiosyncracies and their exploits greatly interested me, and I felt that they deserved to be remembered, and so when I became an editor and came into frequent contact with them as my subscribers I began to interview them, and make notes of their recollections. After a while I began to publish these notes, and so as the months and years went on, without any special effort, I gathered and preserved the more important incidents of the early history of the county. Many years later when the pioneers were mostly gone, my early interest in them enabled me to furnish


the material essential for the only history yet published of our county, so that my Hobby Number One was not only a source of much enjoyment but became of great practical value in preserving the materials of history. Hobby Number One led up to Hobby Number Two some years later.

Upon retiring from the newspaper business I returned to the law and opened an office in the "Herald" building, the ownership of which I retained. I was alone for some months and then formed a partnership with James Purdy, under the firm name of Purdy and Brinkerhoff. Mr. Purdy was president of the Farmer's Bank, and our office was in the bank building at the southwest corner of the park. Practically, Mr. Purdy had retired from business, but he had a good library and some law-books, and could control some business. He was friendly to me and gave me office rent free and all I could make out of the business.

After a few months with him, sometime in 1860, I formed another law partnership with Darius Dirlam, afterwards a common pleas judge, and we opened an office over M. L. Miller's clothing store, on the northeast corner of Main and Third streets. We went into business to win, and stuck to it and attended to it closely and were gradually getting a foothold when the guns of Sumter sounded and the War of the Rebellion opened.

I had been deeply interested in the presidential election of 1860, and had done my part upon the stump, and at the polls, to secure the election of Lincoln. When he was inaugurated I was in Washington to witness the ceremony and remained there for some days.

I attended Mr. Lincoln's first reception at the White House, and witnessed the meeting of Senator Douglas and the President immediately after the declaration of the former in favor of the Union. Politically and so-



cially, everything was in a tumult of disintegration, and it was hard to tell friends from foes. The air was full of rumors of treason in the army, treason in the navy, and treason everywhere. I saw leading men on both sides, and made the acquaintance of some.

General Scott was the commander-in-chief of the army, and I considered it quite an event to see him. It was at the White House as he was entering to visit the President. It was the only time I ever saw him. I do not remember to have seen a man of finer presence. He was over six feet high and had an eye like an eagle, and, although weighted with years, and crippled with rheumatism, he was an impressive figure. He was, however, a man of the past and lacked the spirit and nerve essential for the time, and the result was a dilatory policy which allowed the rebellion immense advantages before anything effectual was attempted.

The rebellion was already under way. During the preceding winter President Buchanan did nothing but temporize, and congress spent its time in discussing compromises. In the meantime the South was swiftly preparing for war. All that Buchanan seemed to care for was to preserve the *status quo* until the close of his administration, and the result was that the rebellion had a firm hold on some of the most important strategic points in the South. In Charleston harbor, as early as December 26, 1860, the rebels were in possession of everything except Fort Sumter, into which Major Anderson, with his little band of eighty men, retreated on that day, and no serious effort was made to reinforce or relieve him during the Buchanan administration, and then, apparently, it was too late. How far General Scott was to blame for this pusillanimous policy I do not know.

Had General Jackson been President when Major Anderson occupied Fort Sumter, and called for aid, the re-

bellion would have been throttled in a month. As it was, when Lincoln came in, it was not easy to tell just what ought to be done, and it took time to find out who could be trusted. To me, with my knowledge of southern temper and southern plans, the situation was unbearable, and I was hot for action of some kind. I remember attending a conference of several members of congress at Senator Sherman's room at Willard's Hotel, where a young navy officer (a lieutenant commander, I think, by the name of Stone), who had a plan to relieve Fort Sumter, which pleased me immensely, for it meant business, and I still believe it was entirely feasible. At any rate, he was willing to command the expedition and risk his life on it. He simply wanted three merchant steamers, which he said could be had in forty-eight hours in New York, and which he would load with supplies and troops, and run the gauntlet of batteries at Charleston harbor and relieve Fort Sumter. Very likely, he said, he would loose one, and possibly two, of his ships, but he was sure he could reach Fort Sumter with at least one ship, and that would be enough. However, nothing came of it, and the policy of inaction continued. I came home in a fever of impatience and awaited events.

At last, on the 12th of April, the rebels at Charleston were foolish enough to take the initiation themselves, and force activity on the part of the government at Washington. When the guns of Sumter sounded, I was happy, for I knew that the beginning of the end had come, and I knew that the fool policy of Horace Greeley and other frantic Abolitionists ("Let the wayward sisters go in peace") was gone forever, and that the Union would be preserved. In that faith I never wavered from the beginning to the end of the war.

## CHAPTER XI.

## FIRST YEAR OF THE REBELLION.

The guns of Sumter—News received in Mansfield—Proclamation of the President—The Sherman Brigade—My enlistment as a soldier—A model military instructor—Our West Point colonels—Ordered to the front—My experience as quartermaster—Duties at Bardstown—Interview with General Thomas—St. Joseph's College as a hospital—Generosity of Father Verdon—Ordered to Nashville—Visit to the Hermitage—Ordered to the front—On Shiloh battle field—Placed in charge of transportation—Views as to the treatment of slaves—Placed on the sick list—Leave of absence granted—Trip up the lakes—Ordered to Boston.

The 12th of April, 1861, if I remember rightly, was Sunday. The clouds of war had been gathering for weeks, but as yet there was neither thunder nor tempest. Most people believed that nothing would come of it but brag and bluster on the part of the South, and that some kind of a compromise would be patched up again and peace and quiet would follow. It is true that seven states had seceded and established a provisional government at Montgomery, Alabama, early in February, but as yet there had been no collision between contending forces, and the fact that the other Southern States halted and hesitated gave room for hope that wiser counsels would prevail and the storm would blow over, but with the roar of the guns at Sumter came the tornado. I remember it well. There had been ugly rumors from Charleston for a day or two, and possibly on Sunday stray telegrams of actual collision, and expectation was



on tiptoe for full reports in the newspapers on Monday morning.

The first morning newspapers due at Mansfield were from Columbus, so I walked down towards the railroad station and met the newsboy with the "Ohio State Journal." A glance at the head lines showed that the bombardment of Sumter was in progress. I walked rapidly back to the court-house, where the common pleas court was about to open, and found quite a number of lawyers already gathered, and as they surrounded me I read the news. There was a dead silence for a moment, and then a lawyer by the name of Johnson, afterwards a member of congress, and who was recognized as a southern sympathizer, remarked with a sneer: "Some of you fellows will have a chance to volunteer now." Some one remarked: "Yes; and we ought to commence work by hanging rebels like you." The room was hot in a moment and Johnson disappeared; but he turned up again a few days later and made a patriotic speech at a flag presentation to our first volunteer company.

On the 14th of April, 1861, the proclamation of President Lincoln, asking for seventy-five thousand volunteers, was issued. Within twenty-four hours, two full regiments were recruited in Ohio, and on the next day they reported in separate companies at Columbus, en route for Washington, and were organized as the First and Second Regiments of Ohio Volunteers. On the reception of the President's call, on the 15th of April, a notice was given for a public meeting at the court-house, and by morning a full company of volunteers was enrolled, under the command of Captain William McLaughlin, a veteran of the Mexican War, and on the next day they left for Washington.

It is needless to recount the excitements of these early days, for they have been written up thousands of times.

Neither is it necessary to write up the history of the war, or much of my own personal history in connection with it, for the country is already surfeited with war histories and war memories. All I care to note is simply a brief outline of my own career, so as to indicate the road I traveled during my five years of service in the army, and relate a few of the experiences of events and of the people I encountered on the way.

For over five months after the war commenced I had not the slightest idea of going into the service. I was so situated with my wife and three small children that it did not seem possible that I could leave them. In addition, my brother-in-law and my law partner went into the service with the understanding that I would remain at home and care for their business matters as well as my own.

My brother-in-law, Robert H. Bentley (afterwards a brigadier-general), was the first volunteer from our county, and he was the only near relative we had in the city, so by common consent it was considered that I could be more useful at home than in the army, and I am not sure now but that was the case, if I had had the moral courage to sustain the position of a stay-at-home. During the spring and the summer I was an active quantity in recruiting, organizing and forwarding troops. I was especially in demand for making patriotic speeches at public meetings where recruits were to be solicited, and so life went on until about the middle of September, when Senator Sherman came home with an order from the secretary of war to recruit two regiments of infantry, a squadron of cavalry and a battery of artillery.

At this time I resided two doors west of Mr. Sherman, and on his return he sent for me and presented his program. His plan was to authorize such persons as he should approve to drum up recruits, and whoever

should secure a certain number should be captains, first lieutenants, and second lieutenants, according to the numbers enlisted.

No commissions were to be issued until the whole force should be enlisted, except he must have immediately one commissioned first lieutenant to act as quartermaster, and he wanted me to take that position so as to be legally qualified to receive and issue the necessary equipments and supplies. I told him it was impossible for me to enter the service, and stated the reasons. He insisted, however, that I should at least take the position until the brigade was recruited and ordered to the front, and then, if I wished to, I could stay at home. He argued that I was largely and favorably known to the people of the counties from which recruits in the main must be had, and that my service would be of great value to the country as well as to him. He made a sufficient impression upon me to induce me to agree to talk the matter over with my wife and let him know in the morning. The next day was Sunday, and on my way to church I stopped and told him I would go in and help him, at least until the brigade was recruited.

It was agreed that my office should be recruiting headquarters, and Monday morning we started in. William Blair Lord, one of the official stenographers from Washington, came with Mr. Sherman and took charge of the correspondence. He was a man of ability, and ought to have had a larger place farther on than he received. In a few days we had our program thoroughly advertised and our recruiting officers started.

In the mean time I was appointed first lieutenant of the Sixty-fourth O. V. I., and went to Columbus and was mustered in. On my return we rented from the Johns estate, on the north line of the city, sixty acres of ground, which we named Camp Buckingham. We

also made requisitions for money and supplies, and at once went to work to put up the necessary buildings, and by the first of November we were ready to receive our recruits, and they were accordingly ordered into camp, where we also made our headquarters.

Mr. Sherman was appointed colonel of the Sixty-fourth by the governor, and William Blair Lord adjutant, and acted as such officers until the permanent officers were mustered in.

During my five years of service the work I did at Camp Buckingham was the most perplexing. I was the quartermaster, commissary and ordnance officer of the entire force, and practically had to equip every man as an individual, and run my chances for securing proper vouchers from the officers to whom they were properly assigned. What saved me was the fact that I took from every man his individual receipt for what he got, and so when he had a captain properly commissioned I was able to consolidate my receipts, and secure a voucher that would pass my accounts at Washington. Knowing as I do now the risk I ran I would rather take the chances of a dozen battles than equip another brigade of similar size under like conditions.

The brigade was fortunate in securing as military instructor Major R. S. Granger, an officer of the regular army. Major Granger had been through the Mexican War, and was an accomplished officer and gentleman. He was in Texas at the commencement of the Rebellion, and was captured and paroled by General Twiggs, of the Confederate army, and as he could not be put upon active duty at the front during his parol, he was sent to Camp Buckingham as military instructor for the Sherman Brigade. We were all greatly attached to him, and from him we got our first ideas of army discipline. Major Granger afterward became major-general of volunteers,

and made an admirable record. From Major Granger I got my first intelligent ideas in regard to my duties, and he helped me in many ways.

Later on, two other West Point graduates came to us, one of whom, Lieutenant Forsyth, was made colonel of the sixty-fourth and Lieutenant Harker of the Sixty-fifth. Forsyth was the older of the two, and had been in the regular service long enough to be out of sympathy with volunteers, and was never able to make himself popular with the regiment, and remained with it only a few months. He was a good soldier, however, and at the close of the war was chief of staff for General Sheridan.

Harker was just out of West Point and was young enough to adapt himself to volunteers, and soon became the idol of his regiment. Both of these officers were very friendly to me, and aided me in every way possible, and I hold them in grateful remembrance. Harker became a brigadier-general and was killed in battle.

The battery also had the advantage of an officer trained in the regular service, in the person of Captain Bradley, who remained in command during its entire service. Captain Bradley had been a sergeant in a regular army battery, and was a brave and competent officer.

To volunteers, generally, West Point officers were very objectionable during the first year of the war, and as regimental officers they were rarely acceptable at any time, but to me the regular army officers were always desirable, and I do not remember that I ever had the slightest friction with any one of them. They knew what they wanted, and they did not require of a subordinate what was impossible for him to do, and as I made it my business to obey orders and do my duty, as far as I was able, I got along with them smoothly, and to our mutual satisfaction.

It was the intention of Senator Sherman to ask of the

secretary of war a regular army quartermaster and a commissary for permanent assignment to the Sherman Brigade, and as the organization approached completion he went to Washington with a view, among other matters, to secure such officers. The night before he started, however, as I learned afterwards, Major Granger and Major McLaughlin, who commanded the squadron, called upon the senator at his hotel and insisted that a volunteer officer would be more acceptable to the rank and file of the force, and suggested Lieutenant Brinkerhoff, as they all knew him, and would be satisfied. The result was I received from President Lincoln a commission as captain and assistant quartermaster of the United States army, without the slightest solicitation on my part. My commission as captain and assistant quartermaster bore date November 4, 1861.

By this time I had made up my mind to enter the service for the war, although I did not formally announce my acceptance of my commission until a month later. My father was a quartermaster in the war of 1812, and it seemed a kind of family inheritance that I should receive an unsought commission as quartermaster in the War of the Rebellion. At any rate so it came about, and my five years of service in the army began.

About the middle of December the brigade was ordered to proceed to Bardstown, Kentucky, which was then the receiving camp for raw troops from the North, and I was ordered to proceed to Cincinnati and make the necessary arrangements for transportation by rail to that point, and thence by river to Louisville. At Louisville I was to report for further orders to Colonel Swords at the army headquarters, where he was chief quartermaster. In this way I was able to get away quietly and escape the parades and leavetakings of a brigade departure.

At Cincinnati I arranged with Captain Dickenson, the transportation quartermaster there, for everything necessary for the transfer of the brigade from Mansfield to Louisville, and at Louisville I arranged for a camping ground preparatory for the overland march to Bardstown. Up to this time I supposed I was to be permanently with the Sherman Brigade, and this was my desire, as well as my expectation, but when I reported at headquarters in Louisville I was quickly undeceived by receiving an order to report to the commanding officer at Bardstown as post quartermaster, and this abruptly ended my connection with the Sherman Brigade. In fact my appointment as captain and assistant quartermaster carried me into the quartermaster's department of the staff corps of the army and severed at once my regimental connections.

The staff corps of the army is divided into various departments; among which are the ordnance, quartermasters, subsistence, medical and pay departments. The engineer corps and topographical engineers also belong to the staff corps. Each of these departments has its own chief with headquarters at Washington City. The head of the quartermaster's department during the war and for many years after was that accomplished soldier and gentleman General Montgomery C. Meigs.

The quartermaster's department provide the quarters and transportation of the army, except that, when practicable, wagons and their equipments are provided by the ordnance department; storage and transportation for all army supplies; army clothing; camp and garrison equipage; cavalry and artillery horses; fuel; forage; straw and stationery. The incidental expenses of the army (also paid through the quartermaster's department) included the per diem to extra duty men; the expenses of courts martial; of the pursuit and apprehension of de-

serters; of the burial of officers and soldiers; of hired escorts; of expresses and interpreters, spies and guides; of veterinary surgeons and medicine for horses; and supplying posts with water; and, generally, the proper and authorized expenses for the movements and operations of an army not expressly assigned to any other department. In short, the duties of the quartermaster's department are the most varied, and the most intricate, and the most responsible of any of the staff departments.

At Camp Buckingham, however, I was not only quartermaster, but I was also the ordnance officer and commissary for the brigade. That I came out alive, and financially solvent is still a matter of wonderment to me, and a cause for thankfulness. However, here I was in Louisville, with orders to report to the commanding officer at Bardstown, a village forty miles to the southeast. I found in command General Ward, a Kentucky brigadier, who received me very kindly, but he was relieved a few days later by Colonel Wm. H. Lytle, of the Tenth Ohio Volunteers, and in a few weeks he also was relieved by General Thomas J. Wood. With General Ward my acquaintance was so brief that I did not form even an impression of his character or abilities, but with Lytle it was different. He was a scholar and a gentleman, and as brave and chivalrous a soldier as ever went into battle. We became close friends, and I was greatly attached to him. He was killed at Chickamauga.

After a few weeks, General Lytle was relieved by General Thomas J. Wood, afterwards a major-general of volunteers, who was a West Point regular army officer of experience, and for the first time I came under the immediate command of a thoroughly-trained military man who knew what he wanted, and knew when he got it. General Wood, like most regular army officers early in the war, had a contempt for volunteers, and very nat-



urally he was a terror to volunteer officers. Later on when he came into daily contact with the volunteer regiments, he discovered their superiority, and adjusted himself to their needs and became popular with them, but at Bardstown there was constant friction between them. To me, however, General Wood was always kind and courteous, and from that day to this we have always been friends, and he still calls me Roeliff, although in later years we do not often meet.

At Bardstown, we had a transient visit from General George H. Thomas, and I had the pleasure of an interview with this famous soldier, and again had an opportunity of testing the kindly appreciation of a regular army officer. It was about the middle of February, 1862. General Thomas had fought the battle of Mill Springs in January, and with his division had been ordered to move by way of Bardstown and New Haven, to Munfordsville, to take part in the contemplated operations against Bowling Green.

The first I heard of this movement was the appearance at my office of a staff officer, who reported himself as representing General Thomas, and demanded a large amount of forage for his command. I told him he could have it by making requisition in proper form and having it approved by General Wood. At this he flew into a rage, and claimed that General Thomas was the ranking officer and that he would have nothing to do with General Wood. To this I replied by refusing to recognize General Thomas or any of his underlings as having authority over me. The result was, after some hard swearing, he went to General Wood and got his approval and I arranged to let him have the forage for Thomas' command.

Soon after the arrival of Thomas and his staff, I was sent for, and at General Wood's headquarters was intro-

duced to General Thomas. He referred to the racket I had made with his staff officer, and I told him what had occurred. When I finished, he said, you were right, sir, entirely so. My division is in transit, and I am the guest and not the commander of General Wood or his subordinates. General Thomas, in appearance, was an ideal soldier, and impressed me as resembling Washington more than any other man I have ever seen.

Bardstown, during my time there, was a receiving camp, to which new regiments from the North were sent to be put into shape, and were then assigned to some brigade and sent forward to the front. The winter of 1861-2, in Kentucky, was very disagreeable after the Christmas holidays. The rain was almost continuous, and a fair day was a rare exception. The roads off of the macadamized pike were almost impassable, and I often sent my trains from ten to twenty miles on the pike for forage, when, except for the impassable roads, I could have found abundance in three or four miles.

The raw troop, unaccustomed to the exposure of camp life, suffered greatly from sickness and many died. The measles broke out and almost decimated some regiments, and after awhile the small-pox made its appearance and made some headway, so upon the whole the winter at Bardstown was one of great discomfort and no glory.

Among the few pleasurable incidents I remember of my winter in Bardstown was the generosity and Christian courtesy of the Catholic authorities at St. Joseph's College, the famous school of the Jesuit fathers. Of course the school was closed, but the faculty consisting of twelve or fifteen priests, with Father Verdon at their head, remained in charge, and their daily attentions to sick soldiers were unremitting, and when the small-pox appeared, they never quailed for an instant, whilst the Protestant clergy disappeared.

One day I received a telegram from the front to make hospital arrangements for six hundred sick and wounded soldiers, who would be forwarded in a few days. The only possible way for me to comply with this order was to take possession of the buildings of St. Joseph's College. I sent for Father Verdon and showed him my telegram, and told him what must be done. He at once assented to the necessities of the situation, and I arranged to make matters as easy as I could for him. I told him to concentrate his valuables in the stone library building and I would protect it with a guard. I told him also we would need all the bedding and especially the mattresses, and that I would pay him what they were worth or replace them. They also agreed to furnish milk from their farm. The result was we had a well equipped hospital very quickly, together with the constant ministrations of the fathers and the sisters of charity.

When I was ordered to Nashville later on, I requested Father Verdon to present his bill for property taken. He simply replied: "We want nothing. Ministrations of mercy in times like these should be without money and without price." From that time to this, I have always had a kindly feeling for our Catholic brethren. If we, as Protestants, would imitate their virtues more and criticize their failings less, it would be better for us all. Charity, and not censure, is what is needed from Protestants and Catholics alike, for "we are all miserable sinners."

The movements of the Union army in Kentucky and Tennessee were eventful in victories over the enemy at Mill Springs, Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, which led to the occupation of Nashville early in March. Fort Donelson was named after my old friend, General Donelson, who was then adjutant-general of the State of Tennessee.

A few days after the occupancy of Nashville, I was ordered to Nashville, and upon my arrival there was placed in charge of transportation, land and river. The rebels had destroyed the railroad bridge over the Cumberland river at Nashville, and as this left the depot buildings of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad unoccupied, they were assigned to me for offices and storage. My department at once assumed large proportions. All transport steamers came and went under my orders. All forage, horses, mules, and the thousand and one articles known as quartermaster's stores, were drawn from my department. The city transportation, comprising one hundred wagons, was under my direction. Of course, all this required a small army of employes, who were divided and subdivided so that everything could be handled with celerity and efficiency.

In a few days, order came out of chaos, and the different branches of my department performed their work fairly well, except the train department for the supply of the outlying posts on the various pike roads which ran out of Nashville like the spokes of a wagon wheel. The trouble was in finding a man of sufficient executive ability to handle it without constant supervision. I telegraphed to Cincinnati for the best man in sight, and the man who responded had been the manager of extensive stage lines for many years, but he failed in a week. I tried another and another, but finally I developed a born commander out of one of my train masters, who came into my service in Kentucky, by the name of Curtis, and from that time on I had no trouble with my trains. I was in Nashville from the early part of March until after the battle of Shiloh, in April, but I was under such a constant pressure of business in my department that I saw but little of the town.

Upon my arrival, Colonel Stanley Matthews (afterwards a judge of the United States Supreme Court), who was then provost marshal of the city, assigned me for the quarters of myself and staff the parsonage of the Second Presbyterian Church, which was only a short walk from the depot, so that we had a good place to sleep. I had no time to look up old friends and saw but few, as those I had known a dozen years before were mostly in the rebel army.

I did get away one Sunday afternoon, and with two or three army officers rode out to the Hermitage. Mr. Jackson was away, the boys were in the rebel army, and Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Adams declined to see me when I sent in my card. The slaves on the plantation, however, gave me an ovation and told me the history of the family. Massa Andrew, they said, was loyal, but "Missus," as Billy expressed it, "was pizen." I was sorry the ladies refused to see me, as I wanted to do them good and not evil. As family quarrels are the most bitter, so civil wars are the most dreadful, and I never want to see another.

Weeks of turmoil came and went, and then came the battle of Shiloh; and after that, late in April, I received by telegraph an order from General Buell to take the fastest steamer at my command and bring to Pittsburgh Landing, as quick as possible, a battery of six thirty-pound Parrot siege guns, and report to him for orders. Within a few hours I was on my way down the Cumberland. The only stop we made was at Paducah, to take in coal, and then we pushed on up the Tennessee to Pittsburgh Landing. On arriving there, I was directed to go on up the river to Hamburg Landing. From that point I rode to Buell's headquarters, fifteen miles away, in the line of the Army of the Ohio, in front of Corinth,

where our forces were besieging Beauregard's army of rebels.

It was a warm, dusty day, and, as I approached the front, I saw but little evidence of the presence of a great army, except the long trains of transport wagons plodding along through the dust or bumping over the corduroy roads. I found General Buell's headquarters in a quiet shady grove, and at once reported progress. He called his chief of artillery, and told him to return with me to the river and receive the siege guns I had in charge, and arrange for their removal to the front. He ordered my horse to be cared for and invited me to dinner. After dinner I received an order placing me in charge of the field transportation of the Army of the Ohio. An hour after dinner I returned to the river with the artillery officer, and the next day unloaded my guns and dismissed the steamer.

After this, for some time, I made my headquarters upon the Shiloh battle grounds, near Shiloh Church, which was near the center of one of the greatest and bloodiest conflicts of the war. To see the acres of chaparral mown off by bullets as clean as grass upon a meadow, one could only wonder that any one could have been there and come out alive.

The month of May, 1862, to soldiers engaged in the siege of Corinth, is not a pleasant memory. The army at the front, by regular siege operations, day by day, slowly advanced upon the enemy. Every day there was more or less skirmishing with its irregular rattle of musketry, and the occasional booming of cannon, but there were no battles, and but little glory to anybody. Death, however, did not need battles to find victims, for the pestiferous swamps exhaled malarial and typhoid fevers on every hand, and the hospitals were full of sick and dying men. My department suffered heavily, and almost one-

half of my men were on the sick list, so that with my depleted trains it was a constant pressure to transport the necessary supplies to the front.

About the only recollection of that period that I can now recall was the collapse of the siege, by the evacuation of Corinth on the 3d of June. Prior to the battle of Shiloh, our armies in Kentucky and Tennessee had been very careful in their treatment of the natives. What we took we paid for, and, if a slave came into our camps to help us, he was returned to his master. After Shiloh, however, our soldiers began to tire of that kind of business, and the blue coats did a deal of thinking, and the more they thought the madder they got, and by the time we reached Corinth the policy of using gloves in the treatment of rebels lost favor, although as yet there was no general idea of freeing slaves except those of rebel masters.

My own thinking had brought me further on, so that I began to see that we could not win until we proclaimed "liberty to the captives."

My condition of mind at that time is pretty fully expressed in a letter written in my tent near Shiloh Church, May 26, 1862, which was published in the "New York Independent" of June 12th, and which the editor published with a mild apology for its radicalism. As I read it now in the light of subsequent events, I wonder at its prophetic truthfulness. It was a long letter, in which I discussed existing conditions, and then proposed a policy for the future, and suggested gradual emancipation, commencing with the slaves of rebel masters, and closed as follows:

"Slavery has shown itself a Upas tree, in whose shadow the Republic cannot live. It is said that it will not do to fell the tree at once, for it may crush us in its fall. What shall we do? Allow me, as an individual, to suggest a policy. In the first place, let us

girdle the tree by excluding slavery from all territories, present and prospective; secondly, let us confiscate the lands and free the slaves of rebel masters, which will cut off the tap root, and then the leaves will begin to wither.

"But what shall we do with the manumitted slaves? I see but one way. We cannot remove them from the continent, and it is not desirable if we could. We need their labor, and they need the protecting power of our free institutions. The negro alone can cultivate the rice swamps of the Carolinas and the cotton lands of the Gulf states: why not give them to him? A confiscation bill will forfeit these lands to the government. What is to prevent the government from leasing them to the freed slaves, with the privilege of a fee-simple upon the payment of a fair valuation?"

"If our government acts promptly and fearlessly, the cloud which now hangs over the nation will soon begin to lift; if, on the other hand, no action is taken, the clouds of the future will be darker than those of the past."

After the evacuation of Corinth the Army of the Ohio was ordered to Eastport, Mississippi, and thence to Huntsville, Alabama, and I was ordered to follow with my trains, which I did, and in a few days found myself at Eastport, sick and laid up for repairs on a transport steamer. Our headquarters surgeon came along and looked me over, with the comforting verdict that I must get out of that country quick or die; and so in a day or two I received an order to turn over my trains to a relieving officer, and a leave of absence for thirty days to go home.

In a day or two later I was on my way down the river, and I have never seen that region since, and never want to see it again. The Tennessee river, from Eastport to its mouth, is "*anathema maranatha*," so far as I am concerned. I shall never forget the satisfaction, the inspiration, the blessedness of that June morning when our steamer swung out from the turbid waters of the Tennessee into the lake-like expanse of the beautiful Ohio.

General Wm. H. Gibson, of Ohio, who like myself



was an invalid seeking health on a thirty days' leave, sat with me at the steamer's bow, and we thanked God that the Tennessee river and its unpleasant memories were behind us, and that our Ohio homes were not far off. At Louisville I stopped a day to close up some army matters, and then by rail I soon reached home.

In a few days the doctor advised a trip to the upper lakes as a panacea for my malarial troubles, and so with my wife and son I went to Cleveland and took passage on the steamer Planet for Sault Ste. Marie. On the boat we found Senator Allen G. Thurman and family, consisting of Mrs. Thurman and three children, one son and two daughters, and, as they were destined for the same port, we made up a party and kept together on the trip and at the Sault. We left late in the afternoon. The lake was as smooth as glass, and the evening passed very pleasantly.

Shortly after we retired, probably about eleven o'clock, the steamer came to a sudden halt with a tremendous crash. I opened the door of the stateroom, and stepped out to the outer guard and saw that we had run into a schooner loaded with lumber. As the schooner swung out into the darkness, Judge Thurman and I went out to see the extent of the damage; we found the cut-water of the steamer broken off, and the water pouring through into the steamer like a river, and it looked as if nothing could prevent her from going to the bottom. There were two life boats, and the crew were rushing for them, but we took possession of one, and the judge had a revolver, and said he would take care of it if I would get the women and children. This I did, and arranged the life preservers for immediate use.

By this time the officers of the boat managed to establish discipline among the men and got them to work. When the boat came to a full stop, it was found that the

big hole was only a foot or so under the water, so that with the aid of the pumps, and by the use of the bedding and carpets the water was excluded sufficiently to proceed; and by morning we reached Detroit.

At Detroit, we were transported to an excursion steamer, and in due time, without any other accidents, we reached the Sault and took up our quarters at one of the hotels. Here we remained for a week ; I got no better, but rather worse, and concluded to return to Cleveland and try the Sanitarium, as Dr. Seeley's cure was then called.

Here I remained without any large improvement, and it became evident that I could not yet return to the front, and so I sent in an application direct to the war office with Senator Wade's indorsement, and stated that the physicians gave me no assurance that I would be able to risk a southern climate for some months to come, but I thought if I could have an assignment to some light duty north of the Ohio river, anywhere between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, that I believed I would be able to discharge it. In reply I received an order to report to the officer in command at Boston, Massachusetts.

## CHAPTER XII.

## NEW ENGLAND EXPERIENCES.

Arrival in Boston—A week at Nahant—Ordered to Maine as chief quartermaster—Yankee dialects—Headquarters at Augusta—Duties in Maine—First meeting with James G. Blaine—Introduction to Maine audience—Appreciation by the people of Maine—Maine politics—Friends in Maine—Trip to Moosehead Lake—Incident with John L. Stevens—A kind remembrance.

New England was practically a *terre incognita* to me, as I had never been there except during the brief trip to Northampton I have heretofore referred to, and the prejudices I had inherited from my Dutch ancestry did not prepossess me in favor of Yankeedom, so that I went to Boston expecting to find an uncongenial environment. However, I obeyed orders and, under the care of my chief clerk, I wended my way towards Boston, and upon arrival reported myself at headquarters, then in charge of Colonel McKeim as chief quartermaster. The colonel looked me over, and I suppose saw that I was physically played out, and needed medical treatment rather than work. At any rate he said he was not ready yet to make an assignment to me, but recommended that I should go out to Nahant for a few days' rest, and he would notify me when he wanted me. Nahant was then a quiet sea beach a short ride from Boston, and so I went there, and the first whif of the salt sea air seemed to revive me, and I improved rapidly.

In a few days I was assigned as chief quartermaster for the State of Maine with headquarters at Augusta. By this time I was much improved in health, and in a

few weeks I was entirely restored. Since then I have been in all the New England states, more or less, but Maine of all of them is the Yankiest of the Yankees. There were then but very few foreigners, and I suppose the Maine people as a whole are still, as a race, the most typical Americans we have in the Union, outside of the Indians.

A Maine Yankee in his physical characteristics and especially in his speech is easily distinguishable from other New England Yankees. I remember a few years ago, at the Antlers Hotel at Colorado Springs, at the base of the Rocky Mountains, after listening to the welcome of the landlord, asking him what part of Maine he came from, he answered me Belfast; but how in the world do you know I came from Maine? he inquired. "Thy speech betrayeth thee," I replied.

The Maine Yankees, as a whole, are the most intelligent people I have ever met. I have spoken to audiences in almost every town in the Kennebeck Valley, from Portland to Skowhegan, and outside of college towns I have never seen their equal in other states. I mentioned this fact to Vice-President Hamblin once, and he said he had been all over New England, and that I was entirely right in my conclusions, and that he did not believe that the people of the Kennebeck Valley, as a whole, had their equal elsewhere in the whole world.

When I arrived at Augusta I did not have an acquaintance in the state, but in accordance with my instructions I reported to the governor, and he introduced me to Adjutant-General Hodson and other state officers.

The rebel cruisers had been hovering about the coast and had burned some fishing vessels, and the state had mustered in some troops as coast guards, and the general government had agreed to build quarters for them and to fortify strategic points. In accordance with this

arrangement earthworks were erected at Kittery on the New Hampshire line, at the mouth of the Kennebec, at Castine, Machias Port, and in Passamaquoddy Bay on Treats Island, on the New Brunswick line, and a part of my work was to put up barracks at each of these points. Another and larger duty was to put up barracks for the nine regiments required by the draft then about to be enforced.

These regiments were to be encamped and organized at Portland, Augusta and Bangor, three regiments at each place, and in addition I was to equip them with clothing, quartermaster's stores, horses, etc. One of the regiments was the Second Cavalry, for which I purchased horses at Augusta. I also furnished transportation for all drafted men, and for this purpose I chartered, more or less, all lines of railroads, steamboats and stages in the state, so that by the necessities of my position and duties, I speedily came into contact with the people of the state throughout its entire area. As the draft went on and troops came into camp and regiments were organized, of course my acquaintance with the people of the state enlarged, and I soon became interested in its politics and politicians.

Occasionally I attended political meetings, and once or twice was called out to speak in a small way, and I suppose must have attracted some little attention, but not until spring of 1863 did I get into any special prominence, and that was entirely unsought.

The Maine regiments at the front had suffered terribly, and in Augusta there was mourning in almost every family, and as the draft for more soldiers went on, a good deal of discontent was manifested, and it was considered desirable to hold public meetings to keep up the patriotism of the people. Such a meeting was called at

Augusta to be addressed by Honorable James G. Blaine immediately after adjournment of congress.

Mr. Blaine came home a day or two before the meeting, and I met him for the first time. The day before the meeting, some of the managers called at my office and requested that I would say something at the meeting, and I promised to do so to the extent of ten minute's exhortation at the close. It was a magnificent audience, and Meonian Hall was packed with the elite of the city, both men and women.

Mr. Blaine was introduced and made a very brief address, not more than twenty or thirty minutes long, and then closed by saying, "You people of Augusta have heard me so often, that you know what I would say if I should talk to you longer, and I am sure you would prefer to hear one who has just come up from the front, and from the heart of rebeldom, and, therefore, I have the pleasure of introducing to you Captain Brinkerhoff of the United States army." This, of course, was all very generous in Mr. Blaine, but it was tough on me, for I was unprepared for anything beyond a ten minutes talk. However, I was full of the subject, and such a subject, and such an occasion, and such an audience, rarely come together. At any rate I started in, and in five minutes I lost all sense of time and everything else but the great theme. The tide of sentiment, enthusiasm, and patriotism rose like the tides of the ocean, and at the close the great audience rose to their feet and hurrahed as if they would raise the roof off the building. I looked at my watch and found that I had talked an hour and a quarter.

Of course it was the time and the circumstances, more than the oratory, that caused all this uproar, but, nevertheless, it gave me a reputation that brought demand in a week for more speeches than I could fill in a month.

The result was I could not well avoid accepting some of these invitations, and during the spring and summer I met audiences in all the leading cities of the state, and was known about as well as anyone in the state.

I became greatly attached to the people of Maine, and I think they were very friendly to me, and when the war was over it was hard work for me to refuse to become a citizen of the state and spend my life among its people. If I had been dominated by political ambition, doubtless I should have been settled in Maine, but politics as a profession have never had any large attractions, and politics as an amusement I could not afford, and so in the end I came back to my Ohio home, and upon the whole, I have no reason to doubt the wisdom of having done so. I remained in Maine two full years, and they were among the most active and useful years of my army life, as I was able to serve the government in many important ways outside of my official duties, for which I received high commendation from the war office at Washington. During the winters of 1862 and 1863 my wife and children were with me at Augusta, and with pleasant surroundings and troops of friends we enjoyed our life in Maine very much indeed.

In 1868, during the Presidential campaign, at the request of Mr. Blaine, I spent a month in Maine, upon the stump, and spoke in almost every town and city in the Kennebec Valley; speaking every day, as I did, except Sundays, and usually twice a day, and met everywhere the same cordiality I had experienced in former years. It is now more than twenty years since I have visited the state, and I presume I would now be substantially a stranger in a strange land, but still I shall remember the state with pleasure as long as I live.

When I left the State of Maine, there were but few men of my age in it who had a larger or more favorable

acquaintance. In fact, I knew almost everybody worth knowing, and of those I remember with special pleasure are the governors under whom I served. The first was Israel Washburn, one of the famous Washburn brothers. The second was Abner Coburn, who boarded at the same hotel with me, and whom I visited after the war at his home in Skowhegan. Lastly, Samuel Coney, of Augusta, who was governor when I left the state, and who subsequently visited me in Ohio with his wife. My official position brought me into close relations with all three of them, and they were very superior men. Of course, I knew all other state officers on duty at the capitol, and nearly all the members of the state legislature. As chief quartermaster of the state, during the draft, I had business relations with every county, and almost every town, and so I was brought into contact and acquaintance with leading men, in the various avocations of life all over the state, and when I left I really felt more at home in Maine than I did in Ohio.

Among my Maine friends, whom I valued very highly, and with whom I was in very close relations, was John L. Stevens, who had been in the state legislature, and was then the owner and editor of the "Kennebec Journal." Subsequently, he was United States Minister, successively, at Central America, Stockholm, Sweden, and the Hawaiian Islands. With him I kept up a correspondence until he died. He was an able man, and I valued his friendship highly. He often referred to an incident which came very near a tragic ending of the careers of both of us.

Mr. Stevens had invited me to go with him on a fishing excursion to Moosehead Lake, some eighty or ninety miles north of Augusta, and so, in September, 1863, we started. The first day we went as far as Skowhegan, and thence, the next morning, we started northward, and



were soon in the pine forests, which then extended to the lake and beyond the Canada line. In this forest, during the day, about the only house we found was a stage station, where we stopped for dinner.

Towards evening it began to rain, and about dark we came to a place a few miles from the lake, where the road forked, and here Mr. Stevens was in doubt which way to go, but finally concluded to go to the left. The rain fell in torrents, and it soon became so dark that we could scarcely see the horse. Finally the horse stopped. Mr. Stevens reached for the whip, but I cautioned him not to use it, as a horse in the dark knew more than any driver, and proposed that I should get out and reconnoiter.

I got out carefully, and with one hand upon the carriage I felt about with my foot and found that we were on the edge of a precipice of some kind, and further exploration led me to take the horse by the bridle, and lead him back into the roadway through the forest, and then following the road I led him on until we saw a light in the distance. In short, we found a cabin, and learned that we had taken the wrong way, and must remain until morning.

In the morning, on our return, we found the place where our horse halted the night before was on the edge of a precipice with a sheer descent upon jagged granite rocks of nearly fifty feet, and a step forward would have been certain death for both of us. The road ran over bare rocks that broadened for a hundred feet or more to the verge of the gorge, so that the horse easily went astray, but he discovered his mistake in time to halt, and we were saved to tell the story.

When we reached the forks of the road we went to the right and were soon at the foot of the lake, where we took the little steamer for Mount Kinneo, twenty miles

away, and half way up on the western shore. Here was a good hotel, and here we had the finest trout fishing in America for about ten days. At that time the lake was surrounded by great forests, and there were only two or three houses on its shores. A five-pound brook trout was something I had never heard of before, but I saw one caught of that size, and every day we landed trout from one to three pounds in weight.

After the war, as I have already stated, upon invitation from Mr. Blaine, I returned to Maine, in the Grant campaign, and for thirty days, met the people every day, except Sundays, in the afternoons and evenings, in the Kennebec Valley, from Portland to Skowhegan and beyond. Part of this time Mr. Blaine was with me, but for the most Mr. Stevens and I were together, and finer audiences I never met elsewhere.

After I left my post in Maine, in August, 1864, Mr. Stevens sent me the "Kennebec Journal," with the following kind remembrance:

"A VALUABLE OFFICER.—Captain R. Brinkerhoff, volunteer United States quartermaster, who has been on duty in this state, between two and three years, has been assigned to duty in the quartermaster's department of Western Pennsylvania, with office at Pittsburgh. It will be very difficult for the government to make good the place of a public agent who has discharged his duties with such signal ability and fidelity. Captain Brinkerhoff endeared himself to a large number of citizens of Maine, as a gentleman and an officer, in a very marked degree. Courteous, firm, blending dignity with simplicity, with none of the cockade ostentation which too often mars the bearing of military officers, he has inspired the confidence and esteem of a large number of persons who have had occasion to transact business with his department. His fidelity to the government has not been merely of an official kind, but his earnest loyalty has led him to exert his entire personal influence and energies to sustain the loyal cause. His heart, voice and pen have been devoted to the country. A large number of people have listened to his eloquent appeals in behalf of the Union. Such an

officer deserves the attention of the government, and promotion to higher trusts.

“The citizens of Augusta, among whom Captain Brinkerhoff has mingled for several years, deeply regret he is to leave them, and will long remember him as one in a signal degree possessing the head and heart which make the true man and the sincere patriot.”

## CHAPTER XIII.

## PITTSBURGH AND WASHINGTON.

Duties at Pittsburgh—Ordered to Washington—Duties of post quartermaster—Write and publish a book—End of the rebellion—Jollifications at Washington—Death of the President—Scenes at Ford's theater—Audience paralyzed—Booth's motives—Death of Booth.

In August, 1864, in compliance with my own request for an assignment nearer home, I was ordered to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and early in September reported to Colonel Cross at that place, and was placed in charge of transportation. Large numbers of troops were being transferred from the army of the Potomac to Grant's army, in Tennessee, and they all passed through my department at Pittsburgh, and I had the settlement and payment of all bills. This made me a busy winter, but the pressure for transportation fell off in January, and in February, very unexpectedly, I was ordered to Washington, D. C.

I had been accumulating material for a year or two with a view to publishing a book to be entitled the "Volunteer Quartermaster," and at Pittsburgh I put it into shape, and had secured a publisher in New York, but there were some items of information that I could only obtain at Washington, and I had suggested to General Moorhead, the member of congress from Pittsburgh, that an assignment to Washington for a short time would be desirable. However, I did not press it, and when I received such an assignment it was really a surprise. I learned afterwards that General Morris

Miller, who had been in charge of the disbursing department of the quartermaster general's office, known as the post quartermaster's office, for political reasons, had been removed, and whilst a proper successor was being considered, the office was left in charge of Captain Thayer, an assistant quartermaster. The fact that I had had experience in every branch of the quartermaster's department, I presume, secured my selection; at any rate I was ordered to relieve Captain Thayer, and in due time I was post quartermaster at Washington, D. C., which was probably the oldest disbursing office in the quartermaster's department.

The department I found fairly well organized, but it was much behind in business, and my first effort was to get matters so arranged as to secure greater celerity and efficiency. This I accomplished without any material increase of force, by working extra hours, so that in a few weeks I had the department squarely up to time, and running like a clock. My office was on G street, number 232, a short walk from the war office. The disbursements of the office were quite heavy, and if I did not have a hundred thousand dollars to check against I felt poor, and I began to make estimates for more money. In addition to disbursements, all blanks for the settlement of accounts in the different branches of the service all over the United States were furnished by my office. In fact there was no disbursing office in the country which required a larger experience or a wider knowledge of law and practice, and my experience of three years came into play in every direction.

The position also enabled me to make my book much more complete, as the quartermaster general (Major General Meigs) and the second comptroller of the treasury (Mr. Broadhead) took an interest in helping me. My

book cost a world of work, but when it was completed it was by all odds the most complete digest of the department laws, orders and practice ever completed, and I am told it has held its place ever since, by occasional revisions to bring up subsequent rulings. The book, coming out as it did at the close of the war, did not have a large sale, but I presume the publishers (Vannostrand & Co., of New York) did not lose any money. The book yielded me but little in money, but the time, study, and effort I put into it made me, I am quite sure, the best informed quartermaster in the quartermaster's department at that time, which was a satisfactory reward.

My duties and social opportunities in Washington gave me a large acquaintance both in the army and in civil life, and many of the friendships then formed still remain, although a majority of my associates of those days have passed away. During my term as post quartermaster the war came to an end, and I witnessed the rejoicings and tragedies that followed.

It was a memorable day, that thirteenth day of April, 1865. As for us in Washington City we were already hoarse with shouting the day before. The bells and cannon clanged and boomed with hoarseness greater than usual. The news of the collapse of the rebellion rolled and surged over the country like a rushing mighty wind. The strain of anxiety which for four long years had rested upon the nation like a nightmare dream, had been lifted. Millions of firesides, upon hill-tops and in valleys, glowed with a brighter luster as news of victory floated in the air.

For months, fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, had been singing, "Oh that will be joyful, joyful, joyful, when Johnny comes marching home again"; and now, at

last, he was coming; thank God he was coming. Hurrah! hurrah!! hurrah!!!

Just four years before, on the thirteenth day of April, 1861, our flag for the first time in its history, had gone down amid the smoke and blaze and battle of rebellion; and now, on the thirteenth day of April, 1865, that same old flag which went down at Sumter, went back again to its old place, as a proclamation to the whole world that the rebellion was ended and the Union restored. In honor of this event, we, the people of the United States, also proposed, God willing, to celebrate, and we did celebrate. From Maine to California we belted the continent with bonfires, and rived the stars with the blaze of our rockets. Probably never again in this country will such scenes be witnessed; certainly never before in this hemisphere has there been such a saturnalia of rejoicing. It will be impossible for a generation of peaceful times to comprehend the height and depth and breadth of joy which welled up from the heart of the nation upon that day. To understand it they must see what we saw, suffer what we suffered.

Now, after a lapse of thirty-five years, time has so blunted our sensibilities that our manifestations of joy, as then exhibited, may seem extravagant, but it did not seem so then. In fact they fell far below our real feelings. I have a copy of the "Morning Chronicle" of April 14, 1865, which recalls with some degree of vividness what then took place with variations throughout the entire loyal country. As Washington was the location of the event and its doings are a part of the surrounding circumstances, or *res gestæ*, as lawyers say, it may be well to examine this document. It does seem a little ridiculous now, but here is a description of my own demonstrations upon that occasion.

## "BUREAUS AND OFFICES OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT."

"The office of Colonel R. Brinkerhoff, Post Quartermaster, No. 232 G. street [I really was only a captain as yet], was ablaze with lights from the pavement to the storm flag. The windows in the second and third stories were draped in red, white and blue, and decorated with corps badges. Across the front was a transparency with the inscription, 'No Monarch in Mexico; No Pirates on the Seas.' In two of the lower windows were life-size photographs of the secretary of war, and the quartermaster general, and on a screen at the hall door were illuminated portraits of the President, and of General Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. Over the three generals was the inscription, 'Ohio's Quota.' Under the likeness of Mr. Lincoln was the following: 'And Abraham drew near and said: wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked? And the Lord said: if I find in Sodom fifty righteous within the city, then will I spare all the place for their sakes.' (Gen. xviii, 23, 26.) Under the photograph of Mr. Stanton: 'Not content with dispersing one traitor cabinet in Washington, he evoked and organized the powers of war, and dispersed another at Richmond.' Under the photograph of General Meigs were the letters 'Q. M. D.', and in an evergreen wreath the inscription, 'Our Chief.' Beneath the picture was the following: 'The army has been well supplied with all the essentials of military equipments, and with fuel, forage and all necessaries.'" Secretary of War's Report, March 1, 1865.

After such a demonstration as this, you can imagine faintly the feelings of the people next morning when telegraphic bulletins all over the land proclaimed "The President dead!"

I recall my own feelings by the closing paragraph of a letter written home that morning, It is as follows: "I will write you further to-morrow, when, perhaps, I can see through a clearer medium than blinding tears." It is with this letter as a verifier that I give my recollections of the assassination. The morning papers, of April 14, had announced the arrival of General Grant in the city, and the evening papers made the further an-



nouncement that in company with the President he would be at Ford's theater that night.

From want of inclination, or want of time, I have never been much of a theater-goer myself, but I had a couple of friends who had never seen General Grant. Therefore, for the first time, in Washington, I concluded to go with them. We went early in order to select our position. The night was dark, for there was no moon until after ten o'clock, and my recollection, also, is that it was cloudy, with a gloomy mist in the air. At any rate as we came down the avenue from the war office and passed E. street, we noticed in front of Grover's theatre, which was a little distance to the left, a large transparency, and as it was the only one visible, we gave it attention; but as the air was misty or smoky we could not make out the inscription distinctly. At each end, however, there was a separate inscription: that on the left was "April, 1861, the cradle." That on the right was "April, 1865, the grave."

"Rather ominous, that," said one of the party. "They must be rebels," said another. Of course it meant the cradle and grave of the rebellion, but its indistinctiveness confirms my recollection of the mistiness of the night. We remembered it afterwards as an omen of evil.

We passed on to Tenth street, and having entered the theater, we took seats diagonally opposite the President's box, and upon the same floor. The President's box was upon the second floor, which was twelve feet eight inches above the stage. The two boxes upon that floor had been thrown into one by removing the partition between them. The box was festooned with flags, so that we knew it was the President's.

The play commenced and had been in progress quite a while, perhaps half an hour, when the President came in.

He was greeted with a storm of applause as he passed on to his box. He was accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris and Major Rathbun. General Grant had concluded not to come and was then on his way to Philadelphia.

Mr. Lincoln took a seat in an armchair (a rocking chair) at the side next to the audience. Mrs. Lincoln was at his right, near the center of the box, and Miss Harris at the further side. Major Rathbun was seated on a sofa near Miss Harris, a little back from the front. Mr. Lincoln, for the first time during my knowledge of him, seemed cheerful and happy. I had seen him often during his presidential term, commencing with his inauguration in 1861, and a sadder face I never saw. But now the load seemed lifted and every vestige of care and anxiety had passed away. He seemed to enjoy the play very much. The play was the American Cousin, and Laura Keane was the star of the evening.

Everything passed on very pleasantly until about ten o'clock or a little later. It was in the third act, in the milkmaid scene, when one of my friends called my attention to the President's box, with the remark, "there's a reporter going to see Father Abraham." I looked and saw a man standing at the door of the President's box, with his hat on, and looking down upon the stage. Presently he took out a card case, or something of that kind, from his side pocket and took out a card. It is said he showed it to the President's messenger outside, but I saw nothing of that kind, in fact I saw no other man there aside from those seated in the audience. He took off his hat, and put his hand upon the door knob, and went into the little hall or corridor, back of the box. I then turned to the play. Presently, I cannot say how soon, it may have been two, three or five minutes, I heard a pistol shot. I turned to the President's

box and saw a man flash to the front, with face as white as snow, and hair as black as a raven.

My first impression was that it was a part of the play. The man put his left hand upon the front railing and went over, not with a clean sweep, but with a kind of a scramble, first one leg and then the other. It evidently was his intention to swing over as we swing over a fence, but his spur, as appeared afterwards, caught in the flag, and hence the scramble.

As he went over, or possibly after reaching the stage, he shouted very clearly and distinctly, "*sic semper tyrannis*," and then for the first time it flashed upon me that the whole thing meant assassination. The Virginia coat of arms, with its device, had been familiar to me from childhood, and of course with "*sic semper tyrannis*" ringing clearly through the hall, I understood it at once. The man struck the floor, and sunk down partially, but immediately rose up and brandishing a double-edged dagger, which glittered in the gas light, he passed diagonally across the stage, with his face to the audience, and went out. He did not run, it was a swift stage-walk, and was evidently studied beforehand, like everything else he did, for effect. It is said his leg was broken by the fall, but I saw no evidence of it in his gait.

For a moment there was a stillness of death. The audience seemed paralyzed. No sound whatever came from the box that I heard. It is said in the various accounts that Mrs. Lincoln shrieked. I heard no shriek. Major Rathbun testified that he shouted "stop that man." I heard nothing of that kind, and I believe I could have heard a whisper. I saw Mr. Lincoln sitting in his chair with his head drooped upon his breast, but in all other respects he retained the position he had before he was shot.

Quite a little interval passed before anything was said

or done. By interval I mean twenty, thirty or forty seconds, which under such circumstances seem a long time. Then some of the audience rose up, others sat still. Here and there inquiries came as to whether the President was hurt.

In company with Major Potter (a paymaster in the army) I started for the box, but before we got there others had found that it was barred inside. In the meantime Miss Keene had gone into the box from the stage entrance, and perhaps one or two others; at any rate an inquiry was made for a surgeon, and a crowd gathered around the box. There was no uproar or confusion at any time. After a few moments the door was opened and Mr. Lincoln was carried out along the back side of the dress-circle and out at the front. I was close behind, and as we went down stairs I noticed a splash of blood on every step. His face was very pale, and the stamp of death upon it, which once seen rarely deceives us.

As we reached the street the news began to come of other assassinations. The vice-president had been killed; Mr. Seward had been murdered, also Mr. Stanton. In fact the air was full of rumors of blood, and for a short time it looked as if there might be a second Saint Bartholomew in progress. I immediately passed down Tenth street for a sight of the signal station upon the Winder building, and soon saw signals to the army and answers from the fortifications, and knew that any uprising would be quickly suppressed. Mr. Lincoln was taken into a dwelling house across the street from the theater, where he lingered until the morning of April 15, and then died. This closing stanza of his favorite poem illustrates his ending:

“ 'Tis the wink of an eye—'t is the draught of a breath,  
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,

From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud;  
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud !”

As to the impelling causes of a deed so desperate, yet so useless, as the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, it is difficult to answer. Booth, himself, doubtless, was actuated by various motives. He was steeped to the lips in the spirit of the rebellion, but I am inclined to think that ambition was the strongest influence. A wise poet has said:

“Ambition has but two steps: the lowest, blood; the highest, envy.”

Booth loved notoriety as he loved life, and notoriety he must have, good or bad. Like Erastratus, he “yearned for immortality,” and doubtless he remembered the old couplet:

“He who burned the Ephesian dome outlived in fame the pious  
fools who reared it.”

It may be that Booth had worked himself into the idea that Mr. Lincoln was a kind of representative tyrant, and that in killing him he was playing the role of Brutus, but I think not, for the entire affair was entirely too stagey, at least for the spirit of Brutus. He was acting a pre-meditated part from beginning to end, it is true, but it was entirely for stage effect, and for the glorification of the actor. His “*sic semper tyrannis*” was stagey. His whole attitude and walk before the audience at the theater were stagey. His double-edged gladiatorial dagger had been prepared purposely for stage effect. In fact, it was all a part of a play which was to make John Wilkes Booth immortal in history.

Booth had a certain kind of reckless physical courage, and was a gamey looking fellow, but there was no moral basis to his character, and hence I cannot find any motive in him to do this deed except vanity, and a mor-

bid love of notoriety. He showed these traits in his death, the circumstances of which were related to me by Colonel Conger, who was in command of the soldiers who captured him.

Conger was a native of Richland county, Ohio, and was the son of Rev. Enoch Conger, one of the founders of the Congregational Church in the city of Mansfield, and was as brave a man as ever went into battle. At this time he was lieutenant-colonel of the First D. C. Cavalry. Conger was especially friendly to me for the reason that I aided him with Governor Dennison, in 1861, in securing his commission as first lieutenant.

Booth and Harold were driven into a barn, in Maryland, and surrendered. Harold gave himself up, but Booth refused. He knew it was death, anyhow, and, therefore, true to his instincts of notoriety, he determined to put himself in an attitude suitable for the final close of the play and the fall of the curtain. To the summons to surrender he replied: "If you withdraw your men in line, one hundred yards from the door, I will come out and fight you." He was told that they did not come to fight, but to capture him. He then proposed that if the soldiers would withdraw fifty yards he would come out and fight them. Upon receiving the same reply as before, he replied, in a theatrical voice: "Well, my brave boys, prepare a stretcher for me!"

After all the necessary dispositions had been made of the troops, with orders to take him alive, if possible, Conger made a final demand of Booth to give himself up. He refused. It was a rough night, and dark as a wolf's mouth, so that nothing could be seen thus far. Conger then took a match from his pocket, and lighted some hay through a crevice in the barn. The flames at once rushed up the side of the barn and rolled over the haystack in a vast volume of light. Booth was revealed

standing in the center of the barn-floor, leaning upon crutches, with a carbine in his hand, and in a stage attitude of a robber at bay. He looked all around, but seeing no audience he started for the door, but before reaching it he was shot by Sergeant Boston Corbett.

Thus died John Wilkes Booth, the puppet of the Rebellion and the slave of his own vanity. Thus the tragedy ended. Each went to his reward. Lincoln to an immortality of honor, Booth to an immortality of infamy.

“ Duncan is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;  
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,  
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing  
Can touch him further.”

## CHAPTER XIV.

## AFTER THE ASSASSINATION.

Promoted to a colonelcy—First acquaintance with Secretary Stanton—Leave of absence—On duty at the war office—Relations with Mr. Stanton—Ordered to Cincinnati—Duties as post quartermaster—Six months of funerals—Politicians seek my transfer—Interview with Secretary Stanton—Out of the army—again in civil life—Attorney for the war office—Last visit to Stanton—Estimate of Stanton—Seward and Chase—Stanton in Buchanan's cabinet.

After the death of Lincoln I was a part and parcel of the funeral pageantry that followed. Later I participated in and witnessed the grand review, the greatest military pageant upon the American continent, and as the summer came on I expected of course to be mustered out with the rest of the army. I was yet a captain and expected to end my military career as a captain, but it was ordered otherwise.

Senator Sherman and his brother Judge Charles T. Sherman, in the autumn of 1864, had suggested, for political reasons, that I should be transferred to Columbus, Ohio, in charge of the depot there, with some promotion, but nothing came of it, and I thought no more about it. However, June came with its summer bloom and I was still a captain; but it so happened that one evening, soon after the business of my office closed for the day, an orderly from the war office came in and notified me that Secretary Stanton desired my presence.

I had never met Stanton, although I knew almost everybody else about the war office, and had not the



slightest idea of what he wanted. However, I put on my uniform and marched over to the war office. I found General Pelouze in the outer office and reported to him. He said the secretary wanted to see me in his private office, and told me to send in my card, which I did. The messenger returned and invited me to walk in. I found the secretary alone, sitting at his desk, and as I entered he arose and shook hands with me and asked me to be seated. What he wanted was a mystery to me, and at first he did not seem inclined to enlighten me. He inquired about Ohio, and various friends he knew, and talked on for ten minutes or more, but at last he said to me, captain, my attention has been called to your record and I find it a very good one. One thing I noticed is that you have held positions for a long time far above your rank, and I think it is about time that you should have shoulder straps to correspond. I said to him I was pleased to have that fact recognized, and especially by him, because promotion without such recognition I would not value. Well, he said, what do you want; I replied I only want that which I am entitled to.

He then inquired if I knew of any vacancy in my department. I said, no sir, not now. Just then it occurred to me that there was a vacancy in the inspector's department, but as this was next in rank to the highest in my department, I had not the slightest idea of reaching it. He replied, yes, that is so, and there is a great pressure for it, and it ought to be filled. When did you come here? I told him. Would your present position be a proper assignment as inspector? I would like to date back your commission so that you can draw pay from that date. I said, I think not, sir. I will be content if dated now. All right, he said, and wrote a note and put it in an envelope, and told me to take it to Adjutant-General Townsend, and he would issue me my com-

mission as inspector of the quartermaster's department, with the rank, pay and emoluments of a colonel of cavalry, and give me a leave of absence for thirty days. I thanked him of course, but he said not a bit of it, you ought to have had it long ago.

Mr. Stanton has been described, and apparently is still considered by many, as a man of fierce passions and of a tyrannic temper, and it will probably require many years and a long perspective before the world will fully appreciate the magnitude and value of the man. Among army officers who did not know him well, Mr. Stanton was looked upon as fierce and passionate, and even major-generals quaked when they went into his presence. The truth was, Stanton was only harsh to evil-doers and drones, or those he deemed such; but to any one earnest in the discharge of his duty he was always considerate. To me he was always kind, and during the months I was under his immediate orders I do not remember an unkind word.

I received my commission as colonel and my leave of absence, but before going home I called on Quartermaster-General Meigs to consult him as to my future assignment. He told me he expected to send me to General Sherman's department, whose headquarters were to be at St. Louis. I went home, and on my return a month later I went to the office of General Meigs to get my orders, but found he was out of the city and would not be back for a week or two. I told General Charles Thomas, who was the acting quartermaster-general, what had been arranged for me; but he said he knew nothing about it, and directed me to call upon Colonel Bingham, chief of the first division, who had charge of assignments. Bingham was an old acquaintance with whom I had served in Tennessee, and he met me very cordially, but said I should first get an order from the war office

to report to the quartermaster-general for orders. I said to him my commission necessarily carried me to the quartermaster-general without any special order; but if he insisted, of course I would go to the war office. He insisted, and I went. I found General Pelouze and told him what I was required to furnish. He said it was all nonsense, but if I would write a statement he would see the secretary and get the order. Just then the secretary came in, and Pelouze told me to tell him my story. He greeted me very cordially, and I told him what was required of me. He bristled up in a moment, and inquired who said that. "Colonel Bingham, sir," I replied. "Nonsense," said Stanton; "the fool has n't a thimbleful of brains," and turning to an orderly he said: "Go and see Colonel Bingham and tell him I want to see him immediately." Evidently he thought that Bingham, who was a West Point officer, was criticising his appointment of a volunteer instead of a regular.

In this he was mistaken, for General Meigs and Colonel Bingham were both my friends; but nevertheless it was evident that Bingham was likely to be roughly handled. Fortunately for Bingham, he was out of his office, and the orderly so reported. The secretary hesitated for a moment or two, and then turning to General Pelouze, he said: "Issue an order directing Colonel Brinkerhoff to report to me for duty in my office," and so, much to my disappointment, I was deprived of my Western assignment. However, according to his directions, I went to his office the next morning.

Colonel Bingham's *faux pas* in regard to my commission was a small thing in itself, but it changed the whole current of my life. Except for him I doubtless would have gone to General Sherman, and my duties would have familiarized me with [REDACTED] Western country, and the result, is [REDACTED] been that

I would have located permanently in the northwest, and my career would have been wholly different from what it has been. However, "there is a Providence that shapes our ends," and so it came about that I was assigned to duty with Secretary Stanton.

Just then there were a large number of investigations of matters pertaining to various departments of the army, in pursuance of a resolution of congress, with directions to report to the secretary of war, and these investigations involved the standing and character of a large number of officers. Upon these reports the secretary must act as the circumstances might require, but in the pressure of other matters it was impossible to examine the numerous and voluminous reports presented with sufficient thoroughness to form an intelligent opinion, and so he turned all such reports over to me, with instructions to go through them and present upon a sheet of paper the results, and upon my findings he would act. It was a great responsibility, but I discharged it to the best of my ability, and I think to the entire satisfaction of the secretary.

Occasionally in waiting for certain reports I would have days of leisure, and these I gave largely to settling my accounts at the treasury, as their adjustment often called for explanations, which I could readily give when on the ground, as I then was. In this way I put in the time until November, when the report of a commission, of which General Baldy Smith was the head, came in. This investigation involved all matters pertaining to the quartermaster's department at Cincinnati, which was then the most important depot in the country. The investigation had been going on for six months, and the report and accompanying papers were very voluminous. These were turned over to me, and I spent perhaps two weeks in going through them, and the results were so

unsatisfactory that I was compelled to report that the papers did not warrant any definite conclusions.

Mr. Stanton was very much annoyed about it, and berated the commission soundly for spending six months and doing nothing of value. He said to me, I have tried for three years to stop the stealing at that post, for I know that the government has been robbed right and left, but it seems I cannot do it. Now, Colonel, he continued, I want you to take charge of that post and straighten it out, and stay there until we can close it up, which I want to do, and distribute the property to the other depots. By this time I had gotten over my far western fever and was well satisfied to go to Cincinnati. It was one of the most important positions in the quartermaster's department, and was near home, and I readily consented and was duly ordered to take charge of the depot at Cincinnati.

I took charge of the Cincinnati depot about the middle of November, 1865. The aggregation of property was immense, and required for storage about twenty of the largest storehouses in the city. In addition were various camps, with corrals for mules and horses, and storage for wagons, forage, etc., so that, taking everything together, the total value of property was estimated at from twenty-five to thirty millions of dollars.

The working force of the depot at Cincinnati, included officers and men, numbered about three hundred, and upon the whole I found them faithful and efficient men, and did not find it necessary to make many changes. That there had been irregularities and abuses was evident enough, but these were soon corrected, and in a few weeks I was able to report the department in a condition fairly satisfactory, and by the coming of the spring months I felt that I could ask to be mustered out of service, without any detriment to the efficiency of the department;

and I therefore suggested to the secretary that it would be gratifying to me to be relieved as soon as satisfactory arrangements could be made for a successor.

Just at this time, however, the cholera, broke out in the city, and people began to be frightened, and of course, it would not do for the chief of a department, as important as mine, to show the white feather, and so I withdrew my request to be mustered out and continued during the summer.

The six months, from April 1 to October 1, 1866, was the most disagreeable period of my military service. The cholera increased in violence so that the death rate from that cause ran up to one hundred a day and about the only signs of life in the afternoons were funerals. In my department, however, by careful sanitary arrangements and discipline, I managed to keep my force in fair health, and do not remember of more than two or three fatal cases. My chief clerk had a close call, and was very ill for a few days, but personally I went through without any serious disturbance.

About the only variety to the dull monotony of this period, was the efforts of thieves and politicians to get some one in my place who would run the department in their interest, and with this end in view, brought various influences to bear upon President Johnson to have me removed. Secretary Stanton, however, stood by me like a rock, and I was left undisturbed. Instead of removing me he sent me my commission as brevet brigadier-general of United States volunteers, and complimented my efficiency.

The only charge made against me was that I was using my position to further the election of members of Congress hostile to the policy of President Johnson. It was true I did not approve the political vagaries of the President, but I knew my duty too well to violate any of the

military requirements of my position. Plunder and not politics was the real reason why my enemies desired my removal, and they sought for the assignment of some officer in my place who would be subservient to their wishes.

A delegate went to Washington and easily interested the President to make the transfer, as soon as it could be properly arranged with the war office. The secretary, however, assured the President that, at that time, there was no officer at command, with the experience necessary for so important a post, and I was left undisturbed.

Later on another delegation was sent to Washington and insisted that a transfer should be made, and the President assented, and so notified the war office. The first I heard of it was by a telegram from the secretary directing me to come to Washington, as privately as I could, and come directly to his house.

I went home, ostensibly on a few days' visit, and from Mansfield I went to Washington, arriving there in the evening, and drove directly to Mr. Stanton's house. He was at dinner, but left the table and took me to a private room and told me the situation, and said he would make another effort to dissuade the President, but if he could not, he would telegraph me that my resignation was accepted.

He told me afterwards that upon the examination of the law of Congress authorizing my appointment, he found that it made it the duty of the secretary of war, and not the President, to make such appointment, and Mr. Stanton pointed out this feature of the law, and the President saw the point and I was left alone.

At last, as the cholera subsided, and my enemies gave up all attempts to dislodge me, I wrote to Mr. Stanton, and requested him to accept my resignation, which he did, to take effect October 1, 1866. This ended my five years of service

in the army. Doubtless nine hundred and ninety-nine people in a thousand would say that for a man to leave the army, voluntarily, with my position and prospects, was a foolish thing. Just what I could have had in the regular army I do not know, but Mr. Stanton proposed to me a year before I resigned, to transfer me to the regular army, and in a way to assure me that I could have anything a volunteer officer could receive in my department. I told him I could not think of devoting my life to the idleness of an army officer in time of peace, notwithstanding its ease and freedom from care. He said he thought I was right, but if I cared to stay he would be glad to have me.

It took me some years to get a firm footing in civil life, and sometimes I was anxious, but yet I do not remember that I regretted leaving the army, and now after the lapse of more than a quarter of a century I am quite sure that my life has been broader, happier, and more useful as a private citizen than it would have been as an army officer. If Stanton could have left when I did he might have been living yet. He desired to do so some months earlier, but the extravagances and antagonisms of President Johnson made it difficult if not impossible, and the long-deferred rest was too much for him. I was in Washington frequently after my resignation, and always called to see him, and he always seemed glad to see me.

After Grant became President, I was absent for some months, and did not see him. It was reported in the newspapers that he was not well, yet I had no idea that he was seriously ill; but after awhile I came to Washington, and as usual called at his house in the evening. His servant told me that Mr. Stanton was not permitted to see visitors just then, but the doctor thought he was



improving, and as soon as he was able he expected to go to the seashore.

I was stopping at the Ebbitt House, and in the morning Mr. Stanton's son Edwin (Ned, as we called him) came to see me and said that his father had scolded because I was not permitted to see him, and wanted me to come up at once. I went to his home, and was shown to his bedroom upstairs. He was lying on a lounge. He asked me to sit by him on a chair, and greeted me with his old-time cordiality. I saw at once a great change in his appearance, for he was only a shadow of his former self. I soon found also that the mighty intellect which used to work with the ease and power of a Corliss engine, was halting and slow, and occasionally was almost incoherent. We talked of many things, and especially of the apparent want of appreciation by the President, but there was no complaint on his part.

The truth was, that Grant simply ignored the existence of the man to whom he owed his opportunities, and without whom he would have remained a comparatively unknown quantity.

A short time after my visit, Stanton was made a justice of the supreme court, but did not live to take his seat. I left Mr. Stanton feeling that the end was near, and I so told General Eckert (who expected to go with him to the seashore), when I returned to the hotel, and I never saw him again. Mr. Stanton as a war secretary has never been surpassed, and I doubt if he has ever been equaled. In my judgment, next to President Lincoln, he was by all odds the most important force in the subjugation of the Rebellion, and without him I have very serious doubts as to the preservation of the Union. Secretary Seward was a very important factor, and second only to Stanton, for without his wonderful diplomatic skill foreign recognition and help would have been ex-

tended to the Confederacy, and our own cause in all probability would have been lost. Secretary Chase was second only to Stanton and Seward in the value of his services, for without a solvent treasury we could not have succeeded.

I knew all three of these men personally and intimately, and intellectually they were the greatest men I have ever met, and each in his place was a giant, but of the three Stanton was the most indispensable in the War of the Rebellion. His first great service was in the cabinet of President Buchanan, and without which the Rebellion might have succeeded at the very beginning.

It will be remembered that in the month of December, 1860, Lewis Cass, then secretary of state, resigned his position, and that Attorney-General Black was promoted to fill the vacancy. The exit of General Cass left but one loyal man in the cabinet, viz., Postmaster-General Holt. Floyd, the infamous, was secretary of war, and was transferring arms and fortifications into the hands of the rebels as rapidly as he could; Thomas, the bond thief, was secretary of the treasury; Toucy, the renegade, was secretary of the navy. Treason ruled the roost. With a majority in the cabinet, the supreme court and the senate, everything seemed to indicate plain sailing and a sure thing for the success of the rebel schemes.

In all probability, it would have been a sure thing except for an intervening circumstance. The Confederacy was already substantially organized, and only awaited full inauguration, until the preliminary program of transferring the United States forts, arsenals, etc., could be completed. Full arrangements with France and England had been made for the recognition of the Confederacy as soon as the seizure of Washington should indicate a "*de facto*" power of sufficient strength, for such recognition,

to other nations. It is true, a little hitch had occurred in the meantime, and the denouement delayed by the unexpected action of Major Anderson in moving into Fort Sumter, but this was not considered serious, as Floyd was secretary of war, and could manage the matter.

"All went merry as marriage bells," but just here, as before stated, the office of attorney-general became vacant, and somebody had to be appointed to fill it. The office, apparently, did not amount to much in the way of furthering or deterring the rebel schemes, and, therefore, it probably did not secure very much attention from the conspirators. Possibly, they may have thought that Stanton was in sympathy with them. He was a northern Democrat, and was understood to have supported Breckenridge for President, and probably this was considered a sufficient guaranty of at least neutrality on his part. However this may be, Mr. Stanton was appointed attorney-general, and entered upon the duties of his office.

What happened I learned from Christopher P. Walcott (long since dead), the brother-in-law of Mr. Stanton, and the facts given are from memoranda I made over thirty years ago, and I have no doubt are substantially correct. Mr. Stanton very quickly took in the situation, and determined what he would do. What his program was may be surmised from a remark made to Walcott, who was about leaving the city: "To-morrow," said the secretary, "I meet for the first time, in cabinet council, Mr. Floyd, secretary of war, and it will be the last time. He or I must go out."

All the circumstances attending that meeting of the cabinet it is not now possible to give. Suffice it to say, the subject of abandonment or reinforcement of Fort Sumter was under discussion. The new secretary, as the legal adviser of the President, was asked his opinion, and

he quietly gave it. Of course, that opinion was hostile to the conspirators, and the winds blew at once. Floyd sprang to his feet and arrogantly sought to squelch the intruder. He stated he had pledged the faith of the government to the governor of South Carolina not to reinforce Fort Sumter, and that the existing status of affairs should be preserved, at least, until the Crittenden conference negotiations were over, etc.

As he went on, the storm blackened. The President saw and tried to quell it. His policy was peace, and the existing status until the close of his term of office. After me the deluge. Stanton, however, was not the man to be smoothed into docility at such a time. On the contrary, he poured upon the President in that hour all the pent-up patriotism of the nation. He charged him as his legal adviser, and as the law officer of the government, that it was his sworn duty to reinforce and stand by Fort Sumter, and, in addition, to bring to bear everywhere, against treason and traitors, all the powers of the nation. He charged home on Floyd and Thomas the crimes of which they had been guilty.

Poor old Buchanan, in the meantime, sank back helplessly in his arm chair, and blubbered like a child. Stanton rode the storm. The result of all this was that the next day Floyd resigned, and Holt took his place. A few days later, Thomas followed, and John A. Dix came in. Then, with Stanton, Holt and Dix to guide the helm, the old "ship of state" swept through the rapids, sound in her hull, and the country was saved.

## CHAPTER XV.

## NEW EXPERIENCES.

Start again as a lawyer—Views of great cities—The Grant campaign—On the stump in Maine and New York—Suggestions of official appointments—Glad to stay at home—Views of civil service reform—A new hobby—Free-trade in a Republican convention—Committee on resolutions—Speech for a tariff reform—A new vocation—On the lecture platform—The Free Trade League—Visit to New York—A call upon Henry Ward Beecher—Lecture appointments in western cities—Incidents at Detroit and Michigan University—Chicago and beyond—Return to New York—Engagements with Governor Hoffman.

After five years of service, in which head and hand and heart were wholly absorbed, it was not easy to take on the methods and habits of civil life, and I found ample opportunity for the exercise of patience and perseverance in regaining a foothold. In any profession, and especially the legal profession, anyone who drops out of practice on account of war, politics or anything else, even for a year or two, will always find it difficult to reinstate himself. In this respect I was not an exception, but fortunately I had been connected with army investigations and prosecutions which at the close of the war were transferred to the civil courts, and Mr. Stanton desired me, as a lawyer, to look after them, and this for a year or two gave me a sufficient income to live comfortably, and in the meantime to make business acquaintances and establish some business connections. I had my home at Mansfield, but for a year or two I had serious thoughts of locating elsewhere.

Doubtless, in a business way, it would have been best for me to have settled in Cincinnati or some other large city, but the love of locality and a disinclination to change, inherited from my Dutch ancestry, finally overcame all temptations to go elsewhere, and so, in the spring of 1867, I opened up a law office at Mansfield, and commenced the erection of the home in which we have lived since the first day of January, 1869, and upon the whole I have no doubt I have enjoyed life as well as I could anywhere else. I have not become very rich or very famous, but I have been happy, and I am what I am.

Upon the whole, life in great cities has greater drawbacks than that of cities of moderate proportions, except perhaps to those whose main object in life is money getting or money spending. In a city like New York, the individual is lost in the multitude, and he is simply a grain of sand upon the shores of an ocean. I like New York for many reasons. My family is one of the oldest in that city, and I have more blood relations there than in all the rest of the world, and naturally I like to spend a few days among them every year. New York is also the great center of literature and art as well as commerce and finance, and it is helpful to visit it occasionally and get such new ideas as it may have at command; but, like the diver who goes to the sea for pearls, as soon as I succeed in getting what I am after, I want to get back to the air and sunlight, and always rejoice as the rush and roar of the metropolis recedes in the distance.

Early in 1868, Mr. Blaine wrote me and insisted that I should spend a month in his district prior to the state election in September; and I accepted, and early in August I opened the campaign at Bowdoinham, and then for thirty days I was on the stump, speaking twice a day, except Sundays. Part of the time Blaine was with me, and part of the time John L. Stevens. It was the

initiatory election of the presidential campaign, which culminated, in November, in the election of General Grant for his first term. It was an interesting canvass and I enjoyed it very much. With a single exception, I spoke in halls, so that I did not strain my voice and came out as fresh as I started.

I then went to Ohio to fill appointments for a week or two. After that I went to New York for ten days, but all my meetings were outdoors, and the audiences were so immense that I was almost worn out when I closed; and after that I have never allowed myself to address an audience in the open air, except in a few unavoidable cases. In good halls I can speak every day in the year without impairment, but out of doors I lack volume of voice and break down very soon.

After the election of Grant, the leaders of the party, who knew of my political services, seemed to think I was entitled to some reward, and Blaine and Senator Sherman both volunteered to back me for anything I might desire. I considered the matter carefully, and the more I thought of it the more I felt that I could not afford to take any official position, at least any position to which I could reasonably aspire.

Senator Sherman, a day or two before he left for Washington in December, sent for me, and I spent an evening with him at his house. I told him I could not afford to take an office, at least any one I could reasonably aspire to; that I had arrived at an age when I must return to business if I ever made any progress, and to take an office would only pay current expenses and leave me four or more years older to begin business, and I could not afford it. He noticed I said I could not afford to take any office I could reasonably aspire to, and asked what I considered beyond my reach. I said there was only one position I could think of that I would be willing

to accept, and that was to represent the country at some foreign court, in a Protestant nation, where there were educational advantages for my children, and especially in the acquisition of the French and German languages. This would limit me to Northern Europe and to second-rate powers like Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland and the Netherlands, in all of which there were already appointments who in all probability would remain.

Mr. Sherman said he had no doubt General Hugh Ewing, minister to the Netherlands, would be removed, as he was an appointee of President Johnson, and he saw no reason why I should not have it, and so it was arranged that I should be an applicant for The Hague mission.

Later on, upon Mr. Sherman's invitation, I went to Washington and attended the inauguration of Grant and remained until Mr. Fish was appointed secretary of state, when my application was duly filed, indorsed by the leading politicians of my own state and by Blaine and others from outside states. However, I did not get the appointment, as Hugh Ewing was retained, upon the personal request of his sister, Mrs. General Sherman. I was not seriously disappointed, and have long since been satisfied that it was a blessing that I failed, and I have never desired nor sought public office since, and I have not yet reached a point where I would be willing to accept any office to which a salary is attached. The truth is, that public life in the United States, as now conditioned, is so evanescent, and public service is so poorly paid, that a competent man, unless already independently rich, cannot afford to enter it, except as a duty, and at a sacrifice, which troublesome times may require. The result is, our civil service, in all departments, is crippled by incompetents, and must remain far below its possibilities, until character and capacity, instead of political



activity, shall be the sole requirements in all departments of the public service which are purely administrative, and tenure in such positions shall be during good behavior. I have faith to believe that the time is not distant when the American people will demand such a condition of our civil service, and I hope to live long enough to see it fairly inaugurated. In our legislative departments, where, in the nature of things, politics must be in the ascendant, I see no great promise of large improvement, except in the general improvement of our people in intelligence and virtue.

A democracy is the best government in the world for the masses of men so long as a fair working majority of citizens are intelligent and honest, but when these fail the proverbial "man on horseback" is not far off, and the quicker he comes the better. I am an optimist by nature, and possibly I may be too sanguine as to our future, but I have an abiding faith in the American people. They are liable to imposition, and are, more or less, the prey of demagogues, but when matters become so serious as to threaten public order, or the liberties of the people, so that action is indispensable, the average American is as true to the right as the needle to pole. Our danger now is not from Americans, but from foreigners, and I believe the average American begins to see this fact, and when he does see it fully a remedy will be found. At least let us hope so.

A new hobby took possession of me. This was the way it came about. Born a Democrat, and educated in the school of Martin Van Buren, William L. Marcy and Silas Wright, I was of course a free trader, and consequently when the war was over, and the status of slavery settled by constitutional amendments, I naturally became restive under the high tariff impositions of the Republican Party, and frequently talked the matter over

with leaders of the party like Blaine, Sherman and Garfield. Garfield was a free trader, as ardently as I was, but he represented an old Whig district, and was afraid to act. Blaine and Sherman were of Whig antecedents, and protectionists by heredity, but they all acknowledged that the war tariff ought to be mitigated, and promised co-operation in due time, and urged me to be patient, and the party would come out all right after awhile. The truth was old Whiggery dominated the party, and it was easier to "whoop up the boys" on war issues, and win victories, than it was to consider financial questions.

Finally, I got tired and made up my mind that I would stir up the Republican Party on my own hook on the tariff question and see what would happen. Ordinarily at Republican conventions in my own county I was chairman of the committee on resolutions, and, therefore, as a rule, I had a platform cut and dried for such occasions, and my committee would accept it, without question, as orthodox, and the convention would put it through. Here was an opportunity, and I made the most of it.

The convention was called for the 14th of June, 1869, and a week before that time I had a platform prepared for use, in which the sixth resolution was as follows:

*"Resolved, That we are opposed to all class legislation, government subsidies and grinding monopolies of every kind, and, therefore, we heartily favor a revision of the present oppressive tariff, so as to adjust it purely to a revenue standard."*

This resolution I did not reveal to any one except my wife, and bided my time. A week or two before the convention, I noticed in the "Cincinnati Commercial," an independent journal under the control of my friend Murat Halstead, who was then a free trader, an article

attacking certain abuses of the existing tariff, and then as an encouragement I wrote to Halstead and told him that I intended to give him aid and comfort at our coming county convention. He wrote me he would be glad to report my action fully for his paper.

In due time, the 14th of June arrived, and, as I anticipated, I was chairman of the committee on resolutions. After dinner I gathered my committee together in a corner and read to them my platform without explanation or comment and without hesitation; they told me to go ahead and report it to the convention. Of course I was prepared for emergencies, and I knew perfectly well that my twenty minutes speech could not, without preparation, be answered by any one in the convention.

Henry C. Hedges, the trusted manager of Senator Sherman's Ohio campaign, was chairman of the convention, and when the report of the committee on resolutions was called for and presented he knew what it meant, but as chairman he had nothing to do but to put it to a vote. What shall be done with the report of the committee on resolutions? was the inquiry of the chairman. Some one moved that it be received and adopted. Some one more discriminating moved a separate vote on the sixth resolution.

The time for my speech, so long premeditated, had now come, and so I took the platform, and so far as I could, in twenty minutes, I gave the convention the full gospel of tariff reform. Nobody attempted a reply, and with less than a half a dozen nays my platform was adopted.

The next morning (June 15, 1869), the "Cincinnati Commercial" had my speech in full as a special telegram under such stunning head lines as:

"A Free-trade Movement."

"Speech by General Brinkerhoff."

- "Protection *vs.* Revenue."
- "Tariff of other Nations."
- "Ours the Champion of the World."
- "Mission of the Republican Party."
- "Free Speech, Free Soil."
- "Free Ballot, Free-Trade."

For the first time in the history of the Republican Party, a free trade platform had been adopted, and a radical revenue reform pronunciamiento had been approved; and I found myself quite famous, and my speech came back to me in all kinds of newspapers and in various languages.

Nothing was farther from my thoughts than notoriety of any kind in my free trade demonstrations. I was simply full of indignation at what seemed to me to be a ruinous public policy, and to give expression to it was a mental relief. I had not the slightest idea of changing my political affiliations for all parties were absolutely oblivious to the importance of the tariff question.

Historically, the Democratic Party was all right on the question, but under the blighting influences of slavery it had drifted away from the faith of the fathers and was hopelessly floundering in what Bunyan called "the slough of despond." The truth was, neither of the great political parties had any principles worth fighting for, and political controversies were simply a struggle between the ins and outs for the loaves and fishes.

Sailors tell us that in crossing the equator there is a space known as the "doldrums," in which for days there is a dead calm, and the ships swing idly on the ocean waiting for a breeze. At the period of which I am writing, political parties were in the "doldrums," and all I was attempting to do was to get up a breeze, and in a small way succeeded, but it was only a cap full, and par-

ties remained in the "doldrums" until twenty years later when Grover Cleveland in his tariff message called up the trade winds from "the vasty deep."

Shortly after my antitariff demonstrations I received a letter from Mahlon Sands, secretary of the Free Trade League of New York, congratulating me on my speech, and asking me to visit New York City for a conference with the managers of that association in regard to an enlargement of their methods of work. I wrote them I would do so in the near future, and as I had business in Philadelphia in July, I took that occasion to run over to New York for a conference. I presume I had heard of the Free Trade League, but I knew nothing of its methods. I found the organization had an office on Nassau street, and was quite active in the distribution of documents, and also published a monthly periodical, which, for the most part, was distributed gratuitously.

The managers and main supporters of this organization were a few young men of wealth and college training, who had been interested in the study of political economy, and were enthusiastic disciples of Adam Smith and his successors, and believed it their duty to disseminate the gospel of free trade in America. With this object in view they organized the league, and as they were young men of wealth and leisure, they could afford to give both time and money. Mahlon Sands became secretary, and for several years gave his personal attention to the details of the position. Robert S. Minturn was the president, and Charles H. Marshall was the treasurer, and among the other supporters and contributors of the league were many leading merchants of New York. The evening after my arrival a conference was held at the home of Mr. Minturn, on Staten Island, and the whole subject was discussed *in extenso*, and I was asked for suggestions.

I said to them that it seemed to me that no large advance could be made until they could do something of sufficient magnitude to attract attention from the newspapers and call out discussions. As one method of doing this I suggested that Henry Ward Beecher, or some other free trader of sufficient eminence and ability to challenge attention and opposition, should be invited to lecture in a few of the large cities, where the newspapers could not help reporting him. This idea was favorably received, and Mr. Sands and I were appointed a committee to call upon Mr. Beecher, which we did the next day. Mr. Beecher received us very kindly and heartily sympathized with us, but his engagements were such that he could not accept our invitation.

By this time the league people were fully converted to the idea of trying a campaign of public meetings, and Professor Perry, of Williams College, was telegraphed to lead off, and he consented on condition that one or two additional speakers should go with him. The result was, I was invited to join him, and I consented on condition that Mr. Sands should go with us.

Arrangements were made for a series of meetings and an agent of the league was sent forward to advertise and work them up. The series as arranged and filled was as follows: Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Springfield, Ill., Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Dayton. The meetings, as we expected, were not overcrowded, but we had fair audiences, and their novelty attracted the attention we sought for our subject, and the newspapers published what we had to say, and the editors wrote us up, or wrote us down with great zeal, and free-trade had a hearing from the people, it had not received for a generation.

After our first meeting the Associated Press asked us for a thousand words for each future meeting, and we so arranged that each dispatch was a new chapter, and in

this way we arranged to get a pretty full gospel before the American people by the time we got home. Our meeting at Detroit was the smallest, but upon the whole I think it was the most fruitful of any in its final results. When we went to Detroit we found but four men, in its entire board of trade, who were in sympathy with us, and among the newspapers, the "Free Press" was our only ally.

The protectionists, imitating the silversmiths of Ephesus, and for the same reason, made a tremendous racket, and even attempted to break up our meeting by cat-calls and questions, but the result was an agitation which was continued after we were gone, and in the end made such a revolution in the public sentiment, that when I was invited to speak again in Detroit a year or two later I found a majority of the board of trade were friends.

Our meeting was presided over by Judge C. I. Walker, who at that time was one of the law professors at the law school at Ann Arbor, and he invited me to go with him to Ann Arbor, on my way to Chicago, and talk free-trade to the students. An opportunity to proselyte two or three hundred college students was too good to decline, and so I went, and had a most interesting meeting.

Our missionary tour, upon the whole, was a great success, and from the seed thus planted a great harvest has since been gathered. Our "swing around the circle" satisfied the league people that public meetings offered a wider opportunity for educating public sentiment, and therefore, I was offered and accepted the position of evangelist for the extension of the gospel of free-trade. An avant-courier was provided for me to arrange my meetings, and I spent a year or more upon the platform in various states from Maine to Minnesota, but mainly in New York and Ohio.

It was an interesting crusade, and full of adventures, and interesting occasions, and upon the whole, the results warranted the outlay. The autumn of 1870 was especially noteworthy; I was invited by Governor Hoffman, of New York, to fill a series of appointments in his state, which he would arrange. His object was to prepare the way for his candidacy for a second term for governor upon a distinctively revenue reform platform. The meetings were apparently non-partisan, although in fact the moving forces were Democrats.

My arrangements were made so as to take up different branches of my subject at different places where I would be fully reported in the newspapers, and in that way get a fuller gospel before the people of the state. For example, at Newburgh I took up commerce and shipping as affected by the tariff; at Troy, manufactures with local illustrations; at Albany, the whole field; at Syracuse, salt; at Rochester, agriculture, and so on to the end of the chapter. At Albany my meeting was held in the house of representatives, and Governor Hoffman and other state officers attended, and my speech was reported in the "Argus" and afterwards was circulated as a campaign document.



## CHAPTER XVI.

## TARIFF EVILS.

The Onondaga Salt Company—Tyrants of Syracuse—Conspiracy at Albany—How the state was trapped—conspirators at Washington—A new dodge—Good accomplished—Free-trade dinner—William Cullen Bryant—Tariff reform in Portland, Maine—Tariff in congress—Promises by Speaker Blaine—A winter in Washington—Blaine's duplicity—Indignation of Garfield—Wind-up of the forty-second congress.

My meeting at Syracuse was put last of all, as that was the home of the Onondaga Salt Company, and I did not care to enter the den of the lion until I was fully prepared. To make this preparation I went to Albany and made a study of the whole history of the Onondaga Salt Springs, and the history of the Onondaga Salt Company, and from there I went to New York City to get at the manipulations of the market by the company in connection with the fisheries, etc. By the time I went to Syracuse, I knew the sinuosities of that gigantic monopoly as fully as Thomas Alvord himself, who for many years had represented the company in the New York legislature, or Dennis McCarty, who was kept in congress to represent the company upon the ways and means committee. I went to Syracuse "*in-cog*" a day in advance of my meeting, and in the guise of a visitor from the west went through the entire works of the company, and interviewed the officials until I received a full set of their annual reports.

My meeting was on the evening of September 30, 1870, and the rain poured in torrents, and the audience was

small, but the magnates of the company were out, and I had a fair chance to challenge contradiction. I had agreed in New York to furnish a full report of my speech for the "Evening Post," and worked all night to prepare it, so that on the second day of October, 1870, I presented to the people of the state, in the "New York Evening Post" an expose of the salt monopoly which was as startling as it was new. It was headed "The Tyrants of Syracuse," and was widely published, and several years after furnished the data on which Senator Blair, of Missouri, succeeded in reducing the duty on salt one-half.

As a typical specimen of the thousand and one tariff monopolies which came into being under the "protection system" inaugurated by the Morrill tariff bill of 1861, and intensified from time to time until it culminated into the McKinley bill of 1890, it may be well to give an abstract of its history and methods, as I discovered and published them in 1870.

It should be remembered that up to the time of the war, and for some years afterwards, the salt springs of Syracuse were substantially the sole source for the supply of salt in New York and the Atlantic States. From the very commencement the people of New York saw that salt was a prime necessity of life, almost as much as air and water, and therefore they resolved that salt should be as nearly free of cost as it was possible to make it. Therefore they prohibited in the constitution of the state the sale of salt lands, and reserved them as a perpetual heritage for all, and resolved that they should never pass into the hands of a monopoly. Some, seeing that a revenue could be derived from salt, for the state, counseled a lease of the lands to the highest bidder, but the state said, No, we will not make money from the necessity of our people.

In this generous spirit the state delivered the brine to all comers, and received from each a small amount per bushel of salt manufactured. This amount was intended to be enough to keep the works in repair and no more. As the works grew this duty was lowered from time to time, until it reached the small amount of one cent a bushel. In this way not only the people of New York, but all surrounding states, had cheap salt. The manufacturers made a fair profit, and everybody was satisfied.

In this way things went on until 1859, when Satan entered the heart of somebody, and a scheme was invented to thwart the wise and benevolent policy of the state. At any rate, I found that in 1859 a law had been placed upon the statute book of New York which forbade the superintendent of the Salt Reservation "from furnishing brine to any other, or to new works, until the quantity raised and distributed by the state shall be sufficient for fully supplying all the existing works through the manufacturing season."

Contemporaneously with this transaction, or rather slightly antedating it, I found, by examination of the records of the state at Albany, that a company was organized at Syracuse, and received its papers of incorporation on the 14th of April, 1858, its capital stock was seven hundred dollars, in three hundred and fifty shares of two dollars each. It was to continue for one year. Its name was "The Onondaga Fine Salt Company."

A year later I found this company renewed for one year more, dating from the 1st of May. A year later I found this company out of existence, but in its place appeared another company under the name of "The Salt Company of Onondaga," with a capital stock of one hundred and sixty thousand dollars and a lease of life for ten years.

Doubtless, by this time, the suspicion dawns upon the

mind that there was some connection between this company and the legislation I have quoted. Coming to Syracuse, we find the "Salt Company of Onondaga" in possession of all "the existing salt works." By purchase or lease it had secured every one of them, and at once we can see the meaning of the act of the legislature of 1859. It meant monopoly in the garb of the Onondaga Salt Company. This is evident enough when we know the additional fact that the "existing works" were able to use up more brine than the state could supply, and the existing works meant "The Salt Company of Onondaga," which had an absolute bar against all comers, new or old.

The next thing we notice in connection with this salt business is the Morrill Tariff Bill, of 1861, when we find a duty of four cents a bushel imposed upon salt. Six months afterwards, in August, 1861, we find the duty increased to twelve cents a bushel, but apparently this was not high enough to be entirely prohibitory, and therefore a few months later the duty was increased to eighteen cents per hundred pounds upon salt in bulk, and twenty-four cents per hundred pounds upon salt in bags. This did the business, for aside from a small amount of fine Liverpool salt for dairy purposes, not a pound was imported, and the government received no revenue whatever from its duty on salt.

The stockholders of the salt company were happy, for they now had not only the sole privilege of making salt, but also the absolute control of its sale. Salt at once jumped up from twenty cents a bushel to forty-two cents and upwards. How profitable this was to the stockholders is indicated by the dividends declared, which were as follows: March, 1862, twelve and one-half per cent; April 23, per share (of \$2.00) \$1.25; September 18, per share \$1.25; September 27, \$1.25 per share; Oc-

tober 4, \$1.25 per share; October 11, \$2.50 per share, and so on to the end of the chapter.

Of course, with annual dividends of several hundred per cent, it would be important to keep the fact from the public, so about a year later, the stock of the company was increased to three hundred and twenty thousand dollars, the increase of which was all water. As matters turned out, however, the profits increased to such an enormous extent that reasonable dividends on a small capital stock as three hundred and twenty thousand dollars was out of the question. Unfortunately for them, however, before any further dilution was effected, Commissioner David A. Wells, of the United States Treasury, came around, and under the powers granted him he made an examination of the Onondaga Salt Company, and reported the astonishing fact that in five years the Onondaga Salt Company, on a capital stock of \$160,000, distributed profits to the amount of \$5,858,000, being an annual average of \$837,000.

Of course, this exposure could not be otherwise than damaging, and some noise was made about it in congress and elsewhere, but with a member of the company upon the ways and means committee in congress, and another speaker of the house of representatives in the legislature at Albany, nothing was done, and for nearly ten years longer the company coined money for its stockholders like a mint.

However, after the expose by Commissioner Wells, the company took steps to guard against another examination, and again watered their stock up to \$1,250,000, but this was not big enough to reduce sufficiently the apparent size of dividends, and so they devised a new scheme to deceive the public. This I discovered at Albany. In my examination of the books of the secretary of state, I found, under date of September 30, 1868,

that an entirely new company had been incorporated under the name of "The Onondaga Salt Company," with a capital stock of \$640,000.

The company we have been talking about was "The Salt Company of Onondaga," and as it controlled all the brine that could be delivered, it was evident the new company was a child of the old to make a show of moderate dividends. This fact I charged upon the company in my Syracuse speech, and it was never denied. In fact, no reply was ever attempted to any of my statements. This robbery of the government and the people by The Salt Company of Onondagaga went on for years until Senator Blair, of Missouri, as I have already stated, brought my revelations to the attention of the senate and had the duty on salt reduced one-half. In the meantime, the salt springs of Michigan, West Virginia, Louisiana, and elsewhere were developed, and competition soon reduced the price of salt to its normal condition.

This was about the only visible outcome for good that I have been able to discover for my antitariff campaign. To have been the St. George of the salt dragon was something, and if I did nothing more, I think my labors were not in vain. The friends of the cause in New York seemed to think I had done good service, and at the free-trade dinner at Delmonico's, in November, at which William Cullen Bryant presided, I was given a seat of honor next to him, and he gave me gracious recognition in his opening address.

During a dinner running for several hours there is large opportunity for conversation with one's neighbor, and I was very much interested and entertained by Mr. Bryant. I suggested that, with all the efforts for the cause of tariff reform, apparently we were not making much impression upon the general public. His reply

was: "The results we seek may not be largely visible at present, but we are sowing good seed, which will germinate and bear fruit abundantly farther on. I may not live to participate in the victory, but you surely will if you live to the allotted age of man. Truth always triumphs in the end."

Mr. Bryant was not only a great poet, but he was a great man in many other ways, and his greatest work, probably, was as an editor, in forming a wholesome public opinion upon all political questions.

About this time (January 31, 1871), George Alfred Townsend, in a long letter to the "Chicago Tribune," wrote us up very handsomely, and from it I make a brief extract:

"General Brinkerhoff is one of the two lecturers upon free-trade, operating upon the intelligence of the people directly through the medium of town meetings, under the auspices of the New York Free-trade League; the other lecturer being Professor Perry, of Williams College, who is a writer of approved standing upon political economy. Brinkerhoff and Perry were both selected by the League by reason of their high intellectual and social standing, and by the accident of their advanced position upon other subjects. Brinkerhoff, at the close of the war, lived at Mansfield, Ohio, where he was reckoned amongst the most kindly, manly and intelligent public men in the state.

"He drew, before the war and after the war, many of the resolutions incorporated into the state platform of the Ohio Republicans, and when the war was done, looking about to discover matters which should be pertinent and essential for a revised party basis, he struck the great chord to which millions of people responded—that of making the taxes of the people more uniform and impartial, and ceasing to select particular interests, as more American than those of the masses. Amongst these was the question of a tariff for revenue only."

In December, 1870, I went to Portland, Maine, in response to an invitation signed by a large number of leading citizens, and it proved to be one of the largest and

most interesting of my meetings. It was entirely non-partisan, and the questions asked (which I always invited) were apparently prompted by an honest desire to get at the truth, and the interest of the audience did not seem to flag, although the meeting was protracted to the unconscionable length of two hours and a half. By this time, tariff reform had gained adherents in congress in both political parties. As yet, neither of the great parties had made the tariff a test of party fealty, and both were afraid of the question; but naturally the friends of tariff reform preponderated largely in the Democratic Party, and the friends of protection in the Republican Party.

In the congress quite a number of Republicans were tariff reformers, especially in the house, and among them were such as Garfield, of Ohio; Allison, of Iowa; Finkenburg, of Missouri; and others, and there were enough of them to compel recognition in the election of a speaker, and the appointment of committees. In fact, by combining with the Democrats, they could elect a speaker, but of course this would be a last resort.

Mr. Blaine was a candidate for re-election for speaker of the incoming congress, and he soon discovered that he was likely to have opposition from the friends of tariff reform in his own party, and that it might be serious, and so he finally invited a private conference of free-traders in New York.

Of course this conference was entirely secret. Mr. Blaine stopped at one hotel, and the tariff reformers, of whom I was one, were at another. We of the latter persuasion appointed a committee of three to meet Mr. Blaine, which, if I remember correctly, consisted of William B. Allison, Horace White and Charles Nordhoff.

After a conference, our committee reported that Mr. Blaine was willing to agree that in case he was permitted



to be re-elected speaker without opposition in his own party, he would agree that a majority of the ways and means committee should be tariff reformers, and that its chairman should be a tariff reformer satisfactory to us, and desired us to name him.

This proposition of Mr. Blaine was quite a surprise to all of us, and of course it was very satisfactory, and we accepted it, and named Garfield as our man for chairman of the ways and means committee, and with this arrangement consummated, the conference came to an end, and Mr. Blaine had no farther opposition.

The managers of the Free-Trade League, however, felt that some one should be on hand at Washington City to look after legislation, and especially to see that the arrangements with Mr. Blaine were carried out properly, and so I was appointed to attend it.

Under this arrangement I went to Washington early in January, 1871, and settled down for the winter. I rented the first floor of a house on F street, owned and occupied by Mrs. Henry Schoolcraft, widow of the famous ethnologist and traveler among the Indians, and took my meals at the Ebbitt House. From this time on to the end of the session of congress, and beyond to the final adjournment of the new congress, which commenced on the fourth of March and continued until the last of the month, my rooms were a kind of headquarters for the friends of revenue reform, and members of both parties in congress often met there for consultations upon tariff questions.

I remember one such meeting in particular, held near the close of the session, with a view to consultation in regard to the incoming congress. Among those present I remember the Republican members of the house were Garfield, Burchard, Hay, Finkelburg and General Asper; among the Democratic members were Kerr, Haldeman,

Marshall and Myers. Among the newspaper men present were Nordhoff, of the "New York Evening Post;" Horace White of the "Chicago Tribune;" George Alfred Townsend and Donn Piatt.

We counted noses and felt sure of a majority in the new house. By this time I knew every member of the outgoing congress, and some of the new members just sworn in, and had made a careful study of their utterances and affiliations upon the questions of revenue reform, and could predict their actions was a reasonable degree of certainty.

One of the things we arranged for was to get a test vote by introducing a resolution under the Monday morning rule upon a proposition to take the duty off of coal, salt and lumber. Under the Monday morning rule, any member who could get the floor could present his proposition, and call the previous question, and have a vote without debate, but he must get a two-thirds vote to secure its adoption. I took our proposed resolution in regard to free coal, salt and lumber to Hale, of Maine, and got him to father it, and then went to Mr. Blaine and asked him as a special favor to me to recognize Hale. Mr. Blaine very kindly consented, and sure enough on Monday morning Mr. Hale plumped his resolution into the house, and called for a vote. It was not debateable, but it was amendable, and Kelly, of Pennsylvania, a shrewd parliamentarian, seeing the trap set for the protectionists, moved to amend by adding tea, coffee and sugar, which were purely revenue duties.

Our free-traders of course ought to have voted this amendment down, but some of them through want of courage, or want of knowledge, voted aye and the amendment was adopted, and the resolution finally passed in that way, and went to the senate.

We did not get all we expected out of it, but we did

learn who could be relied upon in all emergencies, and we were fully assured that with a ways and means committee, and Garfield to lead it, we could control the house in favor of revenue reform. We were entirely correct in our calculations provided Speaker Blaine kept faith with us, but unfortunately he did not, and we were left in the cold.

Blaine was slow in announcing his committees, and many days passed by without definite action. I saw him frequently, but did not press him as I knew he had a difficult task. At last one day, when the house was in session, Blaine saw me on the floor, and sent a page with a note asking me to meet him in the hall. He then called some one to the chair, and as he went out of the south door I went out of the north door, and went around and met him. He took me down to the basement and into a room he called his den. He then locked the door and went to a cupboard and brought out some refreshments, and we sat down at a little table.

After awhile he told me he wanted to talk with me about the ways and means committee, and to ask my opinion in regard to a cast of a committee that was in his mind. He took a pencil and a slip of paper from a drawer and wrote down nine names and then turned it around for me to read. I saw that he kept his finger on the paper, and that he did not intend to let me take it away, and so I took a little time to study its make up, and get it clearly in my memory. I saw at a glance that he was not carrying out his agreement, because Dawes was at the head, as chairman, and not Garfield. I saw also as I looked over the list that a majority of the committee were not revenue reform men, although it was a combination calculated to deceive any one not fully posted on individual records.

That a breach of faith was meditated was evident

enough, but just what to do about it was not so evident, and so I asked questions to gain time as well as information. I asked him why Dawes instead of Garfield was at the head. That is what I want to talk about especially, for I find it will make trouble to give Garfield the chairmanship, and it seems to me that Dawes is sufficiently in harmony with you people to be satisfactory, and the very fact that he is not an extreme man will be an advantage to you in the house. Garfield, he said, had not had sufficient service on the committee to entitle him to promotion over old members like Kelley and Dawes. "Why," he said, "Kelley would take a fit if I put Garfield ahead of him." Possibly, that may be so, I said, but you knew that just as well when we were in New York as you do now, and I am very sure our people would not be willing to substitute Dawes for Garfield in any event, for at heart he is not with us any more than Kelley.

The fact was there were only four men in his list who were not protectionists, and after discussing the matter awhile he said this is not a finality by any means, it is simply "tentative" and I will make the committee so that it will be satisfactory. He repeated the word "tentative" two or three times, but I made up my mind at once that a ways and means committee satisfactory to the revenue reform people would never be made by Mr. Blaine, and so we parted after an hour's talk with the understanding that he would see me again soon. As I went upstairs and on my way to the telegraph office I met Garfield and said to him that I would like to talk to him about a matter in which he was interested. He said that he was in a hurry to meet an engagement, and asked if I could not wait until evening, when he would be at his house, and give me the evening if necessary, and so I ar-

ranged to meet him at 8 o'clock. I then went to the telegraph office and sent a message to Mr. Sands, in New York, informing him of the situation.

In the evening I met Garfield, and he took me to his room up stairs, and asked what was the matter. I said everything is the matter, so far as the ways and means committee is concerned. In the first place, you will not be chairman, and, in the second place, the protectionists will have a majority. So far as I am concerned, he replied, you are mistaken, for Mr. Blaine has already arranged with me for the chairmanship, and I am already preparing to remain in Washington so as to shape the committee work for the winter session. He said Mr. Blaine had written him a letter some time before assuring him of his selection as chairman. That is splendid, I said; let me see the letter. I can't do that, he replied, for Mr. Blaine said that life was uncertain, and requested me to return the letter, which I did. I said to him, General, you may as well rent your house and go home, for you are not to be chairman of the ways and means committee, and I told him the whole story of my interview with Mr. Blaine. He heard me to the end, and then, after walking back and forth across the room two or three times, he stopped and said (and I remember his exact words): "If Mr. Blaine does not appoint me chairman of the ways and means committee, he is the basest of men."

Mr. Blaine did not appoint him, but Dawes was appointed, and a majority of the committee were protectionists. How Mr. Blaine pacified Garfield I do not know. How Garfield could appoint Mr. Blaine his secretary of state, afterwards, I do not know. After Garfield became President, I made up my mind to ask him those questions whenever I got an opportunity, but when I came to Washington, after Blaine became secretary of

state, Garfield was lying at the White House with Guitau's bullet in him, and I am still in the dark. Of course, Blaine and I were friends no longer, and I only met him in a formal way afterwards. Possibly, there may have been some explanation for Garfield's reconciliation to Blaine, but I do not see how any explanation can be made for Mr. Blaine's treatment of the revenue reform friends. Mr. Blaine was my friend, and I was greatly attached to him, and for a time I think there were but few who had his confidence more fully, but duplicity I could not tolerate, and so we parted.

I had been told in Maine that Mr. Blaine was slippery, and I am sorry to say that I am convinced that they told me the truth. Blaine was a very able man, and wonderfully attractive, but, when the highest test of character came, he was "slippery." Garfield was a greater man and a better man, but, unfortunately, he lacked the stamina to stand up against political pressure. Left to himself, all of his instincts were for the right, but against pressure he was weak as water. If Garfield had lived to a second term, so as to be beyond the fear of party pressure, he would have been a great President, I think; but, unfortunately, the opportunity was denied him, and his defect of character in all probability caused his assassination.

Roscoe Conkling I knew from his youth upwards. We were boys together at the Auburn Academy, and I knew every phase of his mental and moral make-up. He was strong where Garfield was weak, and when Garfield failed him he exploded like a bomb, and the consequences are a matter of history. They were both great men, but they both had a fatal weakness. However, "we are all miserable sinners," and I drop the curtain upon them both and upon Blaine also. Of all the statesmen I have intimately known, and of whom I have writ-

ten in these memoirs, Salmon P. Chase was the noblest. He had his weakness, but his weakness was of the head and not of the heart. I try to be charitable to all, as I hope others will be charitable to me.

The first session of the forty-second congress came to a close on the 20th of April, 1871, without accomplishing much of anything, not even a complete organization of its committees. For four months I had made a careful study of the methods, accomplishments and personnel of the forty-first and forty-second congresses. I presume they were like other congresses—no better, no worse—but I must confess that my previous exalted idea of congressional wisdom was badly shattered. To find a member who really voted his sentiments, and had a sufficient courage of his convictions to disclose them, was, to say the least, exceedingly rare.

The whole business of congress, to a large extent, it seemed to me, was a political juggle to maintain power, and speeches for the most part were not made to enlighten the house, but to humbug constituences. I asked Garfield one day, after he had voted aye on a protection item in the tariff bill, how he reconciled his votes with his convictions. Oh, that is easy, he said. A large majority of my constituents are protectionists, and I am simply a representative.

At another time, when Judge Marshall, of Illinois, voted for the protection humbug of free tea, coffee and sugar, under the specious designation of a "free breakfast table," I asked why he, who was an ingrained and thoroughly educated free-trader, could support this baldheaded fraud of Judge Kelley. He hesitated a moment, but at last he said: "To tell you the plain truth, general, it is because I am a coward."

Of course legislation to a large extent, in the nature of things, is a matter of compromise and always will be,

but still there are some things that ought never to be compromised. The more I have seen of legislators, the more I am convinced of the truth of the old maxim, "that the country that is least governed is the best governed." There were some wise and true men in congress, and among them I always rated S. S. Cox, of New York, as a model for he was as true to his convictions as a needle to the pole, and he rarely made mistakes.

In the senate, Roscoe Conkling was one of the bravest. I rarely agreed with him, but I knew where to find him. He was as imperious as Cæsar, and as proud as Lucifer, but he was true to his word, and he never abandoned a friend to save himself.

Mr. Lincoln is reported as saying that statesmanship consists in the ability to control and combine the meanesses of men so as to promote measures for the public good. I hardly think this is fair or true. On the contrary, statesmanship seems to me the ability to convince and combine the ignorance of men so as to promote the public welfare. Still, upon the whole, I believe the insufficiencies of legislation grow out of selfishness and ignorance rather than wickedness.

Again, bad men are sometimes good legislators, although for reasons largely selfish, whilst on the other hand, good men are often bad legislators, though they think they are doing God service. After all the safety of a republic is in the intelligence and integrity of its people as a whole, who will not intentionally wrong themselves or tolerate wrong-doings in others. Where the people is king, we must educate the king. The "vox populi" is not always right, but it is always honest. For this reason I am a Democrat of the straightest sect, and for this reason I have sought to be an instructor of public opinion rather than a legislator.



## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE LIBERAL REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT.

Beginnings in Missouri—Call for a national convention—The Cincinnati fiasco—Horace Greeley nominated—Events in Cincinnati—Mozart Hall convention—Fifth Avenue conference—Greeley campaign—Liberals in 1873—Campaign in Ohio—Ohio Liberal newspaper established—The Tilden campaign—Interview with Mr. Tilden.

During the winter of 1871-'72 there was a good deal of talk among antitariff men in Washington in regard to the organization of a new party. In 1870, in the state of Missouri, there was a movement of dissatisfied Republicans, which was supported by the Democrats, which resulted in the formation of a party, which was known as the Liberal Party. This party put up a state ticket and elected it, and this success attracted the attention of other states, and the question arose as to the expediency of enlarging this party to national proportions. In Missouri the principal attraction of the liberal platform for dissatisfied Republicans, was a declaration in favor of tariff reform, and it seemed reasonable to conclude that what succeeded in Missouri might succeed elsewhere.

The first step towards a national organization of liberal Republicans was taken at a mass convention held at Jefferson City, Missouri, January 24, 1872, in pursuance of a call made by the executive committee of the Republican wing of the liberal party in that state. This convention put forth a declaration of principles, of which the two most important were demands for reconciliation between the North and South upon the basis of general

amnesty and enfranchisement, and a demand for tariff reform upon the basis of "a tariff for revenue only." The convention closed its proceedings by issuing a call for a national convention, to be held in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the first Monday of May ensuing, and an executive committee was appointed with Colonel William M. Grosvenor, of St. Louis, as chairman.

To Colonel Grosvenor more than to any other, and probably more than to all other persons, the liberal Republican Party owed its existence, both state and national. He was a man of great ability, and of tremendous energy, and these qualifications, together with his position as managing editor of the "St. Louis Democrat," made the movement a success. I became acquainted with Grosvenor at the time our first free-trade meeting was held in St. Louis, and some months later I spent two or three days with him, at his house in the suburbs of the city, where he was writing his great book entitled, "Does Protection Protect?" Grosvenor was an ideal leader for a political insurrection of any kind, and I became very much interested in him, and fully sympathized with his ideas and plans.

When I was in Washington I met him frequently, and when it became apparent that there was no earthly hope in the Republican Party for tariff reform, the free-trade Republicans (and I was one of them) were ripe for revolution. The result was that Grosvenor as captain and I as first lieutenant went to work to marshal the liberal Republican forces, so as to make such a showing at Cincinnati that the Democratic Party would indorse our action and make a union battle against the Republicans for the presidency.

Grosvenor had means from some source, probably from the friends of the cause in New York, and proceeded to work up a representation from the several states to the

proposed convention to be held at Cincinnati. Of course the press was used to the utmost, and there were a large number of newspapers friendly to the movement, and correspondence was instituted, with sympathizers wherever they could be found, to distribute documents and secure local organization. In furtherance of this work I was requested to canvass the states of Ohio and Michigan, and I did so, spending several weeks in the work. It is unnecessary to go into details; but the results were that when the convention met in Cincinnati we had an attendance of seven hundred. Practically it was a mass convention rather than a delegate convention; but it was sufficiently representative to indicate a tremendous revolt from the old party organizations.

Unfortunately the call for the convention was not sufficiently explicit to exclude discordant elements, and as the convention was a mass convention, the weakest element in the movement was able to control, and the result was the nomination of Horace Greeley, of New York. Mr. Greeley was a great man, and a good man; but to the friends of revenue reform he was the most objectionable man who could have been selected, and the result was disastrous.

Of all the defenders of protective tariff, Mr. Greeley had been the most conspicuous and the most violent, and however acceptable he might be in other directions, it was impossible to rally the free traders to his support with any large degree of unanimity. Then, again, he, more than any other man in America, had abused the Democratic Party in previous years, and his conversion to Democratic ideas was too recent to bring the Democratic Party to his unanimous support.

The liberal movement which culminated in the Cincinnati convention was organized and supported almost entirely by the friends of revenue reform, and to be over-

whelmed and captured by a horde of protectionists from New York was a sore disappointment. Except for the misjudgment of some of our friends, Mr. Greeley and his New York crowd would have been excluded.

Carl Schurz, Colonel Grosvenor and I roomed at the St. James Hotel, and all the preliminary conferences of delegates were held in an adjoining parlor, and the preliminaries of the convention were so arranged that Mr. Greeley would not have been a candidate if they had been carried out; but the committee appointed to carry out our program blundered, and the wooden-horse drama of old Troy was played over again, and the enemy triumphed.

Believing that the friends of Charles Francis Adams were strong enough to nominate him in any event, they telegraphed a concession to Mr. Greeley, which he accepted, and upon which the New York delegation came into the convention.

I had finished my dinner at the St. James and was on my way to the Burnet House when, near the corner of Vine street, I met one of our friends hurrying to headquarters to advise us what had been done. He told me his story, and said the committee had adjourned for dinner. In three minutes I was at the Burnet House and went directly to the diningroom, where I found our friends (I say friends, for they were such, although they made a fatal blunder), and asked if the story I had heard was true, and they said it was, and seemed to think it a very fine stroke of policy to secure the powerful support of the "New York Tribune" for our prospective candidate, by what they considered the harmless admission of the New York delegation to membership in the convention. I said to them at once: "Gentlemen, we are lost, and all our work is in vain." They could not see it in that light, and in any event it was too late to change front,

and the result was a stultification of the whole movement by the nomination of Mr. Greeley; and so again the course of history was changed by the turning of a hand.

I do not care to give the names of those who blundered, for, as Napoleon said: "A blunder sometimes is as bad as a crime." Mr. Greeley started with only one hundred and forty-seven ballots, but was finally nominated on the sixth ballot by a stampede of protectionists from the Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Indiana delegations, who had heretofore voted for Curtin, Trumbull, and Davis. When the nomination of Greeley was announced, George Hoadly (afterwards Governor Hoadly) and I were sitting together, and we at once rose to our feet, and left the convention, fully determined to have nothing more to do with it. We both knew that there was another convention in session at Mozart Hall, only a few blocks away, which was distinctively a tariff reform convention, and was ready to indorse the nomination by the liberals of Charles Francis Adams. This convention represented eleven states and was presided over by Judge Rufus P. Ranney, of Cleveland. Hoadly was also a delegate to this convention, and I suggested to him that we go there at once and get it to nominate Adams and adjourn. Hoadly agreed, and we started for Mozart Hall, but after we had gone a block Hoadly concluded he would return and see who was nominated for vice-president and then join me.

When I arrived at Mozart Hall, I found the convention redhot with indignation at the nomination, and was discussing the situation. As I came in some one (I think Judge Stallo, afterwards minister to Italy) offered a resolution to adjourn, subject to the call of the president, and argued that by a new call more states would be represented than were then present. Clearly, the thing

to do was then and there to nominate Adams and appeal to the Democratic Party for co-operation, but as no one present seemed to appreciate the situation the motion carried. If Hoadly had gone with me to Mozart Hall, this action would not have been taken. Greeley would not have been nominated by the Democratic Party, and Adams, in all human probability, would have been President.

So again the course of history was changed by the turn of a hand.

Notwithstanding the tremendous blundering of the Cincinnati convention, there were still elements of strength in it to attract a large following. Incongruous as Mr. Greeley was as a representative of tariff reform, he certainly was the most conspicuous of Republicans opposing a policy of vengeance against the conquered South. He saw clearly that with the abolition of slavery the causes of war had ceased to exist, and believed that a policy of conciliation and generosity was better than oppression, and he had the courage to advocate it. In this spirit he had bailed Jeff. Davis when under an indictment for treason, and boldly advocated in the "Tribune" a policy of peace and good-will between the sections as the highest statemanship. In doing this, he almost ruined the financial prosperity of the "Tribune," and evoked a cyclone of opposition from the Republican Party.

Thousands of Republicans sympathized with Mr. Greeley in his policy of conciliation, and of course all the Democrats, and, therefore, under the circumstances, after his nomination by the Cincinnati convention, he seemed to be the most available rallying point for the elements of opposition to the Republican Party. Of course, for a time, those of us who were tariff reformers, were greatly dissatisfied, but the more we thought about it,

the more we became convinced that the best course left us was to side-track the tariff and make the presidential fight for the policy of conciliation with Greeley as its prophet.

With a view to considering the matter in all its bearings, a conference of representative tariff reformers was called to a meeting at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York. The conference, of course, was private, but it comprised the leaders of the liberal movement, and all the phases of the situation were considered. By this time, distasteful as it was, I had made up my mind that our best policy was to support Mr. Greeley, but for a time the drift of opinion in the conference was against it; but finally, late at night, Carl Schurz, who was chairman of the conference, made the closing speech in favor of Mr. Greeley's indorsement, and a resolution to that effect was almost unanimously adopted. I had heard Mr. Schurz often, both in the senate and out of it, but I think this was the ablest effort I have ever heard from him. I often wish it could have been reported, but its effect was to carry the conference, and this action carried with it the indorsement of Mr. Greeley by the Democratic convention at Baltimore.

The wisdom of our action I have never doubted. Mr. Greeley was defeated, but the fiendish ferocity of the Republican Party was halted, and from that time to the present the policy of repression has steadily retreated, until at present it is practically a thing of the past.

The Fifth Avenue convention probably will not be noticed in history, but nevertheless it was an important factor, and without its action the Baltimore convention, in all probability, would not have indorsed Mr. Greeley as its presidential candidate.

During the Greeley campaign, the liberal Republicans of Ohio supported Mr. Greeley, but they preserved their

own separate organization, and I was chairman of the state executive committee. We co-operated with the Democratic Party, but did not merge ourselves into that organization. In fact, the liberal Republicans generally did not join the Democratic Party until 1876, when, under the leadership of Samuel J. Tilden, the Democratic Party committed itself fully to the doctrine of tariff reform.

During the Greeley campaign, I visited nearly every county in the state to strengthen our local organizations, and at our headquarters in Columbus we had the names and post-office addresses of about ten thousand liberal Republicans. Mr. Greeley failed of his election, not because of want of support from dissatisfied Republicans, but from the refusal of a large percentage of disgruntled Democrats to support him. We called them "Mossbacks," and their absence from the polls defeated Mr. Greeley. When Mr. Greeley took his famous trip through the states, I joined his party at Hamilton and accompanied him through Ohio, and after we parted at Ashtabula I never saw him again. He was a wonderful man in many ways. For two days I listened to his speeches from the rear end of his car, and they were simply marvelous in their completeness, and I doubt if they have ever been equaled. In this judgment, the reporters of the great daily newspapers, who were with us, fully agreed.

It was early morning when we reached Ashtabula. It was raining lightly, and the people were not advised of our coming. I shook hands with Mr. Greeley at the rear end of his car and bade him good-bye, and as the car rolled out into the mist he stood alone on the platform, and as he faded away into the distance I thought I had never seen so complete a personification of peace and good-will to men; and that vision of Horace Greeley, in



his light overcoat, under a soft white hat, has remained with me as a pleasant memory from that day to this. The more I saw of Mr. Greeley, the better I liked him, and, aside from his tariff heresies, I heartily sympathized with his political ideas. He wrote me frequently during the campaign, and was hopeful to the end; but he was defeated, and the mental strain was more than he could endure, and his career came to its sudden and pitiful ending.

As I have already said, the liberals, in 1872, did not amalgamate with the Democrats, but co-operated by supporting Mr. Greeley, after he had been nominated at Baltimore by the Democrats. As chairman of our state executive committee, I kept the organization well in hand, and kept it apart by itself, with a view to future usefulness. I have never known, in my time, a political organization more patriotic, intelligent, or unselfish, than the liberal Republican Party of Ohio. We asked nothing for ourselves, and sought for nothing but what we earnestly believed was for the public good.

The old party managers, finding that the liberal vote was not a purchasable quantity, turned in to abuse and villify us, and Republican and Democratic newspaper organs opened their batteries upon us all along the line. As a matter of self defense, I proposed to some of our friends that we should pool in a little money and run a weekly journal of our own, at least, during the coming campaign, and that I would edit it without compensation. This suggestion was approved, and a newspaper called "The Ohio Liberal" was started, with a capital stock of \$1,000.00 in shares of \$10.00 each. We expected, of course, to sink that amount and quit, but, to our surprise, "The Ohio Liberal" paid its expenses from the beginning, and we made it hot for our enemies, and accomplished a valuable educational work. As I was not

then engaged in active business, I gave my time almost exclusively to editorial and political work during that year, until after the election in October. Among other things, a liberal state convention was called, which met at Columbus on the 3d of July, and put in nomination a state ticket, with Judge Isaac Collins, of Cincinnati, at the head of it for governor. The leading planks of our platform were: "A tariff for revenue only; a non-partisan civil service; home rule, as opposed to centralization; and a strict accountability, and a more rigid economy, in the administration of public affairs. Our opponents called us "fusionists" and "soreheads," and various other complimentary names, but, nevertheless, we polled over ten thousand votes in the state, and demonstrated our right to live and be heard.

At the close of the campaign I accepted the position as cashier of the Mansfield Savings Bank, which my friend, M. D. Harter, and I had organized during the summer. We opened the bank, October 15, 1873, and I have been associated with it ever since—first as cashier, then as vice-president, and president. "The Ohio Liberal," in the meantime, became my property, and I put my son Robert in charge of it for a time, and then employed a manager for it. In this way I continued until Samuel J. Tilden was nominated for President, to whom the "Liberal" gave its support.

After the Tilden campaign was over, and Mr. Tilden was cheated out of his election, I sold out the "Liberal" office and good-will, and, after running some years as an independent paper, it was purchased and absorbed by the "Mansfield News." The "Liberal" did a good work in its day and generation, and I have always been proud of it. What it did and how it was conducted can be seen by consulting its files in the Memorial Library, where I

have left them for the edification of any one who cares to consult them.

The files of the "Mansfield Herald" for the four years of my control, as well as those of the "Liberal," are in the Memorial Library, and are the only Mansfield papers of those periods that have been preserved, so far as I know. The files of the "Shield and Banner" for the many years of John Y. Glessner's ownership, were destroyed by fire, and those of the "Herald," before my time, were not preserved; so that the eight years of my newspaper career are the only continuous records of Mansfield history during those years. During those years I also collected and published in my papers the pioneer history of the county, which otherwise would have been irretrievably lost.

With the nomination of Samuel J. Tilden for President in 1876, the liberal Republicans of Ohio were entirely satisfied, and heartily supported him. To me, the nomination of Mr. Tilden was a surprise. The Democratic Party had been floundering in the doldrums so long that I had almost ceased to expect from it any return to political sanity.

Some months before this event I was in Columbus, and called upon my old friend General Hayes, who was then governor, and who was also a prospective candidate for the Republican Party. In our conversation he asked me what I thought of the political outlook. I said to him that I thought his chances for the nomination very promising, and I felt very sure if he could hold the Ohio delegation until the third or fourth ballot, he would surely get it. His reply was that he could hold his delegation, but he had no expectations of sufficient support from other states to carry him through. I assured him I had no doubt as to the action of other states if Ohio stood by him as a unit. I assured him also that if

nominated, the liberal Republicans, under existing conditions, would very generally support him; certainly I would do so unless the Democratic Party should have a streak of sanity, which I did not expect, and nominate Samuel J. Tilden. He laughed and said that I was likely to be a political orphan, for the chances were that neither he nor Tilden would be nominated. However, as the weeks rolled by both were nominated, and I was at home again in the Democratic fold.

I had met Mr. Tilden two or three times, at political conferences during the Greeley campaign, but never in such a way as to form any definite idea as to his personal characteristics. I knew his political record well, for he belonged to the old democracy of New York with which my father was affiliated, and of which Martin Van Buren, Silas Wright and Wm. L. Marcy were the leading exponents, and of course all my traditions were friendly to him.

Soon after his nomination, I had occasion to go to New York City on my way to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. My daughters were with me and we stopped off at Saratoga for a few days, and then went on to Albany to take the steamer down the Hudson. The day boat did not leave until the next morning, so we went to the Delevan House with a view to such sight-seeing during the day as the city might afford.

At that time William Dorsheimer, whom I knew very well, was lieutenant governor of the state. His father had been in congress with my kinsman, Judge Jacob Brinkerhoff, and as Democratic free-soilers their relations were very cordial, and I had known him for a number of years, and had visited his family in Buffalo.

Now that I was in Albany, I concluded to call upon Mr. Dorsheimer, and for that purpose went to his office

in the state house. However, I did not find him as he was out of the city, but in passing through the building, I noticed upon one of the doors the name of John D. Van Buren, Jr., state engineer. As I had known his father, I went in and introduced myself. He seemed pleased to see me and invited me to go with him and call upon the secretary of state, Hon. John Bigelow. Mr. Bigelow had been the managing editor of the "New York Evening Post" when I met him. He seemed very much interested in my report of the political situation in Ohio, and urged me to call upon Governor Tilden in the evening, who would be at home at that time, after an absence of some days, and proposed that he and Mr. Van Buren would go with me.

This invitation I was glad to accept, and after a pleasant afternoon visiting places of interest in the city, Mr. Bigelow and Van Buren called for me at the Delevan House, and we went to the governor's mansion. Mr. Tilden received us cordially, and after half an hour's talk with him we arose to go. He went with us to the hall door and there said to me that he was much interested in my views of the political outlook, and he would be greatly obliged if I would stay and spend the evening with him. He said he had been with his brother for several days, who was very ill, and it would be a relief to him to have some one to talk to. Such an invitation from a presidential candidate, and possible President, was not to be refused, and so I stayed with him until nearly midnight.

Mr. Tilden was certainly a very remarkable man, and in some respects a phenomenal man. In his knowledge of American politics and of the men and measures connected therewith, I have never known his equal. At that time I thought I knew Ohio politics about as well as any man in the state; but I found in comparison with Mr.

Tilden I was a pigmy. His information of men and measures was not only vast and minute, but I judge he had it tabulated and filed away by his secretaries for ready reference. At any rate, he took me to his library and showed me how he kept track of his own state. In New York he seemed to have made it his business, in political campaigns, to deal with individual workers of his party in each locality, rather than with party committees. By this personal attention each man felt complimented, and would naturally be more interested in his welfare. Of course this method required a large correspondence, but it was a work his secretaries could do for the most part, and the results were a popularity for Mr. Tilden among the rank and file of his party, that few men have equaled.

In leaving Mr. Tilden, I expressed my appreciation of the pleasant evening I had spent with him, and said that I had only one favor to ask of him and that was that he should take good care of his health, for I thought he would be our next President, and I wanted him to live through his term of office, and carry out the policies he had indicated to me. He laughed and said he had about closed his term of office as governor of New York without impairment, and that, he was sure, was a more trying ordeal than the presidency of the United States. "However," he said, "it is a task I do not covet, and did not seek. I had planned to retire from public life and spend the remainder of my days at my home on the Hudson. I have seen enough of public life to know how unsatisfying it is. Aside from a sense of duty discharged to the state, it is vanity and vexation of spirit. Supposing I should be President for four years, or even eight years, what would it amount to me personally? It would be so many years of vexatious work, and unlimited partisan abuse, and then in history, a hundred years hence, about all that would be known about me would be a few inches of space in the biographical dictionaries."

In conclusion, he was cheerful in the thought that the triumph of the policies he represented ought to be a joy to every citizen, and it certainly would be a joy to him if he could aid in bringing it about. As I shook hands with Mr. Tilden and passed out into the night, never to see him again, I felt that of all men he was the best man for the presidency at that time, and I think so yet. That he was elected and ought to have been inaugurated, is now, I think, generally conceded. I have said elsewhere that he was "cheated out of his election." That expression perhaps may be too strong, for it is possible that those who brought it about were so blinded by partisan prejudice that they thought they were doing God's service in excluding him. One of the judges of the United States District Court said to me, not long after that, that Mr. Tilden was probably elected, but to allow the Democratic Party to come into power at that time was too dangerous to be thought of.

After assenting to a tribunal to arbitrate the matter of Mr. Tilden's election, there was nothing to do but to submit to its conclusions. I have never blamed Mr. Hayes for accepting its award. Not to have done so would have probably inaugurated a civil war, worse than the war of the rebellion. It was a pity that so good a man as Hayes should feel compelled to discharge the duties of an office to which he must have felt that its title to him, to say the least, was very doubtful.

After his retirement from the presidency, the career of General Hayes was more creditable than that of any other ex-president. I was associated with him intimately for nearly ten years, as vice-president of the National Prison Association, of which he was president, and in other philanthropic work, and I am glad to testify that his services were of the highest value. Of this period I shall have more to say hereafter.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## HISTORY, BANKING AND GENEALOGY.

Pioneers of Ohio—Ohio Archæological Society—Objects of the society—Life as a banker—Manasfield Lyceum—Genealogy—Local History—Beecher trial.

The pioneer history which I had been gathering, as opportunity offered, for twenty years, and much of which I had published in the "Herald" and "Liberal," was finally, in 1880-'81, aggregated, arranged and published in a large volume, under the supervision and editorship of A. A. Graham, the secretary of the Ohio Historical Society.

It was a costly luxury for me, as the expenses far outran the receipts, but nevertheless early history was preserved, and my duty to the pioneers was fully discharged. In fact, so far as my knowledge extends, the early annals of Richland county have been preserved as fully and as accurately as those of any other county in the state. A century hence this fact will be more fully recognized than it is now, and the value of my work will be appreciated. At any rate, I have had the satisfaction of canceling whatever indebtedness I may have had to the generation which preceded me in the obligations to preserve a record of what it accomplished. Some one said that "He who fails to commemorate the deeds of his ancestors deserves to be forgotten himself."

"History is philosophy teaching by example," and without history there can be no progress. Therefore it is incumbent upon us not only to make history, but also



to preserve it. If creditable, it is an inspiration; if dis-creditable, it is a warning; and in either event, it is helpful.

The causes of events in Ohio history are an interesting and instructive study, and for generations to come no one will be able to understand fully existing institutions without a thorough knowledge of the first half of the present century, for the spirit of the pioneers will remain and their image and superscription will be visible so long as Ohio shall continue as a social and political entity.

My study of pioneer history, very naturally, led me into the study of all that could be ascertained in regard to the Indian tribes driven out by the pioneers, and also all that could be ascertained in regard to the races that antedated the Indians, and whose existence is manifested all over Ohio, by mounds, earthworks and implements of stone. I cannot remember when I was not interested in archæology, but my contact with Ohio pioneers and their collections of prehistoric relics, intensified that interest, and led me into the organization of what is now known as the Ohio Archæological and Historical Association.

It so happened that in the early summer of 1875 the state conference of Congregationalists was held in Mansfield, and in the entertainment of delegates four were assigned to me, and among them the Reverend S. D. Peet, pastor of a church at Ashtabula, Ohio. I soon discovered that Mr. Peet was in hearty sympathy with me in archæological investigations, and that he had devoted a good deal of time and study to Ohio archæology, and had visited a large number of mounds and other earthworks, and was acquainted with a good many collectors.

We mutually agreed that something ought to be done to secure a systematic examination of the prehistoric remains of Ohio, with a view to their preservation, and I

proposed a call for a state convention of archæologists, and agreed to issue and work it up if he would arrange a program and secure the necessary papers and speakers. This was agreed upon and I prepared a call, and issued circulars, and wrote up the subject for the newspapers, and the result was that we convened a convention at Mansfield, which met on the 1st day of September, 1875, and we had an attendance of about fifty, among whom were quite a number of the leading archæologists of the state.

The conference continued two days, and was in all respects a success, and resulted in the organization of "The State Archæological Association of Ohio," of which I was elected president, and which has continued until the present.

In 1876, an appropriation of \$2,500.00 was given to the association to make an archæological exhibit at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, and in which Ohio eclipsed all other states, and was second only to the Smithsonian collection. Subsequently, for several years, annual meetings of the association were held at various places in the state, where prehistoric remains could be examined, and a permanent interest has been aroused. The association was subsequently incorporated as the "Ohio Archæological and Historical Association," and its annual reports and other publications show what it has accomplished. It is now under state patronage, and seems likely to be permanent and increasingly useful. I am a life member of the society, and during its entire history have been either president, vice-president, or a member of its board of trustees. At its annual meeting, in 1892, General Hayes was elected president, and died in the month of January following. At our annual meeting, in February, 1893, I was elected to succeed him, and have since been annually re-elected.

Our society has done a very important work, and has steadily grown in strength and usefulness. Our museum in Orton Hall at the state university contains a collection of prehistoric relics numbering over 50,000. We have also secured, as the permanent property of the state, the two most famous monuments of the mound builders, Fort Ancient and the Serpent Mound. The first is in Warren county and comprises an area of 260 acres of land, and the latter in Adams county, 58 acres.

The following extract from my address of welcome, at Mansfield, to the delegates indicates the objects aimed at by the proposed association:

“Our object in instituting this convention is to bring about such an organization and such co-operation as will induce every county to collect and to concentrate and contribute to a common fund whatever can be gleaned within its borders upon archæological subjects. Ohio is rich in prehistoric remains. As much so, perhaps, as any state in the Union. It is estimated that of ancient mounds alone known to exist within our borders there are over ten thousand in number. There is, perhaps, no body of land of equal size upon this continent or even upon the globe which is better fitted for human habitation, support and enjoyment than this very State of Ohio. It has been so probably from the very beginning of the existence of the human family upon this planet. The prehistoric man knew a good country just as well as we do, hence he made Ohio and the Ohio valley the home of the teeming populations and the seat of empire. It was so then, it is so now, and it will continue to be so as long as the earth remains under existing conditions. It is meet, therefore, that the Ohio valley should take the lead in archæological investigations. The field is richer than any other, and the harvest is riper, but the laborers are few. What we specially desire just now, and what we consider the most immediate and pressing work of this convention, is to secure laborers in this archæological harvest. Let us gather the grain into the storehouses before it is utterly destroyed by the trampling hoofs of modern utilitarianism. Let us gather the grain first and leave to a leisurely future the more pleasant task of converting it into all desirable scientific uses. In short, we want a relic hunter in every county and township in the state who will

bring to the knowledge of a central association, and through that association to the knowledge of the world at large, all the information that his locality can furnish upon archaeological subjects. This should be our first work. Energetic collecting, of course, does not exclude energetic thinking, and, therefore, contemporaneously with the collector, the scientist is required to arrange and classify and generalize and interpret; each one in the department specially assigned him. By this means we shall make progress, and it is the only way in which we can make much progress.

"This co-operation, gentlemen of the convention, is what I conceive to be the main [object of your assembling here to-day. Of course, the ultimate outcome of all this is far higher and nobler than the mere gathering of relics. Relics are only the letters of the archæologist's alphabet, but, nevertheless, they are the indispensable beginning of all archæological knowledge. What this knowledge will lead to, no one can tell; but still, now, as heretofore, in all the ages of the past, 'the noblest study of mankind is man.' What are we? Whence came we? Whither are we tending? These are the mighty questions which clamor for solution in the universal heart of man. It is true, we have a written revelation which answers these questions, and many of us, and perhaps all of us who are here to-day, believe that it answers them rightly, but still we admit that there is another gospel which, so far as its revelations extend, is more conclusively true to most persons than the other. The gospel of nature is a thing of the senses. It can be seen and felt and handled and tasted. It cannot be interpolated by deceitful or designing men to an extent beyond detection, and, therefore, if the gospel of nature comes in conflict with the gospel of revelation, the latter must go to the wall. It is inevitably so in the nature of things.

"Now, for myself, I am free to confess to you that I believe in both these gospels. My happiness in the present, for the most part, and all my hopes for the future, are based on their truthfulness and their essential harmony. With faith shaken in either, existence becomes the saddest enigma of which it is possible to conceive. Nevertheless, let us have the truth, withersoever it may lead. If, then, we are to seek for truth in the line of human destiny, where can we search more hopefully than in the line of human experience? This is archæology in its highest and noblest sense.

"Archæology, it is true, is but a single chapter in the gospel of nature, but it is so associated and correlated that its interpretation

demands a mastery of all others. It is not the first, but the last. It is not the root, or the stem, or the branch, or the leaf, but the consummate flower of nature. It is the keystone of the mighty arch which the aeons of the infinite past have builded. In the temple of nature, therefore, archæology is the inner sanctuary, and to-day, as we stand upon its threshold, let us do so reverently and in the spirit of Him who loosed the sandals from His feet because the ground upon which He stood was holy ground.

"Do I magnify mine office? Do I, as an archæologist, overstate our mission? Nay, verily, there is no higher theme than man and his destiny, and certainly the only way that science can prophesy man's destiny is by the study of man's history. What has been will be; but in the order of nature we may hope that it will be more abundant in all that is good. Let us then know all we can of man as he has been. The poet has said that,

"We are the same our fathers have been;  
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;  
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,  
And run the same course our fathers have run.'

"Whether this be true or not, archæology alone can interpret from the gospel of nature. This, then, oh friends, is the duty which lies before us to-day. It is to turn the leaves and study the records of this gospel of nature in its teachings of man; and in behalf of those who have convened this assembly, I bid you welcome."

In 1866, I had left the volunteer service and declined an appointment in the regular army, with the settled determination to return to my profession as a lawyer as my life work, but I was switched off into politics and upon the lecture platform, and did not finally settle down into a law office until 1871, and then I soon discovered that the process of building up a law practice was a slower process than I had anticipated. However, I plodded along and began to make a start, when Michael D. Harter, who was my friend and near neighbor, proposed to start a bank if I would accept the position of cashier.

I knew nothing of banking business and doubted my

ability to succeed in that line, and for some months I hesitated, but finally, under his assurance that my large acquaintance would be an important factor in the enterprise, I finally went in, with the understanding that it should be a life work, and that, in case Mr. Harter at any time should desire to withdraw, I should have the privilege of purchasing his interest at an agreed or an appraised value. We purchased a lot and put up a banking building, and commenced business on the 15th day of October, 1873; and from that day to the present the Mansfield Savings Bank has been a prosperous institution. A dozen years after the opening of the bank, Mr. Harter transferred to me all his interest, except \$1,000 of stock.

My life as a banker has been a satisfaction in many ways, but mainly because it has enabled me to be at home and to command my time outside of regular banking hours, so that I have had time for study and thought and active usefulness in many directions outside of mere money getting. In fact, my business as a banker has been a help rather than a hindrance in all forms of philanthropic work, for it has kept me in close contact with all classes of people, and enabled me to understand sociological conditions and requirements more thoroughly than it would have been possible in a profession or in any other business. In short, whatever I have been able to accomplish as a philanthropist has been largely due to the fact that a kind Providence has given me the opportunities that a banker's life has offered.

I have never had an ambition to be rich. The attainment of riches, as a rule, dwarfs the higher faculties of a man, and when attained they are a vast temptation to their possessor, and a danger to his children, if he is so fortunate as to have children, and I am entirely satisfied in the realization of the prayer of Ager, "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

Banking, of all the forms of business with which I am acquainted, is the most dependent for success upon absolute honesty, and the result is that bankers are stimulated by the requirements of their occupation to habits of integrity, industry and a moral life, and any business that does this is not a bad one to follow.

During the years that I have been the executive officer of a bank, there has rarely been a day in which we have not entrusted hundreds, and sometimes thousands of dollars to other bankers, without the scratch of a pen, and without any knowledge of their standing except that they were reported as bankers, and during that time I cannot recall half a dozen instances in which any loss has been sustained. Certainly I would not take risks of this kind with any other class of men. The truth is that, taken as a whole, the money of bank depositors is safer by far than it would be in their own possession. Taking the banks of the United States as a whole, I do not believe that, in my time, one mill in a thousand dollars of the entire amount of money entrusted to them, has ever been lost. I am thankful that my business life, in the main, has been passed in an occupation so honorable in itself, and so useful to mankind.

Since the year 1873, I have been interested in maintaining the Mansfield Lyceum, of which I was one of the founders, and have always felt that in aiding to keep it alive and healthy, I have never done a better work for my fellow townsmen. It is a work which has never been appreciated, and probably never will be, but nevertheless it has yielded an ample reward in my own intellectual improvement, and in the satisfaction of knowing that some good has been done for others.

The lyceum, like several other societies of a similar character which preceded it, would have come to an end through want of financial aid, at the end of its second

year, but fortunately, upon the completion of the new court-house, I was invited to deliver the dedication address, and this service gave me an influence with the county commissioners which secured a room for its library and its meetings, free of rent, so that we were able to keep it alive, and in fair working order, until at last, in 1890, a better home was attained in the Memorial Library building. From its beginning the lyceum has been conducted for the mutual improvement of its members and not for the entertainment of the public, and as a rule its discussions have been devoted to high themes in which the general public is not interested. Social science topics, however, are those that always received larger attention than others. By social science is meant the study of all that relates to social improvement, which includes a multitude of subjects of practical value to every community, all of which require careful consideration, in order to secure right action, which can only come through an enlightened public sentiment. Limited to these investigations the membership of the lyceum will always be small in numbers.

Probably not more than one in a hundred of our adult population will care to give attention or thought to such investigation, but nevertheless it is a work that must be done if our city or any other is to keep pace with the progress of our modern civilization. What the community needs is the truth upon all questions pertaining to the general welfare, and the truth can only be reached by careful investigation and thorough discussion.

During the quarter of a century in which the Mansfield Lyceum has had its being, nearly all of the leading improvements of the city had their origin in its investigations and discussions. Of course the general public has no knowledge of this fact, but it is a fact nevertheless. From the Mansfield Lyceum ideas have crystallized



into legislation which has been useful to the entire state. The State Board of Health is one of the children of the Mansfield Lyceum, and there are others of equal eminence. In short, the Mansfield Lyceum has been the mental ganglia of the city, and now that we of the old guard are passing away, we leave it to the younger generation to retain and perpetuate its usefulness. If Young America fails to utilize the opportunities we have provided for them, so much the worse for Young America.

Among the various hobbies I have ridden in my time, I do not remember of any that has yielded me more enjoyment than that of genealogy, and I am not sure but the results of my work in that direction will be as permanently useful as anything I have attempted. I have been able to bring to the knowledge of the Brinkerhoff family, now numbering not less than two thousand of the name, and of course several thousand of collateral descent, so that of the Brinkerhoff name and blood there are now, perhaps, ten thousand persons living who date back to Joris Dircksen Brinkerhoff, who came to this country in 1638, and settled in what is now the city of Brooklyn. The Brinkerhoff family, therefore, is one of the oldest Holland families in this country. I do not know of any family with a better record, and I have been able to bring to the knowledge of every member of this family the inspiring facts of its history, and thereby give it an "*esprit du corps*" which can not be otherwise than powerful for good as long as it exists upon the earth.

Through ten generations, down to the present hour, so far as we know, not a single person of the Brinkerhoff name has ever been convicted of an offense against the criminal laws, and they have uniformly been an upright, law-abiding, God-fearing people, and the fact that they have always been such must be a powerful deter-

ent to any deflection from the family traditions. As my father used to say to us children, "The Brinkerhoffs have never been very rich or very famous, but in an unbroken line from Joris Dircksen, through seven generations, on both your father's and mother's side, in an unbroken line, without exception, they have been trustworthy, loyal, Christian men and women, and I do not want any of you to break out of the line."

We have now reached the tenth generation of Brinkerhoffs in this country, and the fact that I have been able to preserve for them, and those that succeed them, the honorable record of the family in the past, is certainly a satisfaction to me, and I am very sure will be a perennial fountain of good to them. For nearly six hundred years we know that the family motto on the family coat of arms has been "*constans fides et integritas*," and I trust it will continue as a characteristic of every member so long as the Brinkerhoff name exists upon the earth.

My efforts in the direction of genealogy resulted in the publication of a book in 1886, entitled: "The Joris Dircksen Brinkerhoff Family," in which all authentic information in regard to the early history of the family has been preserved. Also the history of the Pennsylvania and New York Brinkerhoffs, quite fully. It is a volume of about two hundred pages, and the edition of one thousand five hundred copies was widely distributed among our kinsmen and in public libraries.\*

In the winter of 1875 I was a delegate to the famous Beecher trial, in association with the pastor of our church, Rev. S. B. Bell.

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\* Since the foregoing was written, I prepared and published the genealogy of my wife's family, in a pamphlet of twenty pages, entitled, "The Bentley Family," but limited mainly to Ohio Bentleys, although it has an honorable record as far back as the early colonial days in Rhode Island.

Henry Ward Beecher was the most wonderful orator I have ever heard, and I had heard him and met him several times before the outbreak of the scandal with which his name had been connected during the previous year. The charge of immorality made by Theodore Tilton in 1874 had been investigated by a committee of his church, and pronounced groundless. A trial for civil damages made by Tilton failed by a jury verdict of nine to three, and now a third and final investigation was instituted by Plymouth Church, which was conducted by an ecclesiastical court composed of delegates from all the leading Congregational churches of the United States. The trial lasted for ten days, and all possible evidence bearing upon the case was produced, and resulted in a verdict fully exonerating Mr. Beecher. I was deeply interested in the trial, and not only listened to the testimony given, but sought outside for additional information during adjournment intervals. I became thoroughly satisfied that Mr. Beecher was the victim of an outrageous blackmail conspiracy, and felt that the council ought to make its verdict of acquittal so emphatic that it would make a final ending of all suspicions against him.

When, at the close of the hearing, the council went into executive session for final action, there did not seem to be any difference of opinion as to Mr. Beecher's innocence; but there were many who felt that Mr. Beecher was indiscreet in some things, and felt disposed to say so. Such action I felt would be uncharitable and unkind, and a hindrance to his future usefulness; and so for the first time in the entire discussion I took a part. It was well on toward midnight, but as a layman, who had not consumed a moment of time, I claimed a hearing and got it. I think I interested the council, for the members gathered around me closely and listened with marked attention, and when the voting came I carried my point.



I think Mr. Beecher felt that I had been of some service in shaping the verdict, for he invited me to dinner the next day with a few of his special friends. However this may be, Mr. Beecher stood fair with the world thenceforth, and the old splendor of his life was renewed and continued to the end. Theodore Tilton left the country and disappeared from public view.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## CAREER AS A PHILANTHROPIST.

Ohio Board of State Charities—Secretary A. G. Byres—Visiting institutions in Canada and the east—Social Science Association—National Conference of Charities and Correction—Advance in care of the insane—Contribution to the “Boston Congregationalist”—Plans for the Toledo Asylum—Boards of county visitors—Removal of children from county infirmaries—National Conference of 1882 and 1883—Paper on building plans—Minneapolis incident—Inspiration from England—Friendship of Barwick Baker—The convict lease system—Ex-Governor Anderson as an orator.

A philanthropist, according to the dictionary, is “one who loves and serves mankind.” Every Christian must be a philanthropist, for the very essence of Christianity is service to men, through love of the Master, and therefore all Christians worthy of the name are philanthropists, and as such helpers of their fellow-men according to their opportunities and their capacity.

My own opportunities for philanthropic work have been largely increased by official position, and as I am responsible to the state as well as to God for my conduct in such position, it seems proper that I should write of it under the head I have adopted for this chapter, without violating the admonition not to let thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth, and I will confine myself to a brief review of my work as a member of the Board of State Charities and kindred associations. The work of our board, or at least its results, is a matter of record in our annual reports, so that it does not seem necessary to

say very much more to give a definite idea of my own work in that direction.

I was appointed a member of the board in April, 1878, by Governor Bishop. When he first wrote to me asking my consent to such appointment, I declined upon the ground that I could not give the time essential for the proper discharge of its duties. He asked me to come and see him, which I did, and, after talking it over with him, finally consented to try it awhile.

When I came upon the board the other members were John W. Andrews, of Columbus, a retired lawyer and a man of ability, and of excellent judgment, and after serving with him for ten years, I feel safe in saying he was the most valuable man we have had upon the board. Next to him I rank Joseph Perkins, of Cleveland, in point of ability, and his service commenced with the formation of the board in 1867. He was a man of large inherited wealth, and gave his life to benevolent work, and as a philanthropist in the largest sense, he was not surpassed by anyone in the history of the state. He was a man of large ability, and in all respects was a Christian gentleman.

Charles Boesel was another member of the board who represented the German element, and was a most excellent man. The remaining member of the board was Murray Shipley, of Cincinnati, who is still interested in benevolent work in that city, but he remained on the board only a few months. Coming into the association with men so thoroughly informed, and so competent, I soon became interested in the work, and its magnitude has grown upon me ever since. I was the youngest man on the board, and as I had been active in politics for many years, the other members put upon me the work of dealing with the general assembly when legislation was desired, and as I was a Democrat, and the legislature was

Democratic at that time, I was appointed to prepare the annual report of the board for the year 1878.

In addition, at my suggestion, the governor in his annual message, recommended to the general assembly to ask the Board of State Charities to appear before it and present their views upon needed legislation. A resolution of the house, in response, extended such invitation, and I was appointed by the board to prepare the address. Of course I had the reports, and advice of my associate members, and my address, as delivered and published, became the starting point of considerable legislation.

Reverend A. G. Byers had been the secretary of the board from its creation, and was the best informed man in the state in regard to the workings of our state institutions. He had also been chaplain of the Ohio penitentiary for six years, and was an expert in prison work, so that in him I had a most competent instructor in all matters pertaining to the work of the board.

During the summer of 1878, Dr. Byers and I took a month's trip in visiting institutions in the East and in Canada, and learned a good deal, so that by the time I had to write the report and meet the legislature, I was tolerably well informed, and in looking over what I then wrote I do not see any occasion to make any large changes in my conclusions.

In my address to the legislature I took strong ground in favor of a nonpartisan administration of our public institutions. This gave offense to many of the members, and on the strength of it they voted down a resolution proposing to publish my address. Mr. Perkins, however, directed Dr. Byers to have one thousand five hundred copies printed and send the bill to him for payment, which was done, and the address was duly circulated.

In the fall of 1878, the National Social Science Association met in Cincinnati, and Dr. Byers and I attended.

At this meeting the section known as the section upon charities and corrections, separated from the parent association, and organized independently, as the National Conference of Charities and Corrections, and appointed an independent meeting for the ensuing year at Chicago, and since 1878 the National Conference of Charities has been entirely separated from the Social Science Association, and I have attended all its annual sessions except two, viz., those at St. Louis and San Francisco.

I have spoken of the National Conference of Charities and Correction as a section of the Social Science Association, and so in fact it was at that time, but it really had an independent origin, which grew out of a small meeting of members of the Board of State Charities held in New York City in 1874, and one independent conference was held in 1875 at Detroit, Mich. After that, in 1876, it met with the Social Science Association in Saratoga, N. Y., in 1877, and in Cincinnati in 1878. At that time its members outnumbered all the other sections combined, and arranged for a separate existence, which it has since maintained.

For the conference of 1879 I prepared a paper, entitled "Infirmity Building," which was a very careful study of the subject, and which I still adhere to, although its suggestions of segregation and classification have not been largely accepted. This paper can be found in the published report of the national conference of 1879, and also in the report of our board for that year. At the Chicago conference I was appointed president for the ensuing year.

In April, 1879, M. D. Carrington, of Toledo, was appointed a member of the board, to succeed Murray Shipley. He was a man of large business experience, and was a valuable member, and remained with us until he died in 1886.



The report of the board for 1879 was written by Mr. Andrews. One of the rules of the board was that nothing should go into a report except by the assent of every member, and the reports from that day to this have been unanimous. If we cannot convince each other we do not try to convince the legislature.

At the National Conference of Charities held in Chicago in June, 1879, I was elected president for the ensuing year, and Cleveland, Ohio, was selected as the place of meeting. A resolution was also adopted by the conference, as follows:

*“Resolved, That the president of the conference be requested to present at the opening of the next year’s session an address upon the work of the year, including legislation and administration.”*

In the preparation of this address (which is published in the report of the conference of 1880), I opened up a correspondence with the governors of states and territories, which not only brought me large information, but initiated several important reforms, which culminated in later years. Among these was the abolition of the lease system in some of the Southern States and the erection of United States prisons for United States prisoners. These reforms are not yet wholly completed, but they are so far advanced as to be practically assured.

During the session of the Ohio legislature for 1879–80 (see Ohio Laws, Vol. 77, pp. 227–228), I secured the passage of an amendatory act, increasing the membership of the Board of State Charities to six and making it nonpartisan. Additional powers were also conferred.

The new member under this act was William Howard Neff, who has since been one of our most intelligent, efficient and active members.

The National Conference of Charities and Corrections for 1880 cost me a great deal of hard work, but its re-

sults were sufficiently gratifying to repay me amply, and the conference from that year has become an increasing power for good throughout the United States, and its annual reports constitute the most valuable library of information now attainable upon the subjects considered.

In 1881, the national conference was held in Boston, and, as my custom has been every year, in going to and coming from a conference, I visited institutions. This year I took in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, and my report of observations was published in the report of our board for that year.

My contribution to the papers of the conference of 1881 was a report "on the work of boards of state charities," which has been credited with settling to a large extent the question of executive or nonexecutive powers for such boards. At any rate, nearly all boards of state charities since organized are in the line of its suggestions.

The dominant question for consideration during the first few years of my service upon the Board of State Charities, was that of mechanical restraints in the care of the insane. Dr. Richard Gundry, superintendent of the Athens Asylum, was the first man in America to abolish entirely such restraints, and he had also inaugurated the system at the Central Asylum at Columbus upon his transfer to that institution.

Other superintendents resisted this reform, and this contention was in progress when I came to the consideration of the subject in 1878. Dr. Byers, our secretary, was an enthusiastic convert to Dr. Gundry's ideas, but the members of the board, as became them, were not disposed to commit themselves officially until experience should bring conclusive proofs.

As a new member, I had no convictions for or against, but I became deeply interested and sought information

by travel and study in all directions. In arriving at a definite conclusion, I was influenced largely by Dr. H. B. Wilbur, superintendent of the Asylum for Imbecile Youths, at Syracuse, New York, whom I visited.

Dr. Wilbur, in 1875, had visited Europe, and upon his return made a report of progress made in England and Scotland in dispensing with mechanical restraints in the care of the insane, and advocated the adoption of the system in America. He was attacked upon all sides by the old superintendents, and when I met him was in the midst of that controversy.

I was impressed by what he told me and read the literature he gave me, and soon became satisfied that the nonrestraint system was right, and our board soon became of the same mind, so that we came up to the support of the new methods with a united voice, and we now have the satisfaction of knowing that in Ohio, today, there are practically no mechanical restraints in any of our state institutions.

In fact, that battle has been fought and won, not only for Ohio, but for America, and the progress made in the care of the insane in the last twenty years has been greater than in the previous half century. In bringing this about, I did what I could with voice and pen; whether effectually or not I do not know; but to have been a part, however small, in accomplishing this great progress, is to feel that I have not lived in vain.

During these years, upon the request of the editor of "The Congregationalist," of Boston, I prepared a series of articles presenting the various phases of charitable and correctional work, and among them is one entitled "Progress in the Care of the Insane," which was published July 10, 1884, and presented the nonrestraint system quite fully; and judging from the responses I received it was influential for good.

Prior to this, however, I had written up this subject more fully in a report to the governor, which was published in the annual report of the Board of State Charities for 1882, and led to the establishment of the asylum at Toledo. The Toledo asylum was authorized by act of April 18, 1883 (Ohio Laws, vol. 80, page 181), which provided "that the governor, attorney general, secretary of state, auditor of state and Roeliff Brinkerhoff are hereby appointed a commission to determine upon the manner in which provision shall be made for the care of the insane, and in making such provision said commission is authorized to adopt plans which shall provide for the expenditure of a sum not to exceed \$500,000, and with a capacity of not less than six hundred and fifty patients."

The way I happened to be a member of this commission came about from the fact that the legislature was unable to agree upon a location for the proposed asylum, and to save the appropriation it was agreed by common consent that the question of location should be devolved upon a commission of five of the state officers, in the order of rank, commencing with the governor.

When the proposition was reported to Governor Foster, he at first declined to serve; but becoming satisfied that the appropriation would be lost unless he did serve, he finally agreed that he would do so on condition that he should name a member of the commission outside of the state officers. This having been assented to, he named me, and I was accordingly named in the bill. By the time this information came to me the legislature had adjourned. I was very reluctant to serve upon this commission, but the law made no provision for filling a vacancy, and acceptance seemed a necessity, and so I accepted.

At the first meeting of the commission, after organiz-

ing and electing Dr. Byers as secretary, the governor turned to me and said: "Now, General, what do you want? You are the only member of the commission who has given special attention to the care of the insane, and we propose to hold you responsible for whatever system we adopt. We will have our say in location, but you must determine the system." To this I assented, with the assurance that I would propose no system that did not have the unanimous approval of the Board of State Charities.

Our board was very desirous that provision should be made for state care of all insane people in our county infirmaries, and insisted that no system should be adopted that did not make such provision. Therefore I explained to the governor that there were one thousand patients in county infirmaries who were entitled to state care, and they were our constituents, and we could not assent to any plan that failed to provide for them.

The governor could not see how this could be, as no asylum in the state had cost less than \$1,500 for each patient, and the last one, built at Columbus, cost \$1,880. I told him there were two ways in which it could certainly be done, and probably a third one: *First*. Buildings at the central asylum similar to those erected at the Willard asylum, New York. *Second*. Annexes of this character at each of the state asylums. *Third*. A new asylum upon the segregate or cottage system, on the general plan of the asylum at Kankakee, Illinois.

The result of our discussion was that we went to Kankakee, and took with us two volunteer architects. Out of the visit, and subsequent discussions, and selections from plans presented by our architects, the asylum was evolved which was finally established at Toledo, and which provided for one thousand patients, and was contracted for inside of our appropriation of \$500,000.00.

This asylum of forty houses, for a time was known as "Brinkerhoff's Folly," but that day is now gone, and Toledo marks a new era in asylum construction.

The Toledo asylum, however, is only a prophesy of what the cottage, or village system, in the care of the insane is destined to become—when farm lands to the extent of an acre for each inmate is provided, and productive industries shall be added for the employment of patients according to their tastes and abilities, and all the ordinary conditions of a well-ordered community of sane people are established. When this is accomplished we shall have a system, not only superior to any yet devised as a curative or custodial agency, but also largely self-supporting.

In considering the needs of county institutions it occurred to me that a county board of visitors with powers and duties similar to those of the State Board of Charities would be of value, and therefore I drafted a bill and secured its passage, mutilated somewhat by amendments, in the general assembly of 1882 (Ohio Laws, vol. 79, p. 107).

This law authorized the appointment by the courts of common pleas of a board of five persons, three of whom shall be women, "whose duty it shall be to keep themselves fully advised of the condition and management of all charitable and corrective institutions supported by the county," and to report their observations annually to the court, and to the Board of State Charities.

Unfortunately the law was made permissive, and not mandatory, as I drew it, and only about one-half of the counties in the state organized such boards, but these proved of great value. However, by act of the general assembly, passed March 29, 1892 (Ohio Laws, vol. 89, p. 161), I succeeded in securing a revision of the law so as to make the appointment of boards of county visitors

mandatory upon the courts, and the number of members was increased from five to six, three of whom to be women, and not more than three of whom are to be of the same party affiliation. By the same act boards of county visitors were made *guardians ad litem* for all children against whom proceedings are instituted for the purpose of commitment to either of the juvenile reformatories, and the results have been very beneficial. As an aid to the Board of State Charities in the inspection of local institutions boards of county visitors are very helpful, and in the education of the community in benevolent work they are a constant help.

In the way of legislation, I am not sure but the best work I have ever done was in securing the passage of an act making it unlawful to retain children in county poor houses. In preparing the bill I expected opposition, and hardly dared to hope for its passage in one session of the legislature, but to my surprise it passed without serious opposition. (Ohio Laws, vol. 80, p. 102.) This result was doubtless due, very largely, to the previous recommendations of the Board of State Charities in its annual reports. It is not yet enforced entirely in every county, but public opinion fully sustains the law, and the creation of county homes has become so general that the time is near at hand when no dependent child will be subjected to the contaminating influences of a poor house.

The national conference of 1882 was held at Madison, Wisconsin, and was a very interesting session. Aside from participation in the discussions, my contribution was a report as chairman of the committee upon public buildings. In the discussions, my own views upon county care of the insane and the causes of the increase of insanity will be found in the report of the conference.

In Ohio, the Board of State Charities has always contended for the care of the insane exclusively by the state,

and time has only intensified our convictions, and we rejoice in the fact that an act of our last legislature, 1898 (Vol. 93, page 274), provides "that on and after June 1, 1900, it shall be unlawful to receive or keep in any county infirmary in the State of Ohio any insane or epileptic persons, and all sections authorizing the receiving or committing of such insane and epileptic persons to the infirmaries of the state are hereby repealed."

We believe that the Toledo or cottage system, as it is commonly called, with outlying colonies for quiet chronic cases, is the best solution of the question of caring for our increasing insane.

My statement at the Madison conference, that insanity was mainly a disease of civilization, was sharply controverted, but time has largely confirmed it, and I see no reasons for changing my conclusions.

My paper on building plans, in the main, was a protest against the almost universal extravagance in construction, as the following paragraph will indicate: "In my judgment, the greatest hindrance we have to-day in obtaining legislation necessary for expansion and progress in charitable and correctional work is the enormous foolishness and extravagance perpetrated almost everywhere in our public buildings and especially in our benevolent institutions. In building a state house, a court-house, or a city hall, it may be well enough to have a structure sufficiently grand and imposing to fairly represent the wealth and power of the people who own them; but when it comes to the construction of buildings for the care of the dependent, defective or criminal classes, there is neither wisdom, good taste nor common sense in external magnificence, and it ought to be stopped."

These statements were fortified and illustrated by reference to such insane asylums as those at Buffalo, N. Y., and Morris Plains, N. J., costing respectively \$7,500



and \$5,000 per capita of inmates, which were contrasted with Willard Asylum, N. Y., and the pavilions at Howard, R. I., costing respectively \$350 and \$125 per capita, without any loss in comfort or curative care. The correctness of these ideas I was able to emphasize in brick and stone at Toledo, in the immediate future, as I have heretofore given account.

An interesting incident connected with my attendance at the conference of 1882 was a visit I made on my way, at Minneapolis, Minn., with my daughter, who then resided there with her husband, Colonel Wm. McCrory, and which resulted in the creation of a board of state charities for that state. During my stay in Minneapolis, I visited the county jail, which I found so objectionable that when I reported what I saw to Colonel McCrory, he insisted that I should go with him to the county judge, Honorable A. H. Young, and see if something could be done for its improvement. Judge Young seemed greatly interested, and our discussion resulted in the determination to make an effort for the creation of a board of charities and corrections for Minnesota for the supervision of all county jails, together with all other charitable and correctional institutions.

At my suggestion, the governor of the state was induced to commission a number of delegates to the national conference, and among them Judge Young, Reverend Robert G. Hutchins, and Honorable Nelson Williams, of Minneapolis, and Reverend M. McG. Dana, of St. Paul, who, upon their return, became the champions of a state board for Minnesota.

When the legislature met in the following winter, Colonel McCrory wrote to me for a copy of our Ohio law and all literature I had at command bearing upon the subject. This I did, and a duplicate of our Ohio law was introduced, and championed by Colonel Cross,

the representative from Minneapolis, and in due time was adopted, and a very efficient board was appointed. This board, with its able secretary, Reverend H. H. Hart, has done admirable work, and Minnesota to-day is in the front rank of states in its efficiency in caring for the defective, dependent and delinquent classes.

The year 1883 was an active one to the members of our board, and especially to myself. I wrote the annual report for that year, in which I presented our recommendations, and the result of our investigations with more than usual fulness, so that it is not necessary to say much here.

The National Conference of Charities and Correction for 1883 was held at Louisville, and was our first meeting in a Southern State. It was a notable meeting in many ways, as will be seen by reference to the published report of the year. My own contribution to the conference was a paper, entitled the "Post Penitentiary Treatment of Criminals." It was a presentation of the various methods adopted in the county of Gloucestershire, England. It was the first time, so far as I know, in this country, that the workings of the parol system as applied to high grade prisoners was fully presented. The presentation of this paper resulted in the application of the parol system to the Ohio Penitentiary two years later, and subsequently to the prisons of some other states. In addition to publication in the report of the conference, it also appeared in the annual report of the board for 1883.

The Gloucester system is simply the prison system as it now exists in the British Islands, but I have referred to it as such because it had its origin largely in the county of Gloucester, England, and because it was first explained to me fully by Mr. Barwick Baker, of Hardwicke Court in that county.

A few weeks after the publication of my address, as president of the National Conference of Charities and Correction, in 1880, I received a letter from Mr. Baker, of whom I had never heard before, asking me some questions in regard to prison matters referred to in my address, which in some way had come into his possession. I answered him, and Yankee-like, asked him some questions in return, and so a correspondence sprang up between us. I soon found I was dealing with a master, and from the literature he sent me, I soon knew who he was.

Thomas Barwick Lloyd Baker was one of the foremost men of the century in the reformation of prisons, and prison legislation, in the British Islands. He was born in 1807, and as early as 1847-'8, was high sheriff of the county, and then for the remainder of his life was a magistrate. As a visiting justice, he soon became interested in prison questions. In the half-dozen jails in the county he found various abuses, and at once began to devise methods for their correction.

First of all, he felt that children in jail should be removed from the contaminating influences of older offenders, and in 1852 he established the first reformatory in England for the reclamation of young criminals. It was located on his own estate, at Hardwicke Court, and was built and supported by his own money. It proved to be a great success, and attracted large attention, and in a few years juvenile reformatories were established all over the British Islands. Later on, through his influence with his associate justices, he inaugurated various other reforms, such as the separation of prisoners awaiting trial, the parol system, police supervision, and prisoners' aid associations.

The results of these various improvements were, that after forty years (as he wrote me), crime was so reduced



in Gloucestershire, that instead of six prisons, and all full, there was but one prison and that was not full. I became greatly interested in him and our correspondence continued until he died in 1886, and my inspiration in prison work came from him more than from any other man. The last letter he ever wrote was to me, and it was mailed a few days before he died. He had been ill for months, and in a previous letter he said: "My doctor 'til lately did not expect me to live through the winter. I do not object to death, but I consider my life a trust, not to be relinquished by any act of carelessness of my own until it pleases the Giver to take it. So I am carried by my butler and footman up and down stairs, and sit in my study and write all day, and thank God for being able to do that. I have had a far happier life, I believe, than most men; indeed, I almost tremble to think of the happiness I have enjoyed through life. I was very ambitious, not of rank or fame, but of feeling that I was used by God in some of his works. Now, when broken in health, unable without injury to leave my chair, my voice gone, and probably never again to leave my home, I find myself one of the instruments of, possibly—I say no more—of establishing the parole system in America, where it may eventually lessen temptation to a portion of one hundred thousand fellow-men per annum."

I had written him of our success in securing the adoption of some of his ideas by the Ohio legislature, and in it he greatly rejoiced. He was one of the noblest of men, and he became to me what St. Paul was to Timothy, a spiritual father in prison reform, and I think he looked upon me as Paul did upon Timothy. It was a great pleasure to me in 1895 to accept an invitation from his son to spend a few days at Hardwicke Court, and visit the reformatory established by his father, which is

still in existence, and in active usefulness. Hardwicke Court is an old ancestral estate, and I doubt if a more delightful home can be found in all England. In Gloucester Cathedral is a fine memorial monument to Mr. Baker, to which penologists all over the world were permitted to contribute a pound (\$5.00) apiece, and among those from America, four were from Ohio. I have nearly fifty letters from him, and innumerable leaflets and newspaper articles, and a more consecrated spirit and a wider wisdom I have never known. I consider it one of the highest privileges of my life to have had the affection and confidence of Barwick Baker.

The most notable event in the Louisville Conference was the presentation of a monumental paper upon "the convict lease system" by George W. Cable, the famous author from Louisiana. It occupies thirty-five pages of the conference report, and still remains the most accurate and vivid exposition of the subject ever written. Its delivery was exceedingly effective and held the great audience spellbound. His arraignment of this southern institution was simply terrific, and it looked as if an explosion from the southern delegates was imminent. Certainly, if the statements were not true, they should be denied. There was a painful silence for several minutes, and no one said a word. At last, after a call for discussion by the chair, John H. Mills, of North Carolina, who had shown his ability as an orator the year before at Madison, Wisconsin, took the floor, and made defense so far as North Carolina was concerned, but it was an uphill business.

Following Mills was a very tall minister from Missouri, who looked fierce but contented himself with referring to the statements of Mr. Cable as very remarkable, which, if true, should receive consideration. But each sentence

was introduced with an "if," so emphatic as to indicate disbelief.

These two speakers were followed by a third in the person of Charles Anderson, of Kentucky, and previously one of the governors of Ohio. He faced the audience from the platform, and commenced by announcing himself as a Kentuckian of Kentuckians, through family kinships back to Daniel Boone. He declared that if any man had a right to speak for Kentucky as a Kentuckian, it was Charles Anderson. Having laid this foundation, he supported Mr. Cable, with an arraignment of the lease system in Kentucky, and with an eloquence I have never heard surpassed. His speech, as reported, gives no idea whatever of its oratorical splendor. For local reasons, probably, it was so toned down that I am sure those who heard it would hardly recognize it.

Mills, of North Carolina, and the ministerial brother from Missouri were not reported at all. George W. Cable, who was reported in full, soon found the atmosphere of his native state uncongenial and removed to New England, where he still resides.

## CHAPTER XX.

## PENOLOGY AND GENEALOGY.

National Prison Association of 1883—Prisoner's Sunday—Penology and genealogy—United States prisoners—Prison Congress of 1884—Crime schools at public expense—Report on Saratoga Congress—Genealogy justified—National Conference of Charities and Correction—A new era in penal legislation—Tribute to Allen O. Myers—The Intermediate Penitentiary.

During the year 1883 the National Prison Congress was reorganized at a meeting held at Saratoga, N. Y., in September. This meeting I attended, and became a member, and vice-president of the association, and have attended every annual meeting since.

The National Prison Association was organized in 1870, through the efforts of Reverend E. C. Wines, secretary of the New York Prison Association. The first congress was held in Cincinnati and was a notable meeting, and these annual meetings continued for several years until the death of Mr. Wines, when they were discontinued until the reorganization of 1883. Unlike the National Conference of Charities and Correction, the National Prison Association is an incorporated and permanent organization. Ex-President Hayes was made president, and after the first year I became vice-president, and remained such until his death in 1893, when I became president.

The prison congress at Saratoga was more for organization than work, and the discussions were not reported. What proceedings there were can be found in connection with the "Reports of District Conferences of Prison

Officers," held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in December of that year and in February of 1884. The first was thinly attended, but the second was a large gathering of prison officers, and its discussions were interesting and valuable.

The February conference continued three days, and as there were no papers presented the whole time was occupied in discussions of prison topics. For the first time I came in contact with the leading prison officers, and the acquaintances and friendships there formed have been very valuable to me. In connection with this conference, and preliminary to it, was a meeting of, perhaps, a hundred clergymen, invited by the New York Prison Association, with a view of interesting the churches in prison topics.

The result was the recommendation to the churches of one Sabbath each to be observed as "Prisoners' Sunday." The observance of this day has grown steadily, and is now quite general in several states.

It was at this conference that I took occasion to invite a number of the New York Brinkerhoffs to meet me at my room, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, on the evening succeeding the adjournment of the conference, at which the genealogical society was formed, which resulted in the publication of the family history I have heretofore referred to.

The discussions of the New York Conference were very instructive, and the fact that they were informal, and largely conversational, added largely to their interest, and it has always seemed to me that a portion of the annual meetings of our National Prison Congress should be utilized in the same way.

At this conference I took occasion, for the first time, to bring the subject of United States' prisons and United States' prisoners to the consideration of prison officers,



and the interest then aroused has continued to grow ever since.

My interest in United States' prisoners came about through inquiries instituted in 1880, in preparing my report to the National Conference of Charities and Correction, to which I have already referred. My circular letter to state officials received prompt attention, and I was able to give a satisfactory report in regard to the numbers and location of prisoners in the several states, and then it occurred to me to inquire in regard to prisoners convicted by federal courts of violation of federal laws, and, therefore, I wrote to the department of justice for information. In response I received a copy of the last report of the attorney-general, which did not answer my questions. I then wrote to my member of congress, and presently I received another report of the attorney-general.

It then occurred to me that President Hayes, who had been interested as governor of Ohio in prison questions, and was an old friend, would aid me in my inquiries. Unfortunately, it was near the close of his term of office, and I got no response, and I was compelled to make my report to the conference without any definite information in regard to the United States prisoners. By this time I was fully interested in the subject, and next year on my way to the conference, which met in Boston, I went there via Washington in order to visit the department of justice in person, and see what I could find out in regard to United States prisoners. The head of the department was away, but his representative received me cordially, and turned me over to Mr. Haight, the young man in charge of the prison department, with instructions to afford me all assistance possible. After hearing my inquiries, he told me that it would take a little time, but he would send answers to my hotel by the next

morning. Not hearing from him the next day I called again, and then he told me he was not yet through but would send me a full report to my address in Boston. The outcome was I got no response whatever.

I then went outside of the department and wrote directly to wardens of penitentiaries, and through Mr. Spofford, the librarian of congress, secured all available literature on the subject, which was considerable, as the subject had been investigated by the navy department, and by the labor committee of the house of representatives.

At the meeting of the Prison Congress for 1884, I brought the subject to the attention of the delegates, and after discussion a committee was appointed, of which I was chairman, with instructions to report at the next annual meeting. The result was that during the year I was able to gather together a good deal of information which enabled me to present the comprehensive report I made at the Detroit congress in 1885.

The department of justice very naturally was much disturbed at the revelations made, but did not dispute my statements. In reality, I think the department was doing the best it could under the existing conditions, and with the limited appropriations allowed. The fault was in the blind ignorance of congress, which still remains, and will continue to remain until it is reached by an aroused public sentiment. The department of justice since then has been fully in accord with the recommendations of the Prison Congress, and every year the attorney-general recommends the erection of federal prisons for federal prisoners, and some progress has been made. The general public, however, are hard to reach.

The average American, probably, never saw a United States prisoner, and possibly never heard of one with sufficient distinctness to inquire who he was, or where he

was. There are prisoners and prisoners. Some are in jails, some in workhouses, and some in penitentiaries. The average American knows this, but United States prisoners, who are they? The newspapers never say anything about them; the pulpit never names them; political platforms are oblivious to their existence; even the labor unions, and kindred associations which clamor so fiercely against the competition of prison labor, never talk about United States prisoners. Surely, their existence must be a myth.

The truth is, our country is so vast that a few thousand prisoners scattered broadcast through the states and territories, do not aggregate a sufficient number at any one point to attract public attention, and, as they are out of sight, very naturally they are, practically, unknown. Nevertheless, they do exist, and we, as American citizens, are responsible for their care and culture. At the time of my report, there were one thousand and twenty-seven in prison who had been convicted of felonies, and were serving their sentences in penitentiaries of twenty-three states.

Ten years later, on the 30th of June, 1895, there were two thousand five hundred and sixteen such prisoners scattered through the penitentiaries of thirty states, and the statements and recommendations of the attorney-general are in full accord with my report of 1885. At the time of my report there were over ten thousand United States prisoners in county jails awaiting trial or serving short sentences as misdemeanants; but for the year of 1895 there were over fifteen thousand.

Evidently the government of the United States, in the care and treatment of these prisoners, has a tremendous responsibility. In this responsibility we, the people, are copartners. These prisoners are the wards of the nation—the children of the state—and their treatment and

training are such as we provide, for they are helpless in the grasp of the government which we create.

Of the penitentiaries, in which prisoners convicted of felonies are confined, not one is in the South. Of the Southern prisoners, those of the Atlantic States are sent to the State of New York, and mainly to the county prisons of Albany and Erie. The other Southern prisoners are sent to Western prisons, and mainly to those in Michigan, Illinois and Ohio.

For prisoners in jails, the United States pays for their board the ordinary per diem of the locality, as certified by the United States marshal and district attorney. The jails of this country, herding the prisoners as they do in a common hall, without regard to age or criminality, are with rare exceptions unspeakably bad. They are, in fact, a survival of the abominations which Howard found in England a century ago, and which in England have been swept away by public indignation and public law. The average American jail is simply a school for the compulsory education of young offenders in all the arts of crime. The penitentiaries of the several states are better than the jails; but, with less than a half a dozen exceptions, they are without reformatory purpose or methods. They are simply punishing places, and their dominant idea is money-making. To the average legislator the highest ideal of a prison is one that pays expenses and yields a revenue to the state, and the superior economy of reformation is never considered.

The officers in charge of these prisons are state officials, in whose appointment, control or removal the general government has no voice, and, with the exception of an annual visit to penitentiaries by an inspector of the department of justice, United States prisoners are practically out of memory and out of mind. For a great government like ours to shirk its responsibilities in this

way is an offense against civilization and a crime against humanity.

The National Prison Association of 1884 was held in Saratoga, commencing September 6th and continuing to September 10th. Dr. Byers and I represented our board at this congress, as we did at the February conference in New York. At this congress a number of valuable papers were presented, but there were also informal discussions upon topics named. One of these topics was "County Jails," which I was asked to introduce, which I did with blackboard illustrations.

Upon this subject of county jails I expect I have written and spoken more frequently than any one else in America, but, I fear, without any large results, for the average American jail still remains as a survival of the horrors found by John Howard in England more than a century ago. They are schools of crime, and no great progress in prison reform can be made until they are revolutionized.

A school, according to Webster's Dictionary, is "an assemblage of scholars; those who attend upon instruction in a school of any kind; a body of pupils." A scholar, according to the same authority, is "one who attends school; one who learns of a teacher; one under the tuition of a preceptor; a pupil; a disciple; a learner."

To establish a school of crime, therefore, requires first, teachers skilled in the theory and practice of crime; second, pupils with inclination, opportunity and leisure to learn; third, a place of meeting together. All these requirements are provided and paid for by the public in the erection, organization and equipment of county jails and city prisons. With less than a dozen exceptions, all the jails and city prisons in the United States are schools of this kind, and it is difficult to conceive how a more efficient system for the education of criminals



could be devised. In every jail of a dozen inmates, there are at least two or three who have made crime a profession, and have spent years in its practice, and are adepts in all its arts and appliances. To them nothing is more delightful than to communicate to others better than themselves, and the leisure and opportunity afforded them for this congenial work, in the halls of our ordinary jails, they never fail to utilize to the utmost. So apt and entertaining are these teachers of crime that they rarely fail to interest and influence their scholars. These scholars are mostly young men or boys who have drifted into jail, not because they are specially bad, but because of evil associations, neglected training, or the exuberance of youthful spirits, they have been led into the commission of some offense, real or technical, against the law, resulting in their arrest and incarceration. A part of them, very likely, are not guilty at all, but, like poor dog Tray, they have been found in bad company, and have been arrested with their guilty associates. At any rate, here they are in jail, and, willing or unwilling, they are pupils in a school of crime.

Every observant jailer knows with what devilish skill the professors of this school ply their vocation. Hour after hour they beguile the weariness of enforced confinement with marvelous tales of successful crimes and the methods by which escape has been accomplished. If attention fails, games of chance, interspersed with obscene jokes and ribald songs, serve to amuse and wile away the time. In this way the moral atmosphere of a jail is made so foul that the stamina of a saint is scarcely strong enough to resist. Let a prisoner attempt to be decent and to resist the contaminating influences brought to bear upon him, especially in a large jail, and he will find that, so far as personal comfort is concerned, he might as well be in a den of wild beasts.

To the instructions of teachers like these, not less than one hundred and fifty thousand pupils are committed every year in the United States in jails alone. If we include station houses and city prisons also, the number can be doubled. This is compulsory education with a vengeance, but the statements made are true, nevertheless, and are as appalling as they are true. For this evil there is but one adequate remedy, viz., the absolute separation of all prisoners confined in county jails or city lockups. If a prisoner is not permitted to associate with any other prisoner, the evil is stopped, but not otherwise.

Jails should be solely places of detention for prisoners awaiting trial. Condemned prisoners should be sent to district workhouses or to a penitentiary, as the offense committed may determine. Then, with our penitentiaries graded upon the Crofton system of progressive classification, and the whole crowned with police supervision of prisoners after discharge, we shall begin to deal with our criminal classes upon humane and Christian principles, and shall make them better instead of worse by our treatment.

At Saratoga, I also brought up for the second time the subject of United States prisoners, and the congress appointed a committee of three, of which I was chairman, with instructions to consider fully, and report at the next annual congress. I prepared a full report of observations made at the New York and Saratoga conferences, which was published in the Annual Report of the Board of State Charities for 1884. This report also contains an account of observations made in visiting institutions, on my way to Saratoga, in Pennsylvania, the District of Columbia, Virginia, and New York. During this trip, I visited Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, and attended a reunion of the Brinkerhoffs of Adams county, who were descend-

ants of my great-grandfather, who settled on a tract of land four miles east of that city. At this reunion there were about eighty of the name or blood present, and meeting, as we did, upon the old homestead, still owned by a descendant of the original owner, the occasion could not be otherwise than memorable. At this reunion, I delivered an address, of which the following is an abstract :

“The oldest institutions among men, of which we have any knowledge, is the family. God created Adam and Eve, and planted them eastward in a garden, and from that day to this the fundamental condition of all human society centers in the family. When that fails everything fails. Under these circumstances, it is clearly evident that the first duty, and the highest duty of all wise statesmanship, is to protect, encourage, and purify the family. The Bible, as a whole, is made up almost entirely of incidents in the history of a single family. A nation is simply an aggregation of families. When the family is weak, the nation is weak. If this be true, then it cannot be unwise for a family to consider its conditions and history. In fact, it would seem to be its highest duty to do so, and to put away everything that weakens it, and encourage everything that strengthens it.

“In this free and independent country of ours, where the fundamental law of the nation declares that all men were created free and equal, it has been the habit of our people to misapply this declaration to the conditions of nature, instead of the conditions of legislation, where it belongs. The result has been that to many people it is almost a sin to have a grandfather. This certainly is a mistake. Every one who considers the subject seriously must know, and every student of biology does know, that the governing forces of every human life are to a very large extent the forces of heredity.

“For we are the same our fathers have been;  
 We see the same sights or fathers have seen—  
 We drink the same stream and view the same sun  
 And run the same course our fathers have run.’

“In short, we are borne upon the currents of a stream whose fountain-head lies far back in the infinite past. We may deflect that stream somewhat; we may purify it somewhat; we may by



skill and courage evade its rocks and whirlpools somewhat, but nevertheless down that current we must go, and what we get we must get within its overflowing waters.

"The questions of heredity, therefore, are serious questions—serious to us and serious to those who come after us. If the stream is a bad one, let us endeavor to make it better for our children. If we find an ugly rock in its channel, we can at least mark its location as a warning to those who shall come after us. In this light, therefore, genealogy is not foolishness, but wisdom. In this light, genealogy is 'philosophy teaching by example.'

"The Brinkerhoff family stream in America has but one fountain-head, and dates back to 1638, when Joris Dericksen Brinkerhoff, with his family, landed in the little city of New Amsterdam.

"From Joris Dericksen (Joris, son of Derick), so far as known, without exception, have come all who bear the name, or lineage, of Brinkerhoff upon the American continent. Some spell the name Brinck and some Brink, and the orthography of either is fully authenticated in ancient documents.

"In a few manuscripts it is written 'Blinkerhoff,' and in one instance 'Van Blynckerhoff.' The Flushing branch of the family (descendants of Abraham, son of Joris Dericksen), for the most part, use the 'c.' The Bergen branch (descendants of Hendrick, son of Joris Dericksen), have almost entirely omitted it.

"Among the families of the name remaining in Holland the 'c' has never been known, and my own judgment is that it is an American innovation. It is, however, a matter of but little importance, for 'c' or no 'c' we are all descendants of Joris Dericksen as our common ancestor.

"From the foregoing sketch it may be safely said that Joris Dericksen Brinkerhoff was a very worthy representative of the Holland family to plant in America, and very deserving of remembrance by all who bear his family name or have descended from him. All of these may feel assured that the first representative of that name in America was an honest and upright man. The family motto, '*Constans fides et integritas*,' seems evidently fitting to the man. He held in those early days positions of trust requiring probity and integrity of character, and held them for years: and more than this, he was pre-eminently a religious man. He lived in times of great religious excitement. Nothing before it, nothing since it in all the world's history can compare with it for an instant. The reformation had reached out and down until it has laid its hand upon the masses of the common people. Free, untram-

meled thought was battling then and there against the solid customs and usages of centuries, and the victory was then being won. It was the voice of many thousands sounding throughout the earth and could not be stilled. If the soul of our common ancestor had been stirred within him, and he had 'flown before the Spaniard' in order that he might maintain religious freedom in the new world, it was most fitting that he should close his life (although not yet grown old or gray) in serving as a ruling elder in one of the earliest reformed churches in America. His children (two sons and a daughter) were all members of that church, and his descendants, with very rare exceptions, down to the present time, have been loyal adherents of the churches of the Reformation. The records of any of the Dutch churches in the neighborhood of New York will give abundant evidence of this fact. I have a list of the subscribers of the building fund of the Dutch church at Flushing, Long Island, for 1731, and seven of them are Brinkerhoffs, and in the list of pew-holders for 1736 twenty-one of them are Brinkerhoffs. I have copies of the early records of the Dutch churches of Brooklyn, New York, Hackensack, New Jersey, Adams county, Pennsylvania, and Cayuga county, New York. The first two names on the roll of the Brooklyn church, organized 1660, are Joris Dericksen Brinkerhoff and his wife Susannah. The first two names in the Hackensack church in 1686 are Hendrick Jorise Brinkerhoff and his wife Clausie. Among the first of the Adams county church are those of Joris Brinkerhoff (my great grandfather) and Jacobus Brinkerhoff and their wives. I remember hearing my father (George R.) say 'the Brinkerhoffs have not been very famous or very rich, but this much I can say for them, that in an unbroken line from Joris Dericksen to the present they have been honest, upright, Christian men and women, and I hope none of my children will break out of the line.' Certainly the children of Hendrick were all members of the Dutch churches of Bergen county, New Jersey, so also were the children of his son Jacobus, and so also were the children of Jacobus' son, Joris, the common ancestor of the Pennsylvania and Central New York Brinkerhoffs. Joris, who removed to Adams county, Pennsylvania, in 1770, had seven sons and one of them was a clergyman of that church. The other six were soldiers in the Revolutionary war, and all lived and died as loyal members of the Dutch Reformed church. Since that time, as the family has enlarged its borders, as would be natural and proper, many have gone into other communions, but, as a rule, they have thus far maintained

the faith of their fathers, and for a Brinkerhoff to be disloyal to the teachings and the philosophy of the Divine Nazarene is, to say the least, a serious deflection from the traditions and history of the Brinkerhoff family. I think my father was right and that the characteristic heritage of the family is its faith in Christianity. If I were to frame a motto now for the family, based upon its record, as its fundamental principle of action, through ten generations, it would be, 'Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God; upon this rock we build.' With an heredity like this which is fully indicated in all the records of the family, we, of the later generation, ought to be ashamed of ourselves, if we are not, at least, fairly respectable men and women and useful members of the communities in which we live. It behooves us also to remember that 'to whom much is given much will be required.'

"With six generations of honest, upright, Christian men and women behind me, it would only seem necessary to float with the stream in order to be a good man, but to be a bad one would seem to require a special effort. Shakespeare says of a similar circumstance:

"Of six preceding ancestors, that gem  
 Conferred by testament to the sequent issue,  
 Hath it been owned and worn.  
 It is an honor belonging to our house,  
 Bequeathed down from many ancestors,  
 Which were the greatest obloquy in the world  
 In me to lose.'"

The history of our family is in every respect worthy of preservation. All the way down, in every generation, are men and women of character and influence in the communities in which they lived. We have furnished legislators for states and nation; clergymen for many pulpits; soldiers for every war of the Republic; judges for the highest courts and magistrates without number as justices of the peace. Even to-day, in a score of cities, are lawyers, editors, physicians, merchants, manufacturers, bankers, college professors, railroad officials, and artisans of the highest skill, who bear the name of Brinkerhoff; and in the country, in a dozen different states, are farmers of that name, who are affluent in broad acres and honored citizens of the communities in which they live.

The National Conference of Charities and Corrections for 1884 was held in St. Louis, in October, and for the first time since its organization, I was absent. The second day of the conference, October 14th, was election day in Ohio, and as I felt responsible, to the extent of my vote, for its result, I staid at home and did my duty as a citizen. The conference was an important one, and the volume for that year is one of the most valuable in our series of conference reports.

With the inauguration of Governor Hoadly and a Democratic administration, it was natural that I should feel more at home and have more influence than with a Republican administration, although, as I have already stated, the board, as such, has never, in my time, been influenced in its action by party politics.

The subject of contract labor in the penitentiary had been agitated by the labor union people for several years, and in this, as in the previous general assembly, several representatives were elected from the larger cities who were clamorous for such legislation in regard to prison industries as would practically abolish prison labor altogether. One of these wild schemes had passed the house in the previous legislature, which we succeeded in defeating by securing such amendments in the senate as the house would not accept, and before a committee of conference could agree, the session came to an end.

As soon as the new legislature was elected in 1883, and the names of its members were announced, I commenced their education upon the prison question by sending to each one such literature as I thought would be of use, so that by the time they met in Columbus, I had a good many of them pretty well informed upon the subject.

When the Hoadly legislature organized, a new committee was formed and named "the committee upon pris-

ons and prison reforms," and Allen O. Myers, the leader of the labor unionists, was made chairman. The outlook for prison reform with such a committee was about as bad as it could be, but in the end good and not evil came out of it. Allen O. Myers was a graduate of the Reform School at Lancaster, and he had many personal and political shortcomings, but still, with all his faults, he had some good qualities and had quite a reputation as a speaker and writer. I knew Allen's history well, and I knew him personally well enough to know how to reach him. It is a long story and an interesting one, but this is no place to tell it. Suffice it to say, Allen became our friend and not our enemy, and through him a new era in prison legislation was inaugurated in Ohio.

Allen O. Myers, with all his faults, deserves kindly remembrance. He was a man of genius, and had he been properly balanced, would have been a leader of men, but his nature was meteoric, and his career like a rocket. Had he lived in the French Revolution, he would have been the peer of Danton and Robespierre. Like the Petrel on the ocean, he was never at home except in a storm. A few weeks previous to the opening of the general assembly of 1884, Allen came to my room at the Neil House, by appointment, at his own request, and staid with me until midnight. He admitted he had been impressed by the literature I had sent him, and, as he expressed it, he did not want to make a fool of himself, and would welcome all the information he could get.

We talked the whole subject over, and he told me his history, with all the limitations of his early environment, and expressed a willingness to lend a helping hand in securing better methods in dealing with criminal classes. You can understand, he said, from what I have told you of my own history, why I feel a sympathy for the poor

devils who are situated as I was, and why I feel like giving them a better chance than I had.

He was true to his word, and the act of March 24, 1884 (Ohio Laws, Vol. 81, pp. 74 and 186), went upon the statute books, and gave to America for the first time the indeterminate sentence and a parole law for a convict prison, and abolished the contract system of prison labor in Ohio, and substituted the piece-price plan.

This law was followed by the passage of the bill introduced into the senate by Senator Elmer White establishing the Intermediate Penitentiary (now the Ohio State Reformatory), and was carried through the house by the dauntless championship of Allen O. Myers. It was passed April 14, 1884 (Ohio Laws, Vol. 81, p. 206). All of these acts were forced through the house by the imperious leadership of Allen O. Myers; without him they did not stand the ghost of a chance. They were in advance of public sentiment, and their administration fell into unfriendly hands, and for the first three or four years it was hard work to prevent their repeal, but we kept them alive, and at last public sentiment came up to them, and opposition was ended.

The Intermediate Penitentiary excited more hostility than the other prison measures, and for years there was a battle in the legislature to save it. Some considered it unnecessary and claimed that with the parole law in force, the old penitentiary at Columbus would be ample for many years for all the convicts of the state. Others thought it a sentimentalism, and called it a "dude factory," where, as an adverse senator expressed it, "convicts would be furnished with 'quail on toast and Brussels carpets.'"

For six years I spent several days each winter, in Columbus, in appeals to committees, and personal interviews with members, to quiet opposition, and secure ap-

propriations, until at last in 1891, in an address before the finance committee, I challenged the legislators to go to Elmira, New York, and examine for themselves the reformatory there, conducted on the plan we contemplated for Ohio, and assured them if they were not satisfied they could come home and abandon the Ohio institution without further controversy.

They accepted this proposition and over fifty members went in a special train furnished at the expense of Mansfield people, and after two days at Elmira they came back satisfied, and gave us an appropriation of \$200,000, and since then there has been no opposition.

My experience with legislators has been that with patience and perseverance a good cause can always be made to triumph in the end.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## CONVENTIONS: CHARITABLE, COMMERCIAL, GENEALOGICAL.

Tribute to Charles Boesel and Joseph Perkins—Brinkerhoff reunion in New Jersey—National Conference of Charities and Correction for 1885—Prison Congress at Detroit—Commercial Convention at Atlanta—Response to an address of welcome—Alabama Hospital for Insane—Travels in Florida—Conferences for 1886—Civil service recommendations—County visitors reorganized—Civil service progress—Discharged prisoners—Prison punishments.

The year 1885, in the history of our board, was memorable in the death of two of our oldest and most useful members, Charles Boesel and Joseph Perkins. Mr. Boesel had been a member of the board nine years. He was a large-hearted, broad-minded German, and I was greatly attached to him. Mr. Perkins was one of the original members of the board, appointed in 1867, and reappointed upon the reorganization of the board in 1876, after an interregnum of four years after the board was abolished in 1871. He was one of the best and wisest men in philanthropic work I have ever known.

Having inherited large wealth, he devoted his life to charitable work, not simply as a bounteous giver of money, but also as a careful and diligent student of social problems. I deem myself fortunate in having been a coworker with this high-minded, consecrated Christian gentleman.

The vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Boesel was filled by the appointment of Lyman J. Jackson, August



14, 1885. He was a lawyer, from New Lexington, Ohio, and only served for a few months, when he resigned, and soon after died. Mr. Perkins was succeeded by General John Beatty, of Columbus, who served one term, and, on account of a personal difference with Governor Foraker, was not reappointed. He was a man of large ability and was an excellent member, and we were all sorry to part with him. Beatty was formerly a member of congress from my district and he and I were close friends.

The report of the board for 1885 was written by me, and in it I have outlined its work for that year sufficiently not to require farther reference here.

August 27, 1885, the Brinkerhoff reunion, which I have already referred to as having been arranged for the year before, was held on the old homestead of Hendrick Jorisen Brinkerhoff, on the Hackensack river, in New Jersey, and was the two hundredth anniversary of its occupancy by him. It was a notable gathering and a great success, and was quite fully reported in the New York newspapers. The "New York Tribune" estimated the total number present one thousand, and said:

"Refreshments were served in a large barn. Coffee, lemonade, two kinds of sandwiches and seventeen varieties of cake were passed around in unlimited quantities by the fair daughters of the house of Brinkerhoff. The cousins from afar sat in friendly intercourse beneath the old roof, through which the sunlight streamed in many a mottled beam.

"General R. Brinkerhoff, of Mansfield, Ohio, reviewed the life of their common ancestor, Hendrick. He told his listeners they were all the same kith and kin, whether they spelled the name with a 'c' or 'y' or 'l' or a final 'e.' The name in Holland, however, had always been written Brinkerhoff, and the 'c' had never been known in that country. In closing, he compared their Dutch ancestors with the pilgrim fathers, who 'learned the best of their New England system of government during their life in Holland, while their bigotry was English and their own. Let us come to an



end of this kissing of the Plymouth blarney stone. We have taken a back seat too long. It was the countrymen of William the Silent and John of Bernaveld, and not the refugees of English tyranny, who shaped the destinies of this country. All honor, then, to Holland, the little giant of the salted seas! All honor to Hendrick Jorisen Brinkerhoff, who, as one of the first sons of Holland who came to America, and who aided to establish in the new world an asylum for the oppressed millions of the old, and who, by his life and example, gave to his descendants an inheritance of "faith and integrity," which is their richest legacy today.'

"It is understood that the next reunion of the family will be in 1888, the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Brinkerhoffs in America, and will be held under the auspices of the descendants of Abraham, the younger brother of Hendrick, and probably at Fishkill, on the Hudson river, where there are several famous old homesteads of the family. One of these, still owned by a Brin'c'kerhoff, was occupied before and during the War of the Revolution by Colonel Derick Brinckerhoff, who was a close friend of Washington, and often entertained him when the army was in that vicinity. One of the bedrooms is still known as the Washington bedroom.

"Colonel Dirick Brinckerhoff was a famous man in his day, and was a member of the Colonial Assembly in 1768-9, and also of the first Continental Congress in 1775."

My address was entitled "What We Know About Hendrick," who was the eldest son of Joris Dircksen Brinkerhoff, the progenitor of the family in America. He was a notable man in his day and I was able to outline his career quite fully. He was a magistrate in Long Island and also a member of the Hempstead Assembly in colonial times.\* After his removal to New Jersey, he was again a magistrate for many years.

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\* The Hempstead Assembly was a convention held at Hempstead, under authority of the English governor, March 1, 1665, and was composed of thirty-three delegates, whose names are preserved in the "Civil List, State of New York," page 64, and doubtless in other publications. The name of Hendrick, as was the custom of

The National Conference of Charities and Correction for 1885 was held at Washington City, and was one of the largest and most important we had ever held, and the report for that year is a volume of over five hundred pages. In this volume my own portrait is given as a frontispiece, for the reason that I had been a president of the conference. In this conference I only participated in the discussions, and had no paper.

The Prison Congress this year was held at Detroit, and was also a great success. The opening meeting and the Sunday meeting were very largely attended by citizens of Detroit, and all the sessions of the congress were well attended. At Detroit I made my report upon United States prisoners, which was the most exhaustive examination of that subject made before or since, and cost me more time and trouble in getting at the facts than any other paper I have ever prepared. I also made an extemporaneous address at the Sabbath evening meeting, and still another later, upon prison labor, both of which are in the annual report.

My paper upon United States prisoners was published in the annual report of the congress, but not in full. In compliance with a request from its editor, I prepared an article upon the same subject for the "Boston Congregationalist," which was published in the following January. This agitation of the subject brought attention to it in congress, and a bill was introduced to erect federal

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the Dutch in those days, omits the surname, and is recorded as Hendrick Yorisson (correctly Jorisen, as it is elsewhere).

On page 63, his name also appears as a member of a convention at New Amsterdam, November 1, 1663, and also at Flatbush, February 27, 1664.

His service in the Hempstead Assembly entitles his descendants to membership in our modern colonial societies, as, for example, "The Colonial Dames."

prisons for federal prisoners, but affirmative action was not secured until the winter of 1890-91; but unfortunately no appropriations were made to carry it into effect. In 1895, however, the military prison at Fort Leavenworth was transformed into a prison for civil offenders convicted under United States laws, and in the winter of 1897-98 congress authorized the enlargement of this prison by the erection on adjoining grounds of a new and commodious prison structure, which is now in process of completion (mainly by prison labor), and will accommodate a thousand or more prisoners.

The other two prisons authorized by the act of 1890-91 doubtless will be constructed in the near future, and the efforts of many years will be crowned by success. In fact, the battle has already been won, and all that remains to be done is to insist that they shall be models for the nation in construction and administration.

The interest manifested by the citizens of Detroit was greater than is usual, and our Sabbath meeting, I think, was the largest we have ever held, and was probably the largest meeting upon prison topics ever held in the world. The only one that has rivaled it since was the opening meeting of the congress at Nashville in 1889, and in Austin, Texas, in 1897.

Another important meeting in 1885, to which I was a delegate, was "The Commercial Convention," held at Atlanta, Georgia, May 19th to the 23d. It comprised nearly six hundred delegates, representing the cities and commercial bodies in nearly all the states of the union. I was appointed by the mayor to represent the city of Mansfield. I wrote to the secretary of the convention, advising him of my appointment, and then started a few days in advance in order to stop over at Chattanooga and visit the battle-grounds and other points of interest in that vicinity.

Leaving Chattanooga in the morning before the convention, I went to Atlanta, and arrived late in the afternoon, and went to the Kimball House, where I engaged rooms. On registering my name, the clerk handed me a letter from the secretary of the convention inclosing a program in which I was announced as the first speaker to respond to the address of welcome. I immediately inquired for the office of the secretary, which was in the hotel, and went to his room and protested against such use of my name without my assent. He said he had telegraphed me without finding me, and had then ventured to put me on the program, and insisted that I should accept, as it was then too late to change. In view of the fact that the Honorable Darwin R. James, a member of congress from Brooklyn, New York, would follow me and supply any deficiencies, I finally consented, and trusted to luck in what I should say.

There was a great audience at the opening session the next morning, and the governor of the state and many of the most famous men of the state were on the platform. The first speech was made by the mayor of the city, and he was followed by Mr. Grady, the famous southern orator and editor.

Everything went smoothly until near the close of Mr. Grady's speech, when, after referring to the destruction of the city by the northern armies, and other incidents culminating in a restored Union, which he hoped would be perpetual, he said, in regard to the conduct of the South in the Rebellion: "Under the same circumstances, the South would do again what she did in 1861, and they had no apologies to make."

This gave offense to the northern delegates, and there was danger of an explosion, and in view of this I made a conciliatory talk, entirely different from what I had intended. As it healed the breach, and gave great satis-

faction to both northern and southern delegates, and made my trip through the Gulf and Atlantic States a pleasure through the friends it made me, I give it as printed in the "Constitution" next morning:

"General Brinkerhoff, of Ohio, was called upon to return the feelings of the visitors, which he did in a touching and appropriate manner. His reference to the subsidence of party passion, and the growing confidence between the sections, was received with cheers.

"*Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Convention:* I am but one of the many representatives on this floor out of our northern hives of industry, and yet I am very sure I voice the unanimous sentiment of all in saying that it is a satisfaction and a pleasure to each and to all of us to reciprocate the kindly greetings extended to us by the executive head of this most beautiful, most marvelous city, and by the executive head of the great journal which is an honor to the empire commonwealth of Georgia.

"We have met here to-day, not as strangers, not as foreigners, not as enemies, but as friends and brethren of a common household; as children of one family; as citizens of one country. We are here with a common lineage, and a common language, and common laws, and common interests, and common hopes. We come here, I trust, believing that whatever is good for one section of the country, in the way of national legislation, or commercial privileges, is good for all sections of the country, and that whatever injures one section of the country injures all sections. In short, we are members of one body. The hands cannot say to the feet, we have no need of thee. The feet cannot say to the eyes, we have no need of thee, and so with all members.

"Some of us, I trust, and possibly all of us, believe that the law of unity, and of brotherhood, and of community of interests prevails upon the larger planes of the world's nationalities, and that whatever injures one country injures all countries. In other words, we are the children of one Father and are brethren of the great family of humanity. However this may be, we are here to-day as the citizens of the great Republic, and we are here to consider more especially the commercial and financial interests of our own country. It is a country broad enough and grand enough to command the best thought and the highest wisdom of the best men of the nation, and looking into the faces of this great body of intelli-

gent representatives, which I see before me, I am very sure that our deliberations together will not be without fruition in the results of the future. In any event, however, it will do us good who are here, and our commingling together will be a joy forever in the memories of the future.

*"Gentlemen of the convention.*—This occasion, considered rightly, is no ordinary event in the chronology of nations. Never before in the history of nations, so far as my knowledge extends, has there been convened so large a body of representative business men for the consideration of purely business subjects. Certainly, there has never been convened a body of men who represented larger interests, or larger possibilities, than are gathered in this hall to-day. Never before in the history of nations has there been a people with a heritage so vast, or a future so boundless. Here we are from hundreds of cities, extending from the lakes on the north to the far southward, where the blue waves wash the shores of the Mexican gulf; from the stormy Atlantic to the golden gates of the Pacific, three thousand miles away. It is true, there are countries with a larger population, but we must remember that our fifty-five million are but the beginning of empire, for with our mighty heritage of fruitful lands, it is only a question of arithmetic, and a few generations, when our country, if it remains undivided, must number more millions than any other nation of the globe that now exists, or ever has existed. There are children living to-day, nay, it is possible there are persons in this audience, who will live to see two hundred million of population within the present boundaries of the United States. There are children now living, and possibly there are persons in this room, who will live to see a score of cities within the present boundaries of the United States with a population of from one to five millions. His honor, the mayor, referred to London with its teeming millions, and its financial supremacy; but Mr. President, it is no idle dream for me to assert that the time is not far distant when this domination of London will cease to exist. Nay, verily, I believe there are persons in this audience who will live to see the City of New York the imperial master of the commerce of the world, and the most populous city upon the rounded globe.

*"Men and brethren*—We of this generation stand at the fountain head of this mighty river, and it is within our power, to a very large extent, to determine the direction and the channel in which its waters shall flow. In view of this mighty fact it behooves us to come to the consideration of the questions of this hour, in no



narrow, provincial or sectional spirit, but to come remembering the responsibilities we owe to God and humanity, and enlarge our vision to the full breadth of the problems before us.

*"Men and brethren—we stand at the threshold of a new era. Old things have passed away and all things have become new. Old hates, old animosities, old discords have gone glimmering into the dream—the nightmare dream—of things that were. Let it be remembered also that for the first time in the history of this nation this statement can now be made to the fullest extent. Now, at last, we are one country, thank God, and there is no longer any north, or south, or east, or west, but we are Americans, with one flag, one country, and one destiny.*

*"The gentleman who preceded me referred, with noble eloquence, to the conflicts and controversies of the stormy years of war, and I, as a soldier on the northern side of the question, am here to-day, in the heart of the South, to join him in burying out of sight and out of memory, forever, whatever dregs of bitterness remain in the bloody cup of war. The truth is, they ought to have been buried long ago, and they would have been had the work of reconstruction been entrusted to the soldiers who fought the battles of the war.*

*"The war through which we have passed has not been an unmixed evil, however, by any means. In fact, I do not know but we are beginning to realize with a reasonable degree of clearness that there was a 'Providence that shaped our ends,' and that the results of the war are greater for good than for evil.*

*"It is a law of matter and of mind that no great good can come to the earth except it comes through struggle and through storm. We see it in the solid globe in every age of geologic time. We see it in the history of nations as far back as we have any history. Our nationality came to us through struggles of the Revolution. Christianity, which gives us all there is that is worth living for, comes to us through the blood and sufferings of the Cross; and now, my fellow-citizens, shall we not have the faith to believe that in the blood-stained battlefields of the years that are gone the tree of liberty has been planted in fertile soil, and that its magnificent trunk is rooted for ages, and its wide spreading branches will cover the continent, inviting all nations to come and partake freely of its rich fruitage of freedom and justice and humanity to man?*

*"Thanking you, gentlemen, for the cordial welcome you have*



given us, I return to you the fullest reciprocity from the members of this convention."

My address was very cordially received by the convention, and gave me an introduction to its members, and gave me recognition in the sessions that followed, and resulted in friendships that have been of value to me in every Southern state I have since visited.

Leaving Atlanta I went with an excursion given to the convention to Anniston and Birmingham, and then drifted leisurely through the Gulf and Atlantic States to Washington. At Tuscaloosa, the capital of Alabama, I stopped a day to visit an insane asylum upon invitation of Dr. Bryce, its superintendent, whom I had met at the Louisville and Madison conferences. He seemed pleased to see me, and said he was glad to have one man from the North to inspect his institution who had had experience in the specialty. I asked him if I really was the first, and he said I was. I made a very careful inspection of the entire plant, and found it a wonderful institution, and upon the whole unsurpassed in America.

Dr. Bryce was a native of South Carolina, educated at Charleston, and a graduate of the medical college at Philadelphia. His first experience in the specialty was at the asylum at Milledgeville, Georgia, and then for a year at Trenton, New Jersey, from which he was transferred to the charge of the asylum at Tuscaloosa in 1860. Here was a man of genius who had been let alone, and was permitted to develop an insane asylum without interference, and the result was, when I visited him, he had no superior in the world, and in some respects he had no equal. To discover such a man and such an institution was a great pleasure, and it did not take me a month to make him famous, and within three months he wrote me that he

had received visits from superintendents as far east as Massachusetts and as far west as California.

Leaving Tuscaloosa, I went south to Montgomery and Pensacola, and thence east to Jacksonville, stopping off at Chattahoochee, where I discovered an insane asylum unknown even to the Association of American Superintendents. Unlike Dr. Bryce, its superintendent was a soldier and not a medical man, and the physician in charge had never seen any other insane asylum, and the books he had were fifty years old.

However, Captain Mosely, who had been with General Lee in the rebel army for four years, was a kind-hearted and intelligent gentleman, and his institution, upon the whole, was quite creditable. The plant was an old military post, with 1,800 acres of land, and had been transferred to the State of Florida after the war. From Jacksonville I went up the St. Johns river to Sanford, and then back to St. Augustine. Going north, I stopped at Savannah, Charleston and Columbia, to visit prisons and asylums, and reached Washington in time to attend the National Conference of Charities and Corrections, of which I have already given an account.

The year of 1886 was one of active visitation of institutions by the Board of State Charities, and much good was accomplished, but no new legislation of special importance was enacted.

The National Conference of Charities and Corrections for 1886 was held in St. Paul, Minnesota, and was presided over by Honorable William Howard Neff, of our board. At this conference I had two papers—one upon "The Progress of Prison Reform," and the other upon "United States Prisons and Prisoners." The first was prepared with special view to aid the cause of prison reform in Minnesota, and was delivered at a large meeting held Sabbath evening in the Congregational church.

The other was read at a regular meeting of the conference. Both of these papers, of course, are in the annual report of the conference for that year. The first was published in the newspapers and in pamphlet form, and was largely circulated. The St. Paul conference was fruitful for good in many ways.

The National Prison Congress for 1886 was held at Atlanta, Georgia, November 6-12, and was the first congress held in the heart of the old South. It was a notable meeting in many ways, and marks a new era in prison reform in that section. My part in the public proceedings of the congress was limited to an address at the First Baptist Church on Sabbath evening, and an address at the closing exercises of the congress, both of which are printed in the annual report. The hospitality of the City of Atlanta was boundless, and there is probably no other city in which courtesies to conferences have been cultivated as a fine art to such an extent as in Atlanta. Atlanta was not new to me, as I had been there in 1885 for several days, while attending as a delegate to a commercial convention.

In the spring of 1886, at a board meeting, Mr. Andrews and I were appointed a special committee to consider and report upon the subject of partisan politics in the management of our public institutions; our conclusions were filed in November, and appeared as Appendix B in the report of the board for that year. This paper gave offense to the politicians, and came very near ending my connection with the Board of State Charities, as I was charged with being its author, and the governor was urged not to reappoint me.

Whilst I was fully in accordance with the views expressed in the paper, I did not write it, for Mr. Andrews wrote every word of it. I certainly would have been

proud of its authorship, but the fact that I was not probably saved my official head from decapitation.

Personally, my relations with Governor Foraker were always kindly. I served with him four years on the Board of State Charities, and one year on the Centennial Exposition board, and I received from him uniform courtesy and kindness, but his partisanship exceeded that of any other governor with whom I have served, and when he went out of office there was not a single Democrat left in charge of a state institution in Ohio. However, I give Governor Foraker credit for entire sincerity in his action. He believed the party in power was responsible for the state institutions, and hence should have the representatives of that party to administer them from top to bottom.

With these views he greatly retarded the progress of civil service reform in Ohio, and greatly discouraged the Board of State Charities, but still we did not cease effort in that direction. We concluded, however, that the only way to succeed was to educate a better public sentiment, and since then we have never lost an opportunity to do so, and there is probably no one subject upon which I have written oftener, not only in our annual reports, but also in the newspapers, and in public addresses. The result has been that considerable progress has been made. The first legislative recognition of this progress was the law organizing the Ohio State Reformatory (Vol. 88, p. 382), which I drew myself, and which places the entire administration upon a nonpartisan basis, and was adopted unanimously. During the session of the general assembly of 1892, nonpartisan boards of county visitors were made mandatory upon the appointing judges. These boards have been of great service in educating the public. They are nonpartisan themselves, and are

really an enlargement of the Board of State Charities, and, as a rule, are in full sympathy with it. These boards are selected from the most intelligent and philanthropic people of their several counties, and are a vast help in developing a healthy public sentiment in regard to our benevolent and correctional institutions.

With a board of six members in every county, in hearty co-operation with the Board of State Charities, it will be strange, indeed, if we do not make progress more rapidly in the future than we have in the past. The truth is, I am very hopeful and very proud of the Boards of County Visitors, for they are largely my own creation, and now that we have them in all our counties, I believe there is no one thing in the way of legislation that I have been able to accomplish, that is likely to be so influential for good.

During the session of 1892, still another bill was passed putting childrens' homes under a nonpartisan administration. This bill was introduced by Senator Marshall, and is a notable step forward.

The campaign of education instituted by the Board of State Charities upon this subject of a nonpartisan administration of our public institutions has not been in vain, and now with boards of county visitors in all of our counties, whom we can easily educate to help us, I am very sure we shall make greater progress. In a republic, where the people is King, we must educate the King. It is a slow process, but once accomplished, it lasts.

During the years 1885, 1886, I prepared several articles upon prison topics for the "Congregationalist," one of which was entitled "Duties to Discharged Prisoners," and another upon "Prison Punishments," and both I think did good, but I can only give a brief abstract here:

"In our prisons as now constituted the liberation of a prisoner at the expiration of his sentence is a matter of small moment to the prison management. He has served his term and discharged his obligations to the state. The doors are opened, and as he goes out the books are closed with the doors, and the state ends all further interest in his welfare. The discharged prisoner, of course, goes where he is most welcome, and that, as a rule, is his old haunts, and among his old companions in crime, and 'the last state of that man is worse than the first.'

"In fact, in most cases, this is the only thing he can do, for society will not give him a chance to do anything else. The brand of Cain is upon him and every man's hand is against him. If he had leprosy, or small-pox, or yellow-fever, or cholera, the hospitals would be open to him, and he would have a chance to live, but as a discharged convict all doors are barred against him. If by falsehood or deceit he obtains a living without a breach of the law he has degraded his manhood, and must live in such constant dread of exposure that life is a burden. Under such circumstances, is it surprising that the statistics should show sixty per cent of discharged prisoners drift back again into lives of crime? Under the English system, all this is changed. Every prisoner, prior to his discharge, knows that if he desires to earn an honest living in freedom he can do so, and the ways and means are fully explained to him, and as the prison door opens an agent of a prisoners' aid association is waiting to receive him, and he can at once begin a new life, and earn his way without deceit or falsehood. His wages, of course, will be small until he can re-establish a character for capacity and trustworthiness; but he can live, and be at peace, and there is no necessity upon him either to lie or steal. In short, he has a chance to be an honest man, and all his surroundings and associations are such as to encourage him in that direction. With this simple statement of facts surely it is not necessary to enter into an argument to show the superiority of the English methods. The only question for consideration would seem to be, how can we put them into operation to the best advantage in America?

"In the reformation of prisons in the United States the amelioration of prison punishments, doubtless, has fairly kept pace with other improvements, and the more objectionable forms of physical torture, at least in Northern States, have been largely abandoned; but yet, compared with what has been accomplished elsewhere, we are evidently far behind the best experience of other nations, and the highest demands of Christian philanthropy. With very rare

exceptions, our prison managers insist that complete prison discipline cannot be maintained without the infliction of bodily pain, either by the lash or its equivalent, at least occasionally.

“Possibly, in the hands of such a man as Brockway, at the Elmira Reformatory, the use of the strap, in exceptional cases, may not work any particular harm, and especially where no one but himself is permitted to use it; but the trouble is, that, where corporal punishments are tolerated at all, there is constant danger of enormous abuses. Few men have ever lived who could safely be trusted with autocratic power, even in positions where bodily injuries could not be inflicted, and what can we expect from prison autocrats, who, within the seclusion of high walls and barred doors, are intrusted with the lash, the thumb-screw, and various other instruments of torture? In our own country, for a generation past, the laws of every state have forbidden cruel or unnecessary prison punishments; and yet what horrors have been revealed in scores of official investigations.

“In New York, Pennsylvania, and in most of the New England States, corporal punishments are prohibited, and so also in some Western States, and so far as reported no loss of discipline has followed, and it is to be hoped that these cruel and useless barbarisms will soon pass away.”

## CHAPTER XXII.

## EVENTS FROM 1886 TO 1891.

Sherman-Hineman Park—Report of board for 1887—Omaha Conference—Session at Lincoln—Trip to Colorado—National Prison Congress at Toronto—Ohio Centennial—The National Conference of Charities and Correction for 1888—The National Prison Congress—Annual report for 1889—Baltimore Conference for 1890—National Prison Congress at Nashville—Rebuke of dueling by General Hayes—Cincinnati Prison Congress—Cold reception in Cincinnati—Board report for 1891—Ohio State Conference—Legislation for 1891—Indianapolis Conference.

Among the enterprises in which I was interested in 1886, the organization of the Sherman-Hineman Park was by no means the least. All my life I have been interested in parks. Raised in the country and accustomed to lakes and woodland, it was natural, when I came to the city, to seek such bits of country life as parks afforded. In Mansfield, I was a park promoter from the time I was a law student. First, I tried to save the Newman woods, on the south side of the city; then the Hedges woods, on the east; but my following was too small to accomplish anything.

Later on, when Perkins Bigelow was mayor and undertook to transform the old Central Market space into a park, I was one of his most enthusiastic supporters, and we succeeded, after a hard fight. Still, Central Park was but a small patch, and I yearned for more. However, nothing came of it until 1886, when, in early August, I visited my daughter in Minneapolis. There I found a park system which is one of the finest in the



world, and was made up by a combination of over thirty parks and parkways. Coming home, I was full of park ideas, and one evening, in talking it over with my wife, a park conception for Mansfield flashed into my mind like an inspiration, and the Sherman-Hineman Park, substantially as we now have it, was visible to my mental vision.

The Sherman woods I had thought of before, but it was unattainable and not large enough, but now I saw, by using the wild ravine between Park avenue (then Market) and the Leesville road as a parkway and connecting link with the valley of Tobey's run, we could have a park with great natural advantages and large enough for our present population. It so impressed me that I immediately wrote it up in the form of an interview, and by nine o'clock it was in the hands of the printers, and next morning it took up the larger part of a column in the "Daily Herald" of August 10th. The proposition met general approval, and going down town, several leading citizens tendered financial aid to put it through.

About noon, Mr. A. J. Hineman, who owned a farm where the north end of the proposed park would be located, came in and expressed his approval, and said if I could secure the lands south of his, he would donate all I wanted from his, and upon my request he made a written proposition to that effect.

With this start, I called upon Senator Sherman, and he promptly agreed to donate his woodland, on condition of securing the intervening lands. We then called a meeting of the board of trade, and with a little effort secured subscriptions in money sufficient to purchase the intervening lands and some twenty-five acres in addition, adjoining the woodlands on the west. The result was, that in a few weeks, by donation, purchase, condemna-

tion, we had the present area of the Sherman-Hineman Park.

This accomplished, we encountered the first serious obstacle to our enterprise, and that was the refusal of the city council to accept it as a free gift and care for it, and it required months of effort to overcome it, and except for the active aid and helpful rulings of the president of the council, Honorable C. E. McBride, we would have been compelled to wait for some more appreciative council in the future. However, in March, 1887, the park plant was accepted by the city, and a park commission, consisting of H. M. Weaver, M. B. Bushnell and myself, was duly appointed, and from that day to the present we have worked in hearty co-operation in the development of the park, which is equal in attractions to that of any other city of the size of Mansfield.

To me the daily tramp for an hour or two through the park to look after the various improvements in progress has been a perennial source of health and pleasure, and to see the tired multitudes enjoy themselves is ample reward for whatever of time or money I may have contributed in the creation of the park.

The Annual Report of the Board of State Charities for 1887 indicates the range of our work for that year, and the special reports of committees upon the care of the insane, upon infirmaries and upon prisons and reformatories, upon all of which I was a member, indicates our aims, with reasons therefor. The report upon prisons and reformatories was written by me, and presents quite fully the situation as it existed at that time.

The National Conference of Charities and Correction for 1887 was held at Omaha, Neb., August 25 to 31st with the exception of one session held in Lincoln. This was the third conference west of the Mississippi river, and the first of the three I was privileged to attend. A

notable feature of this conference was the discussion for the first time of "our duty to the African and Indian races," with valuable papers by General S. C. Armstrong, of Hampton, Va., and Philip C. Garret, of Philadelphia, and an address by Miss Alice Fletcher, of Boston, Mass. The address by Miss Fletcher was especially noteworthy, and in matter and manner was the finest presentation of the Indian question and of Indian characteristics I have ever heard. Miss Fletcher came in under the five minute rule, but by unanimous consent she was given unlimited time, and held the audience for an hour as I have never known an audience to be held by a woman before or since. Her long residence among the Indians, and her high culture, and attractive oratory made her address exceedingly interesting and instructive.

Of course, the papers by General Armstrong and Mr. Garret were weighty, for upon the Indian topic there were no men in America more competent to speak, but they had not lived with wild Indians as Miss Fletcher had.

On Saturday morning, August 27th, the conference took a special train for the city of Lincoln, under the escort of a committee appointed by the governor. Arriving at Lincoln the members of the conference were drawn in carriages about the city, and visited the hospital for insane, the state penitentiary, and the Home for the Friendless, where refreshments were served. At 2:30 P. M. the conference met in St. Paul's Church, where an address of welcome was made by Governor Thayer, and response by delegates. The regular program of the conference was then taken up, which was "The Contract Labor System," which was opened by a paper by myself, which was followed by discussion. My paper was a careful study of the whole prison labor topic in the light of statistics (conference report paper, 106 to 112),

and its conclusions, so far as I have heard, have never been controverted to this day.

Fred H. Wines, who is our ablest penologist and statistician, in the discussion that followed, heartily approved my conclusions and said: "This covers the entire ground. You may illustrate these statements by instances and examples, by statistical tables of figures, but when you have arrived at the three conclusions announced by General Brinkerhoff you are at the end of the subject, so far I understand it." Mr. Wines then took up the lease system of prison labor in Nebraska, in operation at the penitentiary we had just visited, and made such masterly presentation of its evils as to cause its entire abandonment in a few years.

Another feature of the Omaha conference was the memorial service in honor of Barwick Baker, of England, recently deceased, in which Wm. P. Letchworth, of New York, Fred H. Wines, of Illinois, and I participated. (Conference Report, 328-335.) My memorial, in reality, was but a faint expression of my admiration for the man and my obligations to him. My correspondence with him would make an interesting volume and a very instructive one. A general idea of the work accomplished by him and his methods can be had by the perusal of a book entitled "War With Crime," recently published and containing selections from his papers. Upon the whole, the Nebraska conference was able in its deliverances and fruitful in its results.

After the close of the Omaha conference, having two weeks to spare before the Toronto Prison Congress, I took a trip to Colorado and the canyons of the Rocky Mountains. It was my first experience upon our mid-continent plains, and as I left Omaha on the Union Pacific Railroad, and hour after hour rolled westward along the valley of the Platte river, I was impressed with

a sense of the vastness of our country I had never felt before. I have been over these plains repeatedly since, and they are always awe inspiring. I have never experienced a similar feeling except in the loneliness of mid-ocean. There is nothing else upon the earth, not even the lordly mountains, that makes men seem so little and God so great.

At last we were in sight of the Rocky Mountains, which were my main objective in this trip, and the more I saw of them the greater they grew. My first trip among them was from Denver along the base of the mountains to Golden, and thence through the Clear Creek canyons, via Georgetown, to Idaho Springs, surrounded by great mountains, where I spent a delightful day, and then went on to Silver Plume, where we spent some hours in the mines. Thence returning to Denver, I took the Denver Rio Grande Railroad up the Platte canyons to Leadville, through the heart of the Rockies. From Leadville, we went down the Arkansas through that wonder, the Royal Gorge, to Canyon City, and thence eastward to Pueblo and northward to Colorado Springs, and took in the Garden of the Gods and the Manitou caverns at the foot of Pike's Peak. Then, surfeited with mountain scenery, I went north to Denver and took the Kansas Pacific Railroad eastward, through the restful quietness and solemn silence of the great plains, and thence onward through Illinois, Michigan and Canada to Toronto, where I arrived in time for the prison congress. This trip was only two weeks long, but it seemed a century in the magnitude of the impressions it imparted.

The Toronto Prison Congress (September 10th to 15th) was the first and only time the American Prison Association convened outside of the boundaries of the United States. Toronto is a notable city in many ways, and is

probably the best governed city upon the American continent. Certainly it is a hospitable city, as I can testify from repeated visits. Certainly the prison congress has never been more handsomely entertained than it was at Toronto in 1887. The opening session of the congress was held in the pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens with Mayor Howland in the chair.

Addresses were made by Sir Alexander Campbell, lieutenant-governor of Ontario, Mayor Howland, G. W. Ross, minister of education, Mr. Goldwin Smith and the Hon. S. H. Blake, chairman of the local committee, after which Mayor Howland introduced the president of the congress very happily, as follows: "We have really before us the greatest pleasure of the evening. Now we are going to hear from a late citizen king. Isn't it a glorious thing, in the march of the people nowadays, to think that, instead of a man fighting to retain a position he has held by the grace of the people, he returns like Cincinnatus, to his farm, and becomes a citizen again! How gladly we welcome him! With what interest we look upon him! I have great pleasure in introducing to you the President of the National Prison Association, and I think that title a greater honor than to call him the late President of the United States."

President Hayes, in view of the fact, doubtless, that the prison congress was practically unknown in Canada, outlined its history and purposes, and did it very well. The next day (Sunday) the annual sermon of the congress was delivered at St. James' cathedral by Rev. Wm. Searles, bishop of Huron, and its presentation of what ought to be the attitude of Christians toward prisoners, was very able and very convincing.

The next four days were taken up with the regular program of the congress, with the exception of the afternoons, which as usual were given to the visitation of

the local institutions. Among the topics considered, the most noteworthy, perhaps, were the Bertillon system of measurements, the duties of prison wardens, the indeterminate sentence, prisons for women, county jails, and discharged prisoners. The address of Mayor Howland upon discharged prisoners was the star performance of the congress, and will never be forgotten by those who heard it.

President Hayes was compelled to leave us on Tuesday, so that it fell to my lot as vice-president to preside over the congress during the last two days, and as my closing address was a review of its various sessions at Toronto I repeat it here. (Pages 317 to 322, Report of Toronto Congress.)

“The Toronto congress has been one of the largest yet held. Eighteen of the United States have been represented, as also the Dominion of Canada and England. About one hundred delegates are registered, of whom about ninety are from the United States. Of these a large majority are practical prison men, actually engaged in prison work. When we remember the prisons are limited in number—there being only two or three in a state—it is evident that whatever we have of prison experience and prison knowledge upon the American continent is most likely to be found in the membership of this congress. With very few exceptions, all of the great prisons of the United States have been represented upon this floor by their wardens.

“To the cursory visitor coming in from time to time to listen to the discussions upon this floor, it may have seemed that there is little unity of faith among the members of the congress; and, hearing them refuse to pass any resolutions indorsing any special propositions pertaining to penology, he may have concluded that the congress has no convictions upon which we are agreed.

This, however, would be a grave mistake. The National Prison Congress does not meet to formulate penological dogmas, but to interchange experiences and to consider remedies. We listen to all things and hold fast to that which is good, believing that the evolution of time and the survival of the fittest will determine better than resolutions that which is enduring and true. Still it would not be wise to conclude that the congress does not believe anything. On the contrary, it would be very easy to formulate a creed of more than thirty-nine articles, upon which we are an absolute unit in our convictions; but so long as human conclusions are fallible, we desire to keep ourselves in a position of perfect freedom to adopt any modifications that time may bring to our knowledge. To one familiar with the sessions of this congress since its organization, it is easy to indicate what its convictions are, and it has been the habit of our distinguished president, who unfortunately is absent to-night, to recapitulate the topics under discussion, and indicate our consensus of belief, and, if you will bear with me for a few moments, I will endeavor to imitate in a small way my illustrious predecessor.

“Taking up the first topic under discussion, “The Moral and Religious Care of Prisoners,” the members of this congress believe in both with absolute unanimity. They know that prison reform, as now understood in the world, is the outgrowth of Christianity, as certainly as the oak is the outgrowth of an acorn, and that all future growth and progress must be rooted in the teachings of the Divine Nazarene. They may differ as to the ways and means of bringing those precepts to bear upon prisoners, but as to its necessity there is no question.

“So also with education in all its lines—whether moral, intellectual, or industrial—there is no difference of opinion as to its necessity, and they believe that under its



influence the time is coming, and now is, when a large majority of prisoners within the formative period of life may be returned to liberty as law-abiding and self-supporting citizens.

“So again, upon the subject of prison labor, there is no difference of opinion among us as to its necessity. Without it there can be no discipline, no progress, no reformation, no intelligent prison administration. We believe also that prison labor has no appreciable effect on free labor, either in the prices of products or wages. How can it have when the product of convict labor in the United States, as compared with free labor in the same industries, is less than two per cent., and the total products of convict labor, as compared with the total product of free labor, is only fifty-four one-hundredths of one per cent? As to the systems of prison labor, there is doubtless a difference of opinion among us, but that is only a matter of detail, to be determined by the circumstances of the locality in which the prison is built, and the class of prisoners to be employed. In Ohio, where we are grading our prisoners so as to have life prisoners and incorrigibles in one prison, and young men under thirty, convicted of their first offense, in another, we are inclined to adopt for the first prison that system which will make the most money for the state, and in the second whatever system will most conduce to the reformation of the prisoner. In our reformatory for boys and in our reformatory for girls we consider the question of labor the same as in our public schools—no more and no less. In the matter of prison labor, however, we are satisfied that more depends upon the efficiency of administration than upon the system adopted. Under an inefficient partisan administration, where reformation of the prisoner has no place, the contract system is undoubtedly the best, for it will make money without any risk; but if the reformation

of the prisoner is to be the main object, then some other system must be adopted, and trained officers and a civil service administration is a necessity.

“In the matter of the indeterminate sentence, the National Prison Congress is steadily and surely growing up to the conviction of its absolute necessity, if any great progress is to be made in the reformation of criminals. In fact, I believe it is safe to say that that conviction has already been reached, so far at least as relates to sentences of young men under thirty years of age, convicted of their first offense. It believes also that prisoners who have indicated, by a third conviction, that they are incorrigibly criminal, should be sentenced for life, and should not be paroled, at least till they have served the maximum period fixed by law for the crime for which they have been convicted.

“In the matter of city and county jails, the National Prison Congress has never had but one opinion, since I have attended its annual sessions, and its belief is that the average American jail is an offense against God and humanity, and that no large results can be attained in checking the rising tide of crime until it is abolished. We believe there is but one remedy, and that is the absolute separation of prisoners, so that no prisoner shall come in contact with any other prisoner. In Ohio we are building all our new jails to secure this result. We have at Mansfield one which has been operated upon this plan for nearly five years, and I hope, by the time another congress meets, to be able to report that a law of the state enforces it in every jail where its construction admits of such separation. We believe also that the county jail should be solely a place of detention for prisoners awaiting trial, and that convicted prisoners should be sent to district workhouses or to the penitentiary, as the gravity of the offense may indicate. This result has already been

secured in part, in Ohio, by authorizing counties to send their misdemeanants to the workhouses at Cleveland and Cincinnati, and quite a number have availed themselves of the privilege.

"In the matter of United States prisoners, which has been upon the program this year, and has been discussed in previous congresses, there is now a substantial unanimity of conviction that they should be cared for in federal prisons, in charge of federal officials. For a great government like ours to convict its citizens of violations of its laws, and then turn them over to the tender mercies of officials over whom it has no control and in whose appointment it has no voice, is a shame and disgrace which ought to be corrected, and that most speedily. In this conviction, the President and the department of justice at Washington are heartily in accord with us, and I am very certain the next congress will correct it.

"In the matter of discharged prisoners, there is no difference of opinion among the members of the prison congress. They believe that the post-penitentiary treatment of prisoners is fully as important in their reformation as that within the prison walls. In fact, without proper care after discharge, very little can be expected from their treatment prior to discharge. In my judgment, the main efficiency of English prisons over American prisons results from separate confinement in county jails and from police supervision and prisoners' aid associations after discharge.

"In regard to penal colonies, as advocated in a brilliant paper before the congress to-day, it is hardly necessary for me to say that it has no indorsers in the National Prison Association, either here or elsewhere. It is a relic of the eighteenth century, which was substantially abandoned in the first half of the nineteenth century,

and it is too late to revive its horrors at the beginning of the twentieth century.

"In the matter of interstate extradition, which is on our program and has been frequently referred to in our discussions, there is no difference of opinion among the members of the National Prison Association. We don't want the criminals of Canada, any more than you want ours, and our governments ought to correct the evil by an extradition treaty. Personally, I believe not only in a free exchange of criminals, but in a free exchange of products. Here are two countries lying side by side, with the same language, the same laws and the same destiny not far away, and it seems to me to be the height of folly, nay, it is a crime against civilization, to build a wall, visible or invisible, between us. Blood is thicker than water. We may have different flags, but we have the same destiny. As enemies, we shall go glimmering into the dream of things that were, and governments by the people for the people will pass away. United in a federation of English speaking races, we can rule the world and dictate the policies of nations.

"And now we come to the end of this conference. We have met as mariners sometimes meet upon the boundless sea; we have exchanged courtesies and experiences; and now, as we separate and sail for our several ports, we do so with kindly greetings and with a prayer to Him who shapes our destinies, that we may be guided in the ways of truth and righteousness, and that our communion together may be for the elevation of humanity and the progress of the race.

"Let us remember that the secret of happiness is in service to others, and that the only way to get good, in this world or in the world to come, is to do good. And now, on behalf of those who have come with me from

the great republic of the star-crowned flag, I extend to the citizens of Toronto heartfelt acknowledgments for the royal welcome and entertainment we have received, and bid you all a kind good-night."

The year 1888 was the centennial anniversary of the settlement of Ohio. Through the suggestion of our archæological and historical society, a celebration was held in Marietta, the proceedings of which are embodied in a volume. As vice-president of the society, I was present and participated. A still more important suggestion of our society was the holding of a centennial exposition in the place of the usual state fair. This idea was adopted by the general assembly, and I was appointed one of the members of the board of managers.

The Board of State Charities through its secretary, organized for this exposition an exhibit of our public institutions, an account of which is given in our report for that year. Necessarily, a good deal of my time and thought was taken up by centennial matters, but still I did my usual work upon the Board of State Charities and attended the National Conference of Charities and Corrections and the National Prison Congress.

The Conference of Charities and Correction for 1888, was held at Buffalo, and the attendance was large, and its proceedings were of great interest. In this conference I took no special part in papers or discussions, but was present at all sessions. The hospitality of the city was very generous, and entertainments and excursions were numerous and among the latter a trip to Niagara Falls. The conference extended from July 5th to 11th, and in numbers and ability was one of the largest we have held.

The president of the conference was Charles S. Hoyt, M.D., one of its charter members, and secretary of the New York Board of State Charities from its creation in 1866. His recent death, while still in active service, re-

calls the fact that he was probably longer in official charitable work than any other man in America. He was a man of high intelligence and broad sympathies, and as a wise counselor, his presence at our annual meetings will be greatly missed.

The deliverances of this conference have rarely been equaled and some of its papers were monumental for their excellence. Among the latter were the Report of the Committee on Insanity, by Stephen Smith, M.D.; the Report of the Committee on the Feeble-Minded and Blind, by the veteran specialist, Isaac N. Kerlin, M.D.; Municipal Charities and Correction, by Hon. Seth Low, of Brooklyn, N. Y., since president of Columbia College; The Reformation of Prisoners, by Rev. F. H. Wines; Immigration to the United States, by Philip C. Garret, of Philadelphia; and the Tribe of Ishmael, by Rev. Oscar C. McCullough, of Indianapolis. The paper last mentioned attracted more attention than any of the others. It was a protracted study of the effects of heredity in a single pauper family. It was suggested by the famous Jukes family described by Dr. Dugdale, but extended over a larger field, comprising over two hundred and fifty families. It was illustrated by elaborate statistical charts, which are not included in the published report of the conference, but as a presentation of a persistent and painstaking investigation of pauper heredity, it has probably never been equaled before or since.

The National Prison Congress for 1888 was held in Boston, July 14th to 19th, following the Buffalo conference. On the way, I stopped two days at the State Reformatory for Boys, at Rochester, to study the industrial features introduced by Superintendent Fulton, and was greatly interested and instructed. At Boston, as might have been expected, the congress was better appreciated than elsewhere, and its sessions in the repre-

sentatives' chamber at the capitol were fully attended. In the way of entertainments and excursions, the members of the congress were never cared for more royally. Among the excursions was one to the reformatory for young men at Concord, and the prison for women at Sherborn, and another to the penitentiary at Charlestown. The papers and discussions at the Boston congress were specially noteworthy in giving attention to the reformation of prisoners rather than to prison economics. Mr. Brockway had written to me that he thought it was time for the congress to get beyond the discussion of buckets and brooms and consider principles rather than methods. The Boston congress did this more largely than ever before, and we have never gone back to a lower plane.

To this trend of the congress the annual sermon by Phillips Brooks doubtless gave an impetus, and possibly the keynote, when he declared that "the great purpose of imprisonment should be reformation with the immediate prevention of crime only as the subordinate necessity," and that "vengeance belonged to God alone."

Certainly "buckets and brooms" did not appear to any appreciable extent in the Boston congress, and since then they have practically disappeared from our public discussions. The declaration of Professor Wayland, of Yale College, made a day or two after that of Bishop Brooks, is now the concensus of prison congress, viz.: "that the object of imprisonment is to protect society by the reformation of the offender." The notion of retribution or primitive penalty has been pretty generally abandoned by all those who have devoted any intelligent attention to the subject.

The Ohio annual report for 1889 was written by me, and indicates the subjects to which the board gave special

attention that year. The seed sown was in good ground and the fruitage in many ways has since been gathered.

The National Conference of Charities and Correction was held in 1889 in San Francisco, and was the second one I have failed to attend. The time required was more than I could spare at that time, and so I did not go.

The National Prison Congress for 1889 was held in Nashville, Tennessee, in November, and was interesting and profitable. General Hayes and I went together, and on our way we discussed among many other subjects, that of the custom still prevailing in the South, of the duello system, which now takes form in bloody encounters. Two old friends and official appointees of General Hayes had recently killed each other, at Lexington, Kentucky, and the tragedy excited general attention.

General Hayes seemed to feel that something ought to be done to create a public sentiment against the practice, and I suggested that his opening address at Nashville could be utilized for that purpose.

I said to him that no other man from the North could speak so effectively. As President he had endeared himself to the Southern people, and they certainly would give him respectful consideration, and his record as a soldier was such as emphasized his advise. General Hayes seemed doubtful as to the propriety of such an address, and we dropped the subject.

In the evening I noticed an article, quoted from the "Louisville Courier-Journal," deprecating the Kentucky tragedy, and I took it up to General Hayes and asked him to read it. I did not see him again until he came upon the platform. The audience was very large and comprised the best people of the city, and the opportunity for the address I had counseled was splendid. He started in with a general response to the addresses of welcome, and then read his address from manuscript, and



finished it without reference to the subject I had urged upon him: However, he laid down his manuscript and commenced by saying, "And now there is one other matter which is not in my paper, but of which I wish to speak," and then concluded his address extemporaneously as printed in the official report. Paul on Mars Hill was not more impressive, but the great audience listened to the end in absolute silence, and at the close there was no response. It was a brave and noble appeal, but whether it did good or not I do not know. The congress was well attended throughout, and every courtesy was extended to its members. Among the latter were excursions to the Hermitage, and to the convict camps. My contribution to the papers of the congress was one entitled, "What to do with Recidivists," and for the first time brought that subject up. I also participated in the discussions.

The work of our board was hampered a good deal in 1890 by the failing health of the secretary, Dr. A. G. Byers, which ended in November in his death. Dr. Byers had been the secretary of the board from its organization in 1867, and to his ability, fidelity and devotion to its work its usefulness was largely due, but still much was accomplished notwithstanding his loss. Our report for 1890 was written by John G. Doren, then a member, and who succeeded Dr. Byers as secretary. This report was a resumé of the work of the board from its beginning, and is one of the most valuable we have published.

The National Conference of Charities and Corrections for 1890 was held in Baltimore (May 14-21), and was presided over by Dr. Byers, our secretary, and was his last public appearance. Baltimore is one of the best convention cities in the Union, and our conference was very large, and received every needed attention. The Baltimore volume is one of the largest and most valuable yet issued.

Aside from the discussions, my only contribution to this conference was a paper entitled "The Prison Sunday" and an address at the Unitarian Church, Sunday evening, May 18. (Annual report, pages 309 and 403.)

The Baltimore conference was a notable one in many ways. Baltimore as a city is one of the most attractive on the continent, and is full of historic associations, all of which, through the courtesy of the local committee, we were enabled to inspect. Baltimore also is high up in its philanthropic and educational institutions, and some of them, like the Johns Hopkins Hospital and Johns Hopkins University, are models for the nation. In dealing with criminals, Baltimore also ranks high, and its Prisoners' Aid Association is probably the most effective of any in this country, and its penitentiary in construction and management is one of the best.

The president of the Baltimore conference was my old friend and co-worker on the Ohio Board of State Charities, Dr. A. G. Byers, and it was his last appearance upon a public platform, for he was even then quite feeble, and passed away a few months later. His closing address and benediction were exceedingly pathetic, for, like St. Paul at Ephesus, he felt "they would see his face no more."

The papers and discussions of the conference were on a high plane, and its annual volume is of special value it could not well be otherwise with men on the platform so eminent in their specialties as Dr. Henry M. Hurd, Dr. Richard Gundry, Dr. I. N. Kerlin, F. B. Sanborn, Mrs. Charles Russell Lowell, Rev. Fred. H. Wines, Nathaniel S. Rosenow, and Chas. D. Kellogg.

The National Prison Congress for 1890 was held in Cincinnati, September 25 to 30, and was the twentieth anniversary of that association, which was organized in that city in 1870. The congress was large and one of the most interesting we have held, but for some reason the

press and people of Cincinnati gave it little or no attention. We have never been so shabbily treated in any other city, and it was a great grief to me. The governor also failed to be present, and telegraphed me to take his place, and the result was unusual and trying responsibilities were heaped upon me. The chairman of the local committee also failed to put in an appearance, and the result was I had a hard time of it, but I did the best I could for the conference, and with the help of two or three members of the local committee we made the delegates fairly comfortable. The volume for 1890 is one of the best we have published. I participated in the discussions, but presented no paper. The National Prison Congress will never meet again in Cincinnati so long as the memory of its treatment by the press of that city remains.

It is fair to say, however, that the citizens of Cincinnati were not to blame, and for the simple reason that the press so utterly ignored the congress that the citizens did not know of its presence to any appreciable extent, and of course they could not manifest an interest. Those of us who know Cincinnati are all aware that there are hundreds of people in that city as cultured, as patriotic and as philanthropic as can be found anywhere, but apparently they are not sufficiently numerous as newspaper patrons to compete with the classes who are interested in reports of horse races, base ball, prize fights and bloody murders. At any rate this was the general judgment of the members of the National Prison Congress for 1890.

In formulating the report of the Board of State Charities, in 1891, a new method was adopted. Instead of assigning it to a single member of the board the various topics were distributed among the members, so that each member should have, at least, one topic, and then at a general meeting all to be harmonized into a connected whole, subject to the old rule that a single objection to

any paragraph should rule it out, and that matters should not be recommended except by unanimous vote. This method, upon the whole, seemed better than the old, as it brings more thought and study to the several topics, and is likely to continue. My topics for the year were, "Boards of County Visitors," "The Insane and Sub-topics," "Epileptics," "County Jails," "Girls' Industrial Home," "The Boys' Industrial School," "The Ohio State Reformatory," "The Parole Law," and "The Ohio Penitentiary."

In the line of our work the year 1891 is notable in the establishment of a State Conference of Charities and Correction, of which the first annual meeting was held at Columbus, January 19 to 22, inclusive. Previous to this year separate conferences had been held by county infirmary officials, children's homes, county commissioners and county sheriffs; but we had long felt that if all these organizations could be brought together, it would be a great improvement.

The death of Dr. Byers postponed for a year such a conference, but finally a program was formulated at a conference of workers, and sent out by our secretary, Mr. Doren, and at the time appointed about one hundred and fifty delegates appeared. Before the congress convened Mr. Doren was legislated out of office, and the result was the work of organizing and shaping the conference, for the most part, devolved upon me.

The outcome, however, with all the drawbacks, was very satisfactory, as the reports of papers, and discussions, published as an appendix to the report of the Board of State Charities, will abundantly testify. As a means of improvement to the workers in the various fields represented, and of educating a healthy public sentiment, our annual conference is of the highest value, and promises to become a permanent institution.

In 1891 we succeeded in securing legislation for the establishment of a state asylum for epileptics, which is the first of its kind in America. Our board had pressed upon the attention of the legislature for years, the necessity of such an institution, and almost every year, during the previous decade, I had written it up for our reports, and for the newspapers, and of course I was personally greatly gratified in its final triumph.

It was on account of my special interest in the institution, I suppose, that led to my selection as orator at the cornerstone ceremonies on the twelfth of November of that year, a report of which is published as appendix "A" in our report for 1891.

Another step forward in the legislature of 1891-'92 was the revision of the law authorizing the appointment of boards of county visitors, and making their appointment mandatory upon the courts. I rewrote the law entirely, and enlarged its scope, and made it wholly non-partisan, like the Board of State Charities, and it was adopted without amendment, and without opposition.

As I have already said, I do not think I have ever accomplished anything of greater value, than the creating of these boards of county visitors, and now that they exist in every one of the eighty-eight counties of the state, their influence for good is emphasized year by year.

The legislation of special importance of 1891, recommended by the Board of State Charities and enacted into laws by the general assembly, were: 1. The law requiring the separation of prisoners in all jails, wherein the construction of a jail would permit. 2. The amendment of the parole law so as to require the recommendations of the warden and chaplain, and notice given by publication before a parole could be considered by the board of managers. 3. A law for the organization and government of the Ohio State Reformatory, and which

marks a new era in the management of our state institutions.

After the law was prepared and printed, a joint meeting of the Board of State Charities, and of the trustees of the reformatory was called, and we spent an entire day in consideration of its provisions, section by section, and I then took the amendments agreed upon, and through my senator (Senator Kerr) had them embodied in the bill upon its passage, and my recollection is the bill as amended passed both houses without a dissenting vote. A report of these several acts of legislature was made by me to the National Conference of Charities and Correction of that year, at Indianapolis, which can be found in the annual report, page 220.

The National Conference of Charities and Corrections for 1891 was held at Indianapolis, May 13th to 20th, and the number of delegates present was larger than at any previous conference. Rev. Oscar C. McCulloch, of Indianapolis, was president, and the fame of his philanthropic activities in that city and his attractive personality doubtless had much to do in bringing out so large an attendance.

The regular program of the conference included a wide range of subjects; but topics specially emphasized were "Child Saving," "The Care of the Insane and Feeble-Minded," and "Public Outdoor Relief for the Poor."

The committee on penal and reformatory systems also made an excellent report, and a paper of great value upon the public charities of Europe was read by the Hon. F. B. Sanborn, of Massachusetts, which occupies twenty pages of the conference report, and was the result of personal observation and wide travel in foreign lands.

An interesting feature of this conference was a special service in memory of Rev. A. G. Byers, the president of the conference a year previous. This was introduced by

an obituary prepared by Rev. Fred. H. Wines, which, as a discriminating review of a human life, I have never heard surpassed.

In the service quite a number of the old friends of Dr. Byers participated, and among them myself. My eulogy was wholly impromptu, and was not as full as I would have been glad to have made it, if I had had the time for preparation. Certainly in Ohio he was our foremost philanthropist, and gave his life to the work with the devotion and self-sacrifice of a missionary in heathen lands. He had been educated as a physician and as a minister of the gospel, and with his ability and eloquence he could have attained distinction and large pecuniary rewards; but, for the love of God and humanity, he gave his life to the betterment of the conditions surrounding the defective, dependent and criminal classes, practically without pay, for the salary he received from the state was inadequate for his support, and had to be supplemented by contributions from members of our board who appreciated the value of his services.

Repeatedly he received invitations to similar work in other states, and in one instance with the offer of a salary more than three times as great as he was receiving. I advised him to accept it as a duty to his family, but he declined on the ground that he could do more good in Ohio than it would be possible elsewhere among strangers.

Dr. Byers, like most reformers and prophets, was not appreciated in his lifetime as he should have been.

The National Prison Congress for 1891 was held in Pittsburgh, October 10-14, with President Hayes in the chair at all regular sessions. The opening services were in the music hall of the Carnegie Library building, and other meetings in the Carnegie lecture hall.

The congress, in point of numbers and in its deliver-

ances, was well up to the standard of previous years, and several of its papers were of special value. One of these, by Dr. Roland P. Falkner, of Pennsylvania, upon "Criminal Statistics," presented the comparative results of an exhaustive study of all the leading prisons of the United States and Canada.

Two papers gave account of recent observations in foreign prisons: the first by Warden M. J. Cassady, of Pennsylvania, in Ireland, England, France and Belgium; and the other by Hon. Chas. F. Coffin, of Indiana, on English prisons compared with our own, both of which were very instructive. There was also a valuable paper upon "Discipline in Female Prisons," by Mrs. Ellen C. Johnson, superintendent of the female prison at Sherborn, Mass. Another interesting paper upon a topic new to the congress was that of Captain J. W. Pope, entitled "Crimes and Criminals of the United States Army"



## CHAPTER XXIII.

## CONVENTIONS AND TRAVELS.

Changes in Boards of State Charities—Report of board for 1892—Denver Conference—The Indian question—Tributes to Oscar McColloch—Trip to the Pacific slope—Colorado Springs—Salt Lake City—Carson City—California—Oregon, Washington and Yellowstone Park—Hospitalities—National Prison Congress in Baltimore—Journey with General Hayes—Ohio State Conference—Conference for 1893 at Chicago—Death of General Hayes—Correspondence with Ex-President Harrison—President of the Prison Congress—President of the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society.

The years 1891-'92 were under the administration of Governor James E. Campbell, and upon the removal of Mr. Doren from the board, he appointed Mr. M. D. Follette, ex-judge of the supreme court, to fill the vacancy. Judge Follette was an old friend, and had been interested in philanthropic work for many years, and had accompanied me a number of times to our national conferences, and he at once became an important and useful member.

The report of our board for 1892, the same as that of 1891, was made up of contributions from the several members. My part was upon "The Custodial Care of Adult Idiots;" "Boards of County Visitors;" and "The Ohio State Reformatory."

The State Conference of Charities and Correction for this year was held at Cleveland, and was a great success. Its proceedings were published as an appendix to our annual report, and the papers presented, together with the discussions, will compare favorably with the na-

tional conference, and even in numbers it equaled the early years of the national conference. Unlike Cincinnati, at the National Prison Congress, the Cleveland papers published a full abstract of proceedings daily. Ex-president Hayes was present, and responded to the address of welcome, and participated in the subsequent proceedings. Among those present from abroad were H. H. Hart, of Minnesota, and Alexander Johnson, of Indiana, and both took an active part in the discussions.

The National Conference of Charities and Correction this year was held in Denver, Colorado, and was largely attended. The Conferenee has never received a more cordial reception than it received from the people of Denver.

My part in the conference was a response to the address of welcome, and participation in the discussions, as presented in the annual report.

The opening exercises of the Denver Conference were especially noteworthy, and as I stated in response to the address of welcome, the audience was larger than any we had ever seen on a similar occasion.

The papers and discussions of the conference covered a wide field, and were uniformly able and instructive, and the annual volume containing them is very valuable for reference and study.

The Indian question was again very fully considered in half a dozen papers, one of which was "The Preparation of the Indian for Citizenship," by Alice C. Fletcher, who so enraptured the Omaha Conference, as I have heretofore described. Another, on "The Advantages of Mingling Indians with Whites," was by Captain R. H. Pratt, the superintendent of the government school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, than whom no one has had greater experience or success in dealing with the Indian educational problem. Still another valuable paper on

the education of Indians was presented by President William S. Slocum, Jr., of the University of Colorado.

One session was given to memorial tributes to Oscar C. McCulloch, president of the Indianapolis Conference in 1891, whose recent decease was greatly mourned by every member of the national conference. He had been with us for years, and he was beloved by all, and his contributions to the literature of the conference were of the highest value. No one in his generation ranked higher as a philanthropist, and the results of his labors in Indianapolis, in dealing with the dependent classes, has not been equaled so far as I have knowledge by any single individual in any other city.

The tributes to his memory by Isabel C. Barrows, Alexander Johnson, Rabbi Berkowitz and the Reverend Myron W. Reed, all of whom had known him intimately, were admirable.

In company with my daughter and granddaughter, we left Mansfield on the evening train on the B. & O. Railroad, June 20, 1892, and reached Chicago in the morning of the 21st, and waited until 10 P. M. in order to take the special train engaged for delegates to the National Conference of Charities and Correction, which held its nineteenth annual session at Denver, commencing in the evening of June 23.

Chicago was full of delegates, and others, in attendance at the Democratic Presidential Convention then in session, and the thermometer was at ninety-five degrees, but we managed to put in the day without serious discomfort, and left on time for the West. As most of the passengers were old acquaintances the trip was delightful, and we reached Denver at noon of the second day.

The conference continued for a week, and then we left Denver on the evening of June 30, stopping off at Colorado Springs, where we held a session of the conference,

and visited the Garden of the Gods and Pikes Peak, and then left for our long trip which lasted for nearly two months, and of which I gave an account in a series of articles published in the "Sunday Shield and Banner," and continued for several weeks in the months of August and September, 1892.

The weather was delightful throughout the entire journey, and we did not have a sick day, a rainy day, or a hot day, and everybody was kind, and we reached home in good health and spirits, and will always remember our trip with pleasure. We had heard of the hospitality of the Pacific Slope, but it exceeded our expectations.

At Salt Lake I had a letter of introduction to Governor Thomas, then governor of the territory for the second term, and although an entire stranger, he spent the larger part of two days in showing us the city, and then sent us out to the lake in charge of Judge Hoge and his brother. From Governor Thomas, I gained larger information in regard to the social conditions of Utah than I had ever known before.

At Carson City, in Nevada, we received similar attentions from Governor Calcord, who not only took us in his carriage and showed us the city, and took us to the penitentiary and the Stewart Indian School, but also invited us to dinner at his home. This was the style of hospitality we met everywhere upon the Pacific Slope.

Leaving Carson City we went to Lake Tahoe upon the invitation of a gentleman introduced to us by Governor Calcord, and who had a summer villa there. Arriving at the lake Mr. Bliss and his daughter took us on a tug steamer belonging to a lumber company, of which he was president, and made the circuit of that most wonderful of mountain lakes, a distance of over thirty miles, and

then landed us at the foot where we took the stage down the mountain fifteen miles to Truckee on the Central Pacific Road, where we stopped over night, and took the morning train down the Sierra Mountains by daylight to Sacramento.

After spending a day at Sacramento we went south to Stockton, and spent two days at the insane asylum, and then went to the Yosemite Valley via Milton and the old Placer mining region. I have seen nearly all the wonders of America and Western Europe, but the Yosemite Valley in grandeur of scenery excels them all.

From the Yosemite we went to the Mariposa reservation of big trees, and thence by Raymond and Berenda to Los Angeles and San Diego, and then leisurely along the entire coast via Santa Barbara, San Francisco, Portland, Tacoma, to Seattle, in Washington. On our way, we visited all the principal prisons, reformatories and asylums, and everywhere we were welcomed with a hospitality I have rarely met elsewhere.

Leaving Seattle, we went directly to the Yellow Stone Park, where we spent a week in viewing its wonders, and came home via Minneapolis and Chicago. It was a trip long to be remembered, and never to be forgotten.

The National Prison Congress for 1892 was held in Baltimore, commencing December 3d, and closing December 7th. Leaving Mansfield on the evening train of December 2d, I met, at Newark, General Hayes and his daughter Fannie, and we went through to Baltimore together, arriving late in the afternoon of the 3d, but in time for the opening of the congress in the evening. During the hours we were together on the train, there was no one to interrupt our long talk, and as we were passing through a portion of Virginia in which the general had campaigned during the war, he was full of reminiscences which were very interesting and instructive.

We also discussed the prison question largely, and among other things the Lombroso theory of criminal physiology and heredity, and the consequent irresponsibility for criminal acts. General Hayes, whilst not denying the existence of moral idiots, insisted that there were but few persons so depraved by nature that they could not be cured by proper training in youth. As illustrations, he gave his own experience of an adverse heredity, some of which I quoted in my eulogy upon Hayes at the Chicago congress, in June, 1893, as printed in the report of that year.

The congress at Baltimore was largely attended, and the hospitality of the city was most generous, and Baltimore fully maintained its reputation for appreciative audiences and attractive entertainments.

My part in the congress was an extemporaneous address to the chaplains, and participation in the discussions.

The Second Annual Conference of the Ohio State Charities and Corrections was held this year (1892) in Cleveland, in September, and was a great success, and its papers and discussions compare very favorably with the deliverances of the national conferences. A full report of this conference was published as an appendix to the report of the Board of State Charities.

At this conference, Ex-President Hayes attended and made response to the address of welcome. He came upon my special request, and made an admirable talk upon our charitable and correctional institutions, in which as governor he had been deeply interested. His closing words were characteristic of the spirit of the man in philanthropic work: "If the calamities we would alleviate or avert can never touch the hem, even of your garments, we have the consolation to know that we are trying to follow in the footsteps of the Divine Master

who healed the sick, who gave eyes to the blind, and ears to the deaf, and whose whole life and teaching pointed out to us that the surest road to our own happiness and welfare, is to try to add to the happiness and welfare of others—our best beloved poet, Whittier, the tender glow of whose descending orb still lingers in the air of all America, has said in his beautiful and familiar hymn:

“We bring no ghastly holocaust,  
We pile no graven stone;  
He serves Christ best, who loveth most  
*His* brothers as our own.”

On account of the World's Fair at Chicago, the National and International Conference of Charities and Correction and the National Prison Congress were also held there.

The National Conference of Charities and Correction for 1893 commenced on the 8th of June and closed on the 11th, and was devoted to reports by its standing committees upon the progress made during the previous twenty years in the different departments within the purview of the association. As chairman of the committee upon prisons, I made the report on the evening of the 8th. Failing to get any help from the other members of the committee, the report was wholly my own, and I alone am responsible for its conclusions.

The international congress that followed convened on the 12th of June and continued until the 18th. It was not as largely attended as we had hoped, but still its papers and discussions were very able and form several volumes of great value. The contributions of foreign delegates were especially interesting and the contributors themselves were interesting people to meet.

M. Kazarin, imperial representative from Russia, impressed me very favorably. After the congress, he vis-

ited Ohio prisons with his wife and secretary, and spent a day with me at Mansfield, and I found him a liberal and broad-minded penologist, and was glad to learn of the large progress made in Russia in dealing with criminal classes in recent years. I met him again in Paris in 1895, where we spent two weeks together in attendance upon the International Prison Congress.

The death of General Hayes, the president of the prison congress, which occurred January 17, 1893, imposed upon me, as the vice-president, the duties of presiding officer, and also the duty of preparing the principal eulogy at the Hayes memorial services, held in the evening of June 7th, which was published in the annual report.

In view of the fact that the prison congress became a part of the International Conference of Charities and Correction, commencing on the 12th, only three sessions were held, and Saturday, the 10th, was taken up with an excursion to Joliet Prison.

At the morning session of the 8th, I was elected president of the prison congress for the succeeding year, and, with reluctance, I accepted the position. After the death of General Hayes, it seemed to me that it would be best for the association to elect as his successor Ex-President Harrison. The fact that General Hayes had been President of the United States gave prestige to the association and secured larger audiences at our annual meetings and more influence with the public generally. Hoping that General Harrison would accept the position, I wrote him a letter, of which the following is a copy:

MANSFIELD, OHIO, *April 24, 1893.*

GENERAL BENJ. HARRISON, INDIANAPOLIS, IND:

*Dear Sir*—As you are doubtless aware, the National Prison Association will hold its annual meeting in Chicago during the second week in June. Of this association, by the death of its president,



General Hayes, I, as first vice-president, am ex-officio its presiding officer. At our June meeting, we will elect a successor to General Hayes, and to me it has seemed that the position goes to you more appropriately than to any other living man, and if you will indicate a willingness to accept it, I am very sure it will be unanimously tendered. It is practically a life position. General Hayes held it for ten years, and we can hope that you would fill it for a longer period. It is a position in which you can render a great service to our association, to our country, and to humanity. If you will indicate a willingness to accept, I will take great pleasure, and will consider it a high honor, to recommend affirmative action by the association.

Very sincerely, yours, R. BRINKERHOFF.

To this letter I received the following reply:

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., *April 26, 1893.*

GENERAL R. BRINKERHOFF, MANSFIELD, OHIO:

*My Dear Sir*—I have your letter of April 24th. I am much obliged to you for your kindly mention of my name as a successor of General Hayes as president of the National Prison Association. General Hayes was fortunately so situated that he could give much or all of his time to public and philanthropic duty. This is not my situation. After a period of rest, it will be necessary for me to engage somewhat in professional work. Indeed, I have already assumed some obligations in that way. These are quite likely to interfere with my presence at meetings, and much more with any active participation in the work. I think, therefore, it will be better that you should, if possible, secure some one whose time will be more completely at his own disposal. I know that the work of the present association is full of interest and of high importance, and but for reasons suggested, I would be willing to lend a helping hand.

Very truly, yours,

BENJ. HARRISON.

As he did not make an absolute refusal I thought it possible, if his attendance could be secured at Chicago, he might feel differently. I so wrote to the secretary of the association, Rev. John S. Milligan, chaplain of the Alleghany penitentiary, and he concluded to go and see him. I also wrote another letter to General Harrison

and asked him to be present at our memorial services and participate.

His reply was as follows:

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., *May 18. 1893.*

GENERAL R. BRINKERHOFF, MANSFIELD, OHIO:

*My Dear General*—I have your letter of the 16th, and yesterday received a call from the secretary of your association presenting the same matter to my consideration. I notice a discrepancy in his statement and yours. Unless I misunderstand him—and I think I do not—he said that the time of the meeting was July 7. Your letter says June 7. I said to him at that time (July 7,) I would be in the East taking my summer vacation, and could not make a trip to the West for the purpose of being present at your meeting. I had the highest appreciation of Mr. Hayes, and had always received the kindest treatment from him.

Under other circumstances an occasion to express this appreciation would not be neglected; but I did not want to make any speeches this spring or summer, or to attend any meetings where I should be put to any wear or strain. I need a good rest, and have some work that I must do in my study that will require all the strength and time that I can get during the summer. My plan was to go East for the summer, about the middle of June. It is possible that I may be in Chicago for a few days prior to that time.

The Indiana people have wanted me to be present at the dedication of the Indiana building, which I suppose will not occur before the 10th, and perhaps at a later day; and I have said that I might go up if the time suited. I could not, however, make an address on such an occasion, before such an audience, without some adequate preparation; and I really do not feel that I have now the time or the strength to undertake it.

Very truly yours, BENJ. HARRISON.

General Harrison misunderstood Secretary Milligan, and June the seventh was the correct date, but this fact was immaterial, as he evidently had no inclination towards the prison congress or its work. I do not blame him for that, as the prison question is not an attractive one to the average American; but I did think he ought to have made an effort, even at a sacrifice of his com-

fort, to show proper appreciation of the life and services of General Hayes. The declination of General Harrison made me president of the national association, but I had serious doubts whether it was wise action for the association, or advantageous to me. To put a small peg in a large hole may result in the disappearance of the peg, but as to that we shall see what we shall see. Suffice it to say, I appreciated fully the confidence of my associates in the work of prison reform, and hope the cause has not suffered for the want of larger leadership. No one in the congress felt the loss of General Hayes more than I did, for we had been close friends for more than thirty years. When governor in 1867 he had been instrumental in re-establishing the Board of State Charities, and he always took a special interest in its work, and was always ready to lend a helping hand.

So highly did he appreciate the usefulness of the board and its opportunities for philanthropic work, that, after he became an ex-president of the United States, he declared that there was but one office he would be willing to accept, and that would be a membership on the Board of State Charities.

As I have already stated, the Ohio Archæological and Historical Society was organized at Mansfield in 1875, and I was its first president. After that, until February, 1893, I was connected with it officially, either as trustee or vice-president, and then upon the death of General Hayes, who had been elected president in 1892, I was chosen to succeed him, and have since been selected every year.

As I have heretofore stated, our society made an exhibit of Ohio archæology at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876, and this we enlarged and repeated at the Chicago Exposition.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## EVENTS OF 1893 AND 1894.

The Chicago Exposition—Dedication of the Ohio Monument—Origin of monument—Dedication address—State Conference at Dayton—Legislation of 1894—Interchange of commodities—Sons of the Revolution—Address at banquet—Fourth of July address.

It was my good fortune to spend a month in Chicago during the World's Columbian Exposition. I was present at the grand opening, in October, 1892, at the Manufactures Building in Jackson Park (the largest building under one roof ever erected), and again in the evening at the opening of the World's Congress Auxiliary at the Auditorium, and heard the magnificent oration of Archbishop Ireland, which was the only one (and I heard them all) that seemed to me to be fully up to the requirements of the occasion. In the following year, in the month of June, I also attended several of the conferences of the World's Auxiliary, and made the acquaintance of many distinguished people from all parts of the world.

All of these various conferences were held in the Chicago Art Building, on the lake front, and in order to be present at sessions both day and night I remained down town at the Great Northern Hotel until the close of the prison congress, and then secured quarters near the main entrance of the exposition grounds, and in company with my daughter and granddaughter spent three weeks in a systematic and careful inspection of the exposition, preparing our itinerary at night and putting in the entire day in carrying it out, with an hour for lunch and rest at

the Ohio building. The weather was perfect, and the great crowds did not begin to come until after we left for home, so that we were able to visit every exhibit, and some of them several times, without worry or weariness. It certainly was a great exposition, and I doubt if it will be equaled in a century to come.

The world's auxiliary congresses, however, impressed me as more wonderful than the exhibits at Jackson Park. As God is greater than the universe He has made, so man is greater than the work of his hands. At Jackson Park, we had the creations of men's hands, but at the various congresses at the art palace we had the world's thinkers, and the interchange of thoughts there obtained cannot be otherwise than vastly influential in every department of human endeavor. The Columbian Exposition was too large for intelligent examination and study, and the aim of future expositions, I think, should be to secure a reduction of quantity and an increase of quality.

The 14th of September was "Ohio Day" at the fair, and as I was on the program as one of the speakers, I left for Chicago on the evening of the 11th and remained until the evening of the 15th. The 12th and 13th, I put in almost entirely at the Parliament of Religions, which was opened on the 11th, and as I was a member of one of the advisory committees of the world's auxiliary, I was an ex-officio member, and had special opportunity for meeting foreign delegates, and hearing them. I attended the reception Tuesday evening, and attended the sessions for two days and nights, and afterwards kept the run of the proceedings through the seventeen days of the congress, as published in the newspapers. It was a wonderful congress, and works a new era in the world's history.

On my return home, I was invited, and accepted the invitation, to present impressions of the congress to the people of the Congregational Church, at the regular Sun-

day evening service, and also by the Mansfield Lyceum at its autumn opening. "Ohio Day," on the 14th of September, was a great success, although it was the hottest day of the season, and there were one hundred and fifty two heat prostrations. After the parade, the speaking exercises were in front of the Ohio building. Governor McKinley was first on the program, and I was second, and then came Judge Hunt, of Cincinnati, and Judge Thomas, of Chicago. My duty was to dedicate the Ohio Monument, the origin of which was credited to me.

The genesis of this monument, in brief, was as follows:

In February, 1891, at a banquet in Columbus, of the Ohio Archæological and Historical Society, I was put upon the program to respond to the toast: "Ohio at the Columbian Exposition." I had no time for preparation, but as I was last on the list of speakers I did not worry myself, as the chances were I would not be reached, and in any event, the hour would be so late that I could get off with very few words. However, as the speaking traveled my way, I began to think how best to present Ohio at the fair, and the more I thought about it the more difficult it seemed to show any special pre-eminence for our state.

Ohio, as a whole, could not be excelled, but when I tried to enter into particulars it was not easy to show superiority, for some other state could do as well or better, and I began to get nervous. All at once, however, it flashed into my mind that it was not bigness or material resources that gave renown to a nation as much as the character of its men and women, and I remembered Greece and Palistine, and my speech was ready, for in men of international renown Ohio was peerless among the states. At eleven o'clock, when my turn came, I amplified my idea, and wound up with the suggestion

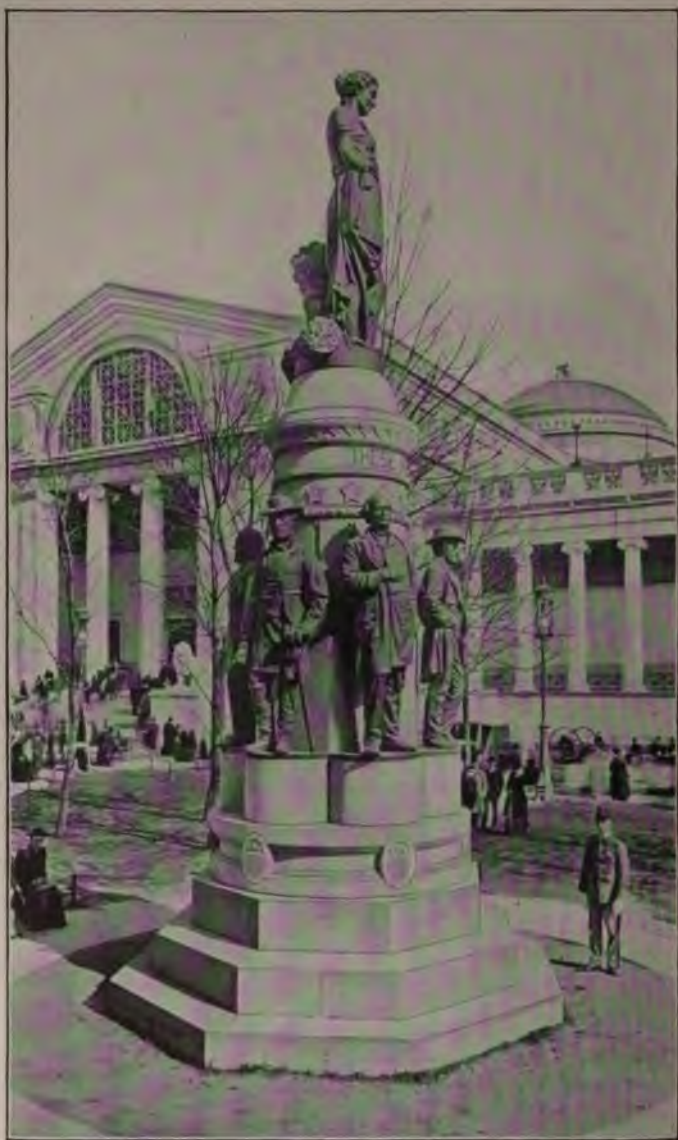
that Ohio should be represented at the fair by a group of statuary, in the center of which should be a noble matron to represent Ohio, and around her should be such children as Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Chase, Stanton, and Garfield; and then upon the pedestal should be engraved the proud utterance of Cornelia, the "Mother of the Gracchi." "These are my Jewels." A resolution was unanimously adopted recommending the legislature to adopt the suggestion, and appropriate the funds necessary to it put in granite and bronze.

Later on, in December, I was invited by the trustees of the reformatory to go with them to Canton to meet Governor-elect McKinley, and with us was the architect of the reformatory, Captain Levi T. Scofield, who was also the creator of the soldiers' monument at Cleveland, Ohio. At dinner in Canton I was next to Captain Scofield, and it occurred to me to tell him about my proposed monument, and ask him what he thought of it. It struck him favorably, and subsequently he wrote me he had made drawings for it, and these he brought with him later, at a meeting of the board in Columbus. All seemed pleased, and I proposed to Scofield that we go over to the capitol and show it to the adjutant-general. General Pocock took to it with enthusiasm, and asked me to write him a letter explaining fully the proposed monument, which I did on my return home. The result was, he presented the matter to the state commission, and through them to the legislature, and the required appropriation of \$25,000 was made, and in due time the monument was completed and I was called upon to dedicate it.

As to the merits or demerits of the monument as a work of art, I do not care to consider here. Suffice it to say it served its purpose, and gave to Ohio a pre-eminence which no one disputed, which was its sole purpose so far as I was concerned. After the fair was over the monu-







"THESE ARE MY JEWELS."

ment was removed to Columbus, where General Hayes was added to the group.

The Ohio monument, apparently, had its origin in the inspirations of an after-dinner speech, and to a large extent that is a fact; and yet I am not sure but the inspiration, after all, had its origin in my decorations at Washington City in 1865, at the jollification in the celebration of Lee's surrender, which I have already described. "Ohio's Quota" contained all the figures on the monument except Chase and Garfield.

#### ADDRESS OF GENERAL R. BRINKERHOFF

*At the Dedication of the Ohio Monument, Jackson Park, Chicago.  
September 14, 1893.*

We, the citizens of Ohio, have met to-day in this pantheon of the nations to remember and honor our own great state. Whilst we are Americans, and proud of our nationality, we are also proud to believe that in the galaxy of states there is no star brighter than Ohio. Nowhere upon the rounded globe is there another block of land of the size of Ohio which equals it in all the essentials required for the abode of civilized men. In fertility of soil, in diversity of products, in mines of coal and iron, in quarries of stone, in healthfulness of climate, in beauty of landscape, in accessibility of location by water and by land, she is absolutely peerless.

Leaving out the great cities of New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, which are alien rather than native, and are the creations of commerce and not the children of a state, and Ohio is easily the greatest state in the union in population and wealth, and always will be.

Whilst we remember all this, and are proud to remember it, we also remember and are glad to remember that the highest glory of a state or nation is not in bigness, but in mind, as manifested and represented by its men and women.

Two thousand years ago that contracted peninsula in the Aegean Sea was but a speck in size compared with the surrounding countries, and yet, to-day, in architecture and in art, in oratory and in song, in literature and in philosophy, and in all that make a

nation truly great, the republics of Greece are the models of the world.

Two thousand years ago, and for a thousand years before, Palestine was but a handbreadth on the continent of Asia, between the Jordan and the sea; and yet in all the nations of the world's annals the Hebrew is the most memorable and the most potential.

So, in a concourse of nations, the highest claim for recognition must be mind and not matter—men and not things. So in this concourse of nations in which we are now gathered, Ohio is not ashamed to present her achievements in comparison with the proudest, both in matter and in mind; for around us to-day, in every department of human endeavor, the image and the superscription of Ohio is pre-eminent.

"To-day, however, in the dedication of this monumental group, we call attention to the fact that in men of international renown, Ohio is absolutely peerless among the states and nations of this western hemisphere. Like the constellation of Orion in the heavens, we have six stars of resplendent magnitude, and in the inventory of our treasures, 'these are our jewels.'

"Who they are and what they were is known to all mankind, and therefor for the purposes of this exposition, a biographical description is not necessary, but for the purposes of this gathering of Ohio people, it seems proper for those who knew them, not only to bear testimony to their pre-eminence as soldiers and statesmen, but also to give personal recollections of acquaintance with them. I knew them all, and some of them intimately. Grant, Sherman and Sheridan are the only soldiers who ever attained the full rank of general, in the United States, since the organization of our government. In the splendor of their achievements, they have never been equaled upon this continent, and have never been surpassed by the soldiers of any other continent. They were not only great soldiers, but they were also patriotic citizens, and never thought a thought or dreamed a dream, that was disloyal to liberty or the institutions of their native land.

"So with Chase, Stanton and Garfield; they were not only statesmen of the highest rank, but they were also noble-minded gentlemen in all the relations of life. Mr. Chase, mentally, morally and physically, was the noblest man, I think, I have ever known. He was the friend of my youth, and the friend of my manhood, and I knew him better than any other public man of high position. He was my political god-father, and I followed his banner until he died. As an antislavery leader before the war, as a financial or-

ganizer during the war, he had no equal. As a statesman, as a patriot and as a Christian gentleman, I do not know of anyone since Washington, more worthy of honor by the nation or more worthy of imitation by coming generations.

"Edwin M. Stanton, next to Lincoln, in my judgment, rendered more important service in subduing the Rebellion than any other man. Never in the history of nations, has there been a war secretary of larger ability, or greater devotion to the cause he represented. He was the right hand of the President in the great struggle, and a century hence, when history can be written in truer proportions than is possible now, the name of Stanton in the great rebellion will be next to Lincoln. No one, perhaps, in the great struggle was more misunderstood than Mr. Stanton. To the multitude he seemed harsh, and to many cruel, and even now to the majority of Americans, I apprehend such ideas are more or less dominant, but to those who were near enough to him to know him intimately, and I was one of them, there was no man more kind, or considerate, or appreciative. To drones, or laggards, or shirks, he was merciless, but to every one, high or low, who was efficient, and sought to do his duty, he was always a friend. Of those upon our monument, there is no one, perhaps, of wider international renown than President Garfield. The pathos of his death, as much as the achievements of his life, has made him immortal. No man in this generation was endowed by nature with larger gifts, and no one, probably, ever came to the office of president better equipped for the discharge of its duties and, therefore, the calamity of his taking off has filled the world with sorrow. I was associated with him in many ways before the war, during the war, and after the war, and a more attractive man I have never known. I doubt if any man in public or in private life had more friends or fewer enemies than James A. Garfield.

"In conclusion, let me say that we as citizens of Ohio have reason to thank God and rejoice that we have a heritage so glorious as the memories of the men we celebrate to-day, The emulation of examples like these make nations great, and keeps them so. The soil out of which such men have grown is good to be born on, good to die for, and good to be buried in."

The State Conference of Charities and Correction for 1893 was held at Dayton, November 20th to 23d, inclusive, with 133 delegates, representing very fully the

charitable and correctional institutions of the state. The opening meeting, on the evening of the 20th, was especially noteworthy in the very large attendance of the citizens of Dayton. The address of welcome was made with the mayor of the city, and in the absence of the governor of the state, who was unexpectedly detained, I was called upon to respond, and the exercises then closed by the annual address of the president, H. C. Filler, of Columbus. During the next three days, the various phases of philanthropic work were very fully considered, and some of the papers were of exceptional value, a full report of which was published as an appendix to the report of the Board of State Charities.

During the year, by order of the governor, two investigations running for several days were made by committees of our board, of which I was chairman; the first of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home and the other of the Cleveland Hospital for the Insane. Serious charges were made against the superintendents, and many witnesses were examined with the result that each was exonerated, and there was not a shadow of doubt in the minds of those who heard the testimony that the verdict was correct. Even the prosecuting witness who had filed the charge against the Cleveland Hospital admitted that he had been misinformed.

The legislature of 1894, like all new legislatures, attempted to do a good many foolish things in regard to our public institutions, but we were able to prevent the worst of the proposed measures, and shaped others so as to be beneficial. The worst bill proposed was one that passed the senate almost unanimously, and required the inmates of our insane asylums and other benevolent institutions to pay for their maintenance or be classified as paupers. This was known as the Rorick bill. The Constitution of the State, Article VII, section 1, provides that institu-

tions for the benefit of the insane, blind, and deaf and dumb should be fostered and supported by the state, and this provision had always been construed to mean free support, and the change proposed by the senate bill would reverse our entire system. I immediately wrote to our clerk at Columbus to arrange for a hearing before the committee of the house to which the bill was referred, and had him call a meeting of our board, which he did. On reaching Columbus, we met the committee, and presented fully our reasons for opposing the bill. Our opposition to this bill, however, made us enemies in the senate, which was shown in Senator Gears' bill to abolish our board. This bill did good rather than evil, for it drew public attention to our position, and opposition always helps a good cause.

Out of controversy with the senate, however, we got a valuable bill passed to provide for interchange of products among our public institutions. The senate finance committee intimated that we had better make explanation to them as to our opposition to the Rorick bill, which we were glad to do, and in doing so we indicated a better way to make money out of institutions than by taxing their inmates. The suggestion took root, and a few days afterwards, our clerk, Mr. Byers, wrote me that Senator Rorick had suggested that if we would propose a bill to carry out our suggestion, he would introduce it. Accordingly I went to Columbus, and after consultation with senators and the governor, I prepared a bill, and then arranged to have it presented to Mr. Brown, who represented the labor union element, and the bill passed the senate with but little opposition. The bill failed to reach a vote in the house, but two years later, in 1896, Senator Brown again introduced the bill, and it passed both houses, and is now a law.

The organization known as the Ohio Sons of the

American Revolution, of which I was a charter member, celebrated the 19th of April, 1894, the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, with a banquet at the Neil House in Columbus. A dozen toasts and responses were on the program, and as I was last there was a hopeful chance to be left out, but I was not so fortunate, and the following is the result :

**PATRIOTISM—SONS OF THE REVOLUTION—IN ALL WARS OF THE  
REPUBLIC.**

It was my good fortune, a year ago, to be present at the opening exercises of the World's Auxiliary, and to hear that peerless oration of Archbishop Ireland, and I remember the opening sentence in which he said, "the greatest thing in the world is mind." Truly the greatest thing in the world is mind, but in addition I would say that the greatest thing in the world in its influence upon mind is sentiment; and the greatest sentiment in the world in its influence upon the life of nations is patriotism.

Patriotism is that sentiment which we know as love of country, and it is the creation, largely, of past achievements and glorious memories. With our revolutionary fathers patriotism meant a love of liberty, which was their heritage as Englishman, and for which their fathers had fought and suffered, and which again was jeopardized by a tyrannical king. It was a patriotism of the divinest kind, and under its inspiration they fought through seven long years, and finally won by founding a new nation. The splendor of their achievements was the noblest heritage ever given to a nation, and under its influence we are what we are to-day.

In the annals of history we have no record of a nobler body of men than the fathers of the American Revolution, and it could not be otherwise than that they should transmit something of these qualities to their descendants, and therefore in all wars of the republic the Sons of the Revolution have been first at the front. In our brief wars with France and with Algeria, it was Commodore Truxton and Commodore Decatur that gave us victory, and they were both Sons of the Revolution. So in the war of 1812 it was fought out under the direction of Sons of the Revolution. Jackson in command of the army in the south, Harrison of the west, Van

Rensselaer of the center, and Wade Hampton of the north, were all Sons of the Revolution, and so also were three-fourths of the rank and file of all these armies. On the sea, where our sailors covered themselves all over with glory, they were directed by the Sons of the Revolution, like Decatur, and Hull, and Porter, and Bainbridge, and Commodore Perry. In the war of 1812 it was a matter of course that the Sons of the Revolution should be at the front, and your traditions, like mine, are doubtless all to that effect.

My grandfather after whom I was named was one of six brothers who carried muskets in the Revolution, and five of them survived, and their families were all represented in the war of 1812, and some of them several times over. My father was a lieutenant and quartermaster, and my uncle was a colonel in the line under Scott in Canada.

As in the war of 1812, so in the Mexican War, the leading spirits were Sons of the Revolution, and there were thousands of them under the command of Winfield Scott and Zachary Taylor, both of whom were Sons of the Revolution. So in the Civil War the Sons of the Revolution were represented out of all proportion to their numbers, and at the head of our armies were Grant and Sherman, both Sons of the Revolution, and both from Ohio. Many others from Ohio could be added, as for example Generals Hayes, Rosecrans, Ewing and Force. This condition of affairs is not strange, for it is the law of nature that sons will be as their fathers.

It is wise, therefore, in a nation, to foster patriotism by preserving the memory of the noble deeds for the imitation and inspiration of the coming generations. Money expended in monuments and statuary and memorial days is not wasted, but wisely invested.

To me, for a long time, it has seemed that the Fourth of July properly belongs to the Sons of the Revolution, and I believe that we ought to take possession of it, and make it the greatest object lesson of the nation in patriotism. As celebrated in later years it teaches our children evil rather than good. It is the one holiday, and the only one, in which all Americans, of every state in the Union, South as well as North, can unite in a common jubilee of patriotism.

Let us make it what the Passover has been to the Jews for three thousand years, a day in which to teach our children lessons of the Passover of our fathers from colonial dependence to American independence.



No greater theme can command the attention of the American people, for, as stated by Archbishop Ireland, "America born into the family of nations in these later times, is the highest billow in humanity's evolution, the crowning effort of the ages in the aggrandizement of man."

In compliance with my suggestion, an organization was effected in Mansfield, and the Fourth of July was duly celebrated—first by the school children in the Memorial Hall, in the morning, and then by a picnic in the Sherman-Hineman Park, where a number of patriotic addresses were made. It fell to my lot to make the introductory speech at the Memorial Hall, which was as follows:

"One hundred and eighteen years ago to-day, July 4, 1776, there were assembled in Philadelphia, in what is now known as Independence Hall, the representatives of thirteen colonies. For nearly a month the question of a formal separation from the mother country had been considered. A committee had been appointed to draft a Declaration of Independence, and it was generally understood that a vote would be reached that day.

The people thronged the streets and anxiously awaited the result. In order that immediate information could be given to the waiting people, a bell-man was stationed in the belfry of the hall, and a boy in the hall itself, with instructions to notify the bell-man as soon as action was taken upon the declaration. Long hours the grizzled old bell-man waited in vain in his lonely tower.

The clocks in the church towers clanged high noon, and no news came to the bell-man. "They'll never do it; they'll never do it!" growled the bell-man, but the debate went on. It was a serious business those men below had in hand. To vote aye meant high treason under British law, and the penalty was death. Time went slow with the man in the tower, but it went fast with those below. "They'll never do it; they'll never do it!" growled the bell-man, as time crept on and the clock struck one.

Another hour crept on until nearly two o'clock, when out of the door, like a race-horse on the home stretch, came the waiting boy, and, as he reached the middle of the street, he shouted upward to the man in the tower, 'Ring! ring!! ring!!!' and the great bell

swung with a thunderous roar, and the proclamation of American Independence went out into the ambient air and upon the wings of the wind, and America was free.

That night John Adams wrote to his wife: 'This will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America; celebrated by descending generations as the great anniversary festival; commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty; solemnized with pomp, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward, forever.' John Adams was right. It was the greatest epoch in American history. Aye, more, it was the greatest political event in the world's history, and we are here to-day to keep it in mind, and the principles it represents.

Upon this platform are gathered some of the lineal descendants of the soldiers of the Revolution, and they believe that the Fourth of July should be, not only a day of rejoicing, but a day of instruction and consecration for the rising generation, and therefore they have invited the children of the public schools, as well as those who are older, to participate. As the white-haired veteran in the belfry and the small boy in the street had a part in the original Declaration of Independence, so old and young alike, as long as time lasts, and the nation lives, should unite in celebrating its glories and perpetuating its lessons."

## CHAPTER XXV.

## EVOLUTION AND REVOLUTION.

As an evolutionist—The origin of life—The law of biogenesis—Conference of 1894—Ohio State Conference at Kenton—Prohibition vagaries.

No biographer can interpret properly the records of a human life unless he knows something of the philosophic convictions of his subject. They may be conscious or unconscious, but nevertheless they exist in every human life, and are a potent factor for good or evil. It seems essential, therefore, for me to say that I am an evolutionist of the Herbert Spencer type, and have been so from the earliest announcement of that theory, and with me it has been a power for good, and not for evil. Instead of weakening my faith in God and the future, it has strengthened it in many ways, and has been a guiding light in many other directions.

Evolution in the earlier years of its discussion, doubtless, carried some people into materialism, but as the years went by such thinkers as Le Conte and Gray in America, and Drummond, Matheson and Sir William Hamilton in Great Britain, went deeper, and materialism is no longer in the ascendent. As an indication of the shaping of my own beliefs, I give the following essay upon the origin of life, prepared by me for the Mansfield Lyceum and presented in May, 1886:

## LAW OF BIOGENESIS IN ITS APPLICATION TO MAN.

The term biogenesis is a word of very recent origin. I doubt if you will find it in any of your dictionaries, unless it is a very late

edition. We find biology, which means the science of life, and the study of it, is as old as humanity.

Biogenesis is a recent addition to this science, and is used to indicate the law which governs the origin of life. *Bios* life, *genesis* the origin. The most mysterious thing in the visible universe is life.

Matter, in a measure, we can understand. Through our knowledge of the action of the laws of gravitation, and the chemical laws, we can determine how things have come about, and how they will perform under given conditions. But life puzzles us, for here comes a something which sets the material laws at defiance. The elements of a tree, or an animal, do not differ from the material elements around them, and yet within them is that mysterious something called life. Whence cometh it, whither goeth it?

Every people of every age have had some idea of the origin of life, but it is only in the last two centuries that there has been any intelligent effort to get at it scientifically, and these efforts very soon centered upon two theories:

I. Life was a product of matter, and came about by a chemical combination of its particles, and that it was liable at any time to be generated in its lowest forms by favorable circumstances.

II. That life was not a product of matter, but came from some source outside of matter by special creation.

For a time, the spontaneous generation advocates seemed to have the upper hand. In fact, Bastiat, by a series of experiments, seemed to prove it by the generation of animalculæ from distilled water. For a time, the majority of scientists were disposed to concede the point and to agree that life was the product of matter. A few questioned the sufficiency of Bastiat's experiments and proceeded to institute a more crucial test by water distilled from superheated steam, and the result was that spontaneous generation ceased and ceased forever.

Steadily, step by step, science settled conclusively that spontaneous generation was a myth and that there was no such thing; and at last all men of science are substantially unanimous in the conviction that there can be no life except it come from pre-existing life, and this fact is now known as the law of "biogenesis." This was first authoritatively announced by Professor Huxley to the British Association of Science in 1870. The next year (1871), Sir William Thompson, as president of the association, stated in his address: "A very ancient way of thinking, to which many naturalists still hold fast, admits that by means of certain meteoro-

logical conditions different from the present, inanimate matter may have crystallized or fermented in such a manner as to produce living germs, or organic cells, or protoplasts. But science affords us a number of inductive proofs against this hypothesis of spontaneous generation, as you have already heard from my predecessor in this chair. A minute examination has not, up to this time, discovered any power capable of originating life but life itself. Inanimate matter cannot become living except under the influence of matter already living. This is a fact of science which seems to me as well ascertained as the law of gravitation, and I am ready to accept as an article of faith in science, for all time and in all space, that life is produced by life and only by life." Professor Huxley categorically announces that the doctrine of biogenesis, or life from life, is victorious along the whole line at the present day. Professor Tyndall, even whilst confessing that he wishes the evidence were the other way, is compelled to say: "I affirm that no shred of trustworthy experimental testimony exists to prove that life in our day has ever appeared independent of antecedent life." In this conviction the scientific world has now become substantially unanimous, and the law of biogenesis is now received as the governing law of life with the same certainty that the law of gravitation is received as the governing law of matter.

The result of the establishment of this law is revolutionary in many ways, and destroys at a blow a thousand theories and upsets a great many philosophies, but to-night we only have time to consider very briefly the effect of this law of biogenesis upon man, as a link in the chain of being upon the earth and upon his destiny in the future.

Clearly, if this law be true, then man is not a special creation, but a product of some form of life which preceded him, and we must travel back for our origin to very humble beginnings. Life from life is the law; and as we go backward in time the book of nature, written in the rocks, shows with unerring certainty a steady degradation from higher forms to lower forms; from the complex to the simple; from the heterogeneous to the homogeneous; until at last we find ourselves in company with the lowest known form of life, the formless protoplasm. Apparently this is a tremendous blow to many cherished beliefs. Before admitting this, however, it behooves us to look the matter squarely in the face and see if this conclusion necessarily follows. In the first place, then, it follows as a logical necessity that man is an evolution from the lower forms of life. If the law of biogenesis is true, then it follows as

the night the day that the commonly-received idea that man appeared as a special creation, full-formed from the dust of the ground in the Garden of Eden, must be abandoned.

Under the law of biogenesis, Adam may have been the culmination of man upon the earth; but he certainly could not have been the beginning. Another conclusion necessarily follows, viz: Under the law of biogenesis, life, in the nature of things, must have been eternal. Life from life, as we have already seen, going back to the last attainable link, brings us to the formless protoplasm. Of course, under this law there must be other links beyond; and as life can only come from life, there cannot, in the necessity of things, be any end to the chain, and yet we know that there was a time upon this earth when there was no life.

When the earth was simply a globe of superheated vapor, or later on when it was a sea of melted metals, it is certain that life in any of the forms known upon the earth could not have existed. Whence, then, came life? To this question there are as yet, from the votaries of science, but very few definite answers attempted.

Professor Tyndall and others have suggested that possibly there may have been a time when the law did not exist. That is true, and so it may be that there has been a time when the law of gravitation did not exist; but, so far as we know, these laws have never changed, and until an exception is actually proven we are bound to accept them as they are.

Sir, William Thompson recognizes this fact, but suggests that possibly a germ of life may have been introduced by meteors from the interstellar spaces, or from fragments of other planets. This, even if it were possible, only removes the difficulty a single step backward, and we inquire, how did life get upon other planets?

Herbert Spencer, the profoundest thinker of all the philosophers of science, concludes that under the laws of matter as we know them in the visible universe, there is no solution to the problem, and therefore the beginning of life must be outside of the visible universe. He conceives, therefore, that what we see is simply the product of something we do not see. The something he calls Force. What it is, or where it is, he does not know, and cannot know. But that it exists, and that from it all things come and by it all things are sustained, is a certainty. The visible universe, he thinks, is simply the manifestation of the invisible—a shadow, as it were, of an invisible substance. From this invisible force comes life.

Amid the gropings of science, how refreshing it is to turn to the first chapter of the oldest historical record upon the earth and read in the first verse: "In the beginning GOD created the heavens and the earth." The force of science finds a name: "God created." So at last science and revelation are at one in agreeing that the visible universe is not an accident or chance, but that intelligence formed and rules it.

God is the life giver, and in him all the mysterious links of life have their beginning. We are the children of the Infinite and not the creatures of blind chance. God is eternal.

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made; in Him was life." And thus the law of biogenesis is vindicated and established.

God is the life giver. God is the central force of the universe. God is eternal. In Him all the requirements of science and all the statements of revelation are fully met, and all the phenomena of matter and mind are intelligible. Under the law of biogenesis, we see as a logical necessity that atheism disappears from all scientific philosophy, and therefore we see the class of scientists who have heretofore been atheists taking refuge in agnosticism. Like Spencer, they are compelled to admit the existence of an omnipresent, omnipotent and intelligent force in the universe, but they claim that this force must ever remain unknown and unknowable. To the Christian theist, however, the law of biogenesis is a friend and not an enemy. It is true, it upsets many venerable tenets in the old theologies, but upon the whole the Christian faith, in all its essentials, has been strengthened a thousand fold, and the Scriptures, properly interpreted, instead of being at war with science, are the axioms of science, and the result must be that the science of the future will be based upon Scripture as its truest interpreter, as it was the first to announce its fundamental laws. The admonition of St. Paul to avoid "profane and vain babblings, and opposition of science, falsely so called," will no longer be necessary, for science and Christianity will be one and each will complement the other. Under the law of biogenesis there are two worlds, one physical and the other spiritual, and life from life is the law of both, and both in the chain of being have their origin in the central life of God, and each in its order in the fullness of time. In the light of science as it is in revelation, time is but a name, and a "thousand years are as one day, and one day is as a

thousand years." Under this interpretation, the days of Genesis are expanded, without violence, into aeons of time, and the vision of Moses becomes scientific as well as historical. Through the ages, the germ of life imparted to the earth at the beginning from the central life of all is developed, or, as Spencer puts it, is "differentiated from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous," until at last, during the sixth day, after man (perhaps as an animal for thousands of years with the rude stone implements of the pre-glacial period) had attained a development which marked the climax of life upon the earth. God said: "Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and man became a living soul." As a man, in God's image, he was born upright and sinless, it is true, because until now the power to know good and evil, and the power of choice, had not been given. He chose the evil and his career of development began on the new plane of a higher life. And so again, in the fullness of time, a still higher life was imparted. "Marvel not that I said unto you, ye must be born again." "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. So is every one that is born of the Spirit. Who hath the Son hath life; who hath not the Son hath not life." Here again the law of biogenesis is announced with profound impressiveness. Life from life; and in the spiritual world, as in the natural world, there is no life except from antecedent life.

So, in a thousand ways, the law of biogenesis glows in the Scriptures with increasing luster, and so in the theologies of the future old things must pass away and many things will become entirely new.

From all these considerations, it is evident that the law of biogenesis is as well established as any other physical law, and it therefore follows, with all the certainty and power of a proposition in Euclid, that we are in the power and under the dominion of an intelligent, changeless, ever present force, and the order of nature, as we see it, is simply its visible manifestation or object lesson, by which we learn something of the character and meaning of the invisible world which lies beyond. It is fair to presume, therefore, that the laws of the moral and spiritual world are as changeless as those of the physical world, and it behooves us, therefore, to watch very closely their demands upon us. If we ride with the train, we are in harmony with the universe, but if we



stand in front of it we shall be ground to powder. Obedience is life. Disobedience is death.

The National Conference of Charities and Correction for 1894 was held in Nashville, Tennessee, commencing May 23, and continuing to May 28. It was the first in the heart of the South. It was a large conference, although the South was not as largely represented as was hoped for. Still, the conference was royally entertained by the citizens of Nashville, and all its departments were well sustained. Outside of the discussions, my only contribution was a paper entitled "Board of State Charities as Boards of Control."

In this conference, for the first time, special prominence was given to the subject of training schools for nurses in four separate papers. There was also an admirable paper on "The Duty of the State to the Insane," by Dr. E. N. Brush, superintendent of the Sheppard Asylum, Maryland, and another on "Provision for Epileptics," by Hon. Wm. P. Letchworth, of New York, chairman Board of State Charities. The annual sermon by Prof. Collens Denny, of Vanderbilt University, was also very good and very largely attended.

To the delegates from Northern States, to most of whom the South was unfamiliar, the number of church-going people in Nashville (double that of Northern cities), was a great surprise. The members of the conference, as usual, marched in a body to the hall where service was held, and found the sidewalks so thronged with people going to church, that they were compelled to take to the middle of the street in order to get there.

At the Nashville conference, an invitation was received from the Federation of Women's Clubs, in Memphis, to hold an adjourned meeting in that city, and after consideration, was duly accepted, and it was ex-

pected that quite a large number of delegates, going north by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, would go via Memphis, and stop off for the adjourned conference. Unfortunately, it was found that return tickets at reduced rates could only be had by coming back to Nashville, and remaining over an entire day, and it looked as if the Memphis conference would have to be abandoned.

The Memphis delegates seemed so much disappointed that a few of us determined to stand by them, and succeeded in organizing a party of five, consisting of C. E. Faulkner, superintendent of Soldiers' Orphan Home, of Kansas; Mrs. Agnes D'Aarcambal, matron Home of Industry, Detroit, Michigan; Lucy M. Sickles, superintendent State Industrial School for Girls, of Michigan, and myself. Our reception at Memphis was exceedingly cordial. We were taken direct to the elegant library building overlooking the Mississippi river, where addresses of welcome and responses were made which were followed by a reception and lunch tendered by the club ladies.

After lunch we were given a ride in a steamer for an hour up and down and across the river. Returning, we were taken to the lecture-room of the Federation of Clubs Building. The regular work of the conference then began. The audience was an ideal one, and comprised about two hundred men and women, the very elite of the city, and a more appreciative audience I have rarely seen. Only such topics were taken up as were desired, and there was ample time for consideration, their presentation was more complete than was possible at the regular conference in Nashville.

In the afternoon, the program was "Boards of State Charity," by myself; "Juvenile Reformatories," by Mrs. Sickles; and "Kindergartens," by Mrs. D'Aarcambal.

In the evening, "Child Saving Methods," with stereoptican illustrations, were presented by Homer Folks, and "Prisoners' Aid Associations," by Mrs. D'Aarcambal. Mrs. D'Aarcambal was a wonderful woman, and her Home of Industry for discharged prisoners was a model for the nation. She did much also in kindergaten work, and her presentation of that topic was admirable. The next morning, the ladies had another meeting at the club house, and Faulkner and I were invited to talk upon the prison question to the judges and lawyers at the court-house.

I took up an hour upon the general topic, and Mr. Faulkner presented very fully the Elmira system for the reformation of prisoners and its methods of administration. The results were very gratifying in several directions, the first of which was the organization of a Board of State Charities for the State of Tennessee.

The National Prison Congress for 1894 convened at St. Paul, Minnesota, on the 16th of June, and continued until the evening of the 20th. Without the attraction of an ex-president of the United States, I had feared that the attendance would be largely curtailed, and was agreeably disappointed in finding the number of delegates fully equal to the attendance in former years. The meetings were held in the hall of the house of representatives, and more than usual interest was manifested by citizens. The discussions of the congress were upon a high plain, and the weight of its deliverance, I think, will compare very favorably with any previous congress, as our annual report will show.

Returning, quite a number of delegates went to Duluth, and thence by the lakes on the steamship Great Northern. At Duluth, a reception and dinner was given to us, and a day was spent very pleasantly and profitably. The Great Northern is the finest vessel ever put upon our in-

land waters, and is said to equal the finest ocean liners in her appointments. It was her second trip, and our party instituted the first Sunday service held upon the boat, and carried it out successfully.

The fourth Annual Conference of Charities and Correction was held at Kenton, commencing on the evening of the 9th of October and continuing until noon on the 12th. There were about one hundred and fifty delegates representing state and county institutions, and the papers and discussions were instructive and valuable. The local attendance was not what we had hoped for, but it was all, probably, that we had a right to expect from a county so far behind as not to have a Board of County Visitors. However, we sowed good seed, and trust that some fell upon good ground. My contributions were a report upon "Boards of County Visitors," and a paper upon "Associated Charities in Small Cities."

Returning, I went with Captain Stiles, the superintendent of the Girls' Industrial Home at Delaware, to attend an entertainment at the institution, and made an address to the inmates at its close.

During the year I visited all the state institutions except the Hospital for the Insane at Cleveland, and the Soldiers' Home at Sandusky. In our board report for the year the topics assigned me were: "Our Penal Reformatory Institutions," and I endeavored to present the needs of these institutions with considerable fullness, and hope it did some good.

On the 12th of December, 1894, Mr. Woolley, the famous advocate for prohibition as a panacea for all the ills of intemperance, spoke to a very large audience at our Congregational church, and I went to hear him. He is certainly an effective speaker, but his logic was execrable, and his attacks upon the churches seemed so unjust to Christian people that I felt that some one ought

to call a halt upon him; and remembering the old maxim that "when you really want a thing done, do it yourself," I felt as Paul did at Athens, and found Mars Hill in the shape of an interview next day in the "Mansfield Daily News":

"How did Mr. Woolley impress you as a speaker?" inquired a "News" reporter of General Brinkerhoff.

"I was charmed by his rhetoric and outraged by his logic.

"According to his logic Christ, if in Ohio, would vote the Prohibition ticket. Only two per cent of Christians vote the Prohibition ticket. Hence, ninety-eight per cent of the Christians are sons of Belial. If his major premise is correct his conclusions are correct; but he did not prove it, or attempt to do so. Christ in Palestine certainly did not stand for prohibition, and hence the Woolleys of Jerusalem branded him as a wine bibber and a glutton. Christ certainly did stand for temperance, not only in drinking, but in eating also, and for that matter, in everything else; but he did not compel temperance by force in anything. Christ had all power; and yet when his disciples insisted that he should call down fire from heaven upon the Samaritans because they refused to give him shelter, he said: 'Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of, for the Son of Man came not to destroy but to save.' Again, before Pilate, amidst the howling mob, he had all power, but he did not use it, and permitted himself to be crucified that he might draw all men unto him by infinite pity and infinite love.

"Prohibition as a matter of state policy may be wise or unwise; but when Mr. Woolley insists that churches are 'gilded frauds' because all Christians do not vote the Prohibition ticket, I protest. Mr. Woolley may be a Christian, and I hope he is; but his Christianity is that of Peter, who drew his sword and cut off the ear of the servant of the high priest, and then went into the court of the high priest and denied his master.

"I confess I was pained and not pleased with Mr. Woolley. His representation of the churches, in my judgment, will do more harm than the brutal blasphemy of Bob Ingersoll. The bludgeon of an open enemy we do not fear, but the dagger of a friend is dangerous."

This whole subject of dealing with the saloon is cer-

tainly a perplexing one; but I have long been satisfied that prohibition, except, perhaps, in rural districts, where public sentiment is practically unanimous, does more harm than good. Under existing conditions I am inclined to think that high license and strict regulation is our best policy. Unfortunately, our state constitution prohibits license. After all, I am not sure but revivals of religion and the hygienic teaching of the young will always be our surest reliance against intemperance.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## EVENTS OF 1895 AND 1896.

Accident in Washington City—Semi-centennial address—New Haven Conference—Trip to Europe—British Islands—International Prison Congress—French hospitality—At dinner with President Faure—Address at banquet—Sessions of congress.

Under the rule of biennial sessions the legislature did not meet in 1894-5, and hence there was no legislation to record. Early in January, I had accepted an invitation to deliver an address at the semi-centennial anniversary of the New York Prison Association, at Chickering Hall in that city, on the 28th of February, and in order to meet my engagement I left home on the 24th, intending to stop over in Washington for two days.

Arriving in Washington at 2 P. M. on the 25th, I went directly to the French legation in response to an invitation for a conference in regard to the International Prison Congress which was to be held in Paris in July. After remaining there an hour I went to the capitol to call on my member of congress and Senator Sherman. Not finding them I went over to the new library building, and then came back to the capitol, and went down to the avenue to take a car to the Ebbitt House. Standing by the track watching for a car, I was run down by a reckless driver, and badly injured, and barely escaped with my life. The bystanders gathered me up and took me in a carriage to the Ebbitt House, where I remained until the next day, when I was conveyed to the Baltimore and Ohio Depot, and put into a sleeper and sent home, where

I remained on crutches for a month or more, but finally recovered sufficiently to attend the National Conference of Charities and Corrections in the month of May following.

My accident, of course, prevented my attendance at the semi-centennial anniversary, but the address I had prepared was forwarded and read. It was entitled "Fifty Years of Progress," and was as follows:

"Prison reform in the nation" during the past fifty years is too large a territory to delineate in fifteen minutes, even in bold outline, and therefore I will only attempt a few mountain peaks in the general landscape. Progress has been slow, and sometimes we feel that it is discouragingly slow, but nevertheless there has been progress; and when we look back fifty years, to the time when the New York Prison Association was organized, we see there has been some progress in almost every direction. As time will not permit any reference to details, I will only speak of a few principles which have gained general acceptance in the period under consideration, and largely, I think, through the influence of the New York Prison Association.

I. The object of prisons and prison legislation is no longer punishment, *per se*, as it once was, but the protection of society. This principle, like the leaven which the woman hid in three measures of meal, is slowly but surely leavening the whole lump. For the protection of society it has been found that reformation is better than deterrence, and hence prisons are becoming moral hospitals for the cure of criminals instead of penitentiaries for punishing them.

II. If prisons are moral hospitals, then it follows as the day<sup>the</sup> night that commitments to them must be indefinite, so that prisoners can be kept under treatment until they are cured, and hence the indeterminate sentence was inaugurated at Elmira twenty years ago, and is one of the mountain peaks of the new era. The indeterminate sentence is now authorized in half a dozen states and is rapidly advancing.

III. Another mountain peak in our half century landscape is the grading, marking and parole system initiated by Captain Macnochie at Norfolk Island, and perfected by Brockway Scott and Mrs. Johnson, in America. Auxiliary to this, the classification of



prisons, as well as prisoners, is a principle now generally received, and to some extent practiced. In Massachusetts, there are now three grades of prisons, one for incorrigibles, at Charleston; one for young men convicted of their first offense, at Concord; and one for women, at Sherborn. In several other states there are at least two grades of convict prisons.

IV. In the matter of prison punishments there has also been a large advance in the direction of a more humane treatment of prisoners, and that too, without detriment to the discipline of prisons. Fifty years ago, corporal punishments were in every prison, but now they are the exception rather than the rule, and in a majority of northern prisons they have ceased to exist, and deprivation of privileges and good time allowances have taken their place.

V. Educational advantages, moral, intellectual and industrial, are almost entirely a development of the new era. Almost every prison has a chaplain for the moral and religious culture of inmates, and a prison school where the ignorant can at least learn to read and write. Industrial training also in many prisons, is a special feature, and prisoners are prepared to earn an honest living when they are discharged.

VI. Another important advance has been the post-penitentiary treatment of discharged convicts, by prisoners' aid associations, of which the New York Prison Association has been a conspicuous example. The advance in this direction has not been what it ought to have been, but among penologists, the consensus of the opinion is practically unanimous that without it reformatory treatment in prison loses half its value.

VII. I am also glad to say, that in the construction and administration of county jails, considerable progress has been made. At least the principle is now universally admitted by American penologists, that county jails should be solely for the detention of prisoners awaiting trial, and that every prisoner should be entirely separated from every other prisoner, and nearly all new jails are now being constructed to secure this result.

VIII. The largest advance, however, made in America in dealing with the criminal classes in the last fifty years, have been in the treatment of juvenile offenders. Their separation from adult offenders is now practically universal, and they are gathered into industrial schools, and so trained and taught that almost as many of them grow up to be good citizens as do those in our ordinary common schools.

IX. Another principle worthy of mention is the probation and supervision of misdemeanants under a suspended sentence, as inaugurated in Massachusetts, and practiced in several other states to a limited extent, and has shown itself worthy of imitation everywhere.

X. Cumulative sentences are also generally approved, and are now in operation in Ohio for misdemeanants and also for felons, so far as to make a third conviction punishable by life imprisonment. This latter feature has been adopted in several other states.

XI. In recent years large attention has been given to prevention, and the general consensus of opinion is that in this direction our greatest victories in our war with crime are to be obtained in the future. Much has been done, and more will be done for the improvement of prisons and the reformation of prisoners, but it is clearly evident that if we are to make any large reduction in the increasing volume of crime, we must rely upon prevention rather than cure, and must go to the fountain-head and deal with the children. Our common schools must educate the hand and the heart as well as the head, and kindergartens everywhere must supplement the common schools. The greatest work in kindergartens in America has been done in San Francisco. The Hon. P. Crowley, chief of police for that city, reports that in eleven years only one arrest has been made out of nine thousand children trained in kindergartens.

"In conclusion, it is cheering to say that when we look back through the vista of fifty years and see what was, and then consider what is, we are able to thank God and take courage and look forward with hopefulness to the future. In fact, I am very sure that when the New York Prison Association celebrates its next semi-centennial anniversary, or rather its full centennial, that those who participate will be able to chronicle even larger progress than we do now. When we remember how slow the processes of evolution are, and how many eons of time it has taken to bring the earth to its present development, let us be hopeful and not doubtful, for we know that God lives and that the trend of humanity is upward and not downward.

"We may fail here through want of co-operation with the forces of the infinite and lose our own reward, but God's elect shall not perish from the earth, and man's redemption shall surely come. As the great globe swings in its mighty orbit around the sun, and lifts its polar ice crowns into the dissolving summer, so let us have the faith to believe that in the grander

cycles of human destiny the long and icy winter of humanity is evolving into the golden summer of the Son of Man."

During the time I had been upon the Board of State Charities and Correction, a period of seventeen years, I had made a careful study of our American methods of dealing with the defective and criminal classes, and visited nearly all of the typical institutions provided for these classes in the United States and Dominion of Canada, and had long desired to make comparisons with European institutions of a similar character, and at last the time had come about when it seemed practicable to do so.

The International Prison Congress, which meets every five years, was to assemble in Paris, in 1895, on the 30th of June, and upon recommendation of the American Prison Congress of 1894, I was appointed one of the delegates by the government at Washington, and had agreed to go. My visit to Washington was in preparation for the prison congress, and on my return, as I was confined to my house with nothing else to do, I devoted my time to the preparation of a comprehensive itinerary by careful study of guide-books and other sources of information.

Honorable W. S. Gresham, secretary of state, had sent me a letter of introduction, of which the following is a copy, and now that I had the enforced leisure to utilize it, it proved of great value:

WASHINGTON, *February 16, 1895.*

TO THE DIPLOMATIC AND CONSULAR OFFICERS OF THE UNITED STATES:

*Gentlemen*—I herewith introduce General R. Brinkerhoff, of Mansfield, in the State of Ohio, who is proceeding to Europe, intending, if possible, to investigate prisons and reformatories in certain countries there. General Brinkerhoff is president of the National Prison Association of the United States, and chairman of

the Ohio Board of State Charities. He will properly appreciate any official courtesies it may be in your power to extend during his sojourn abroad.

These, it will be agreeable to the department, to have you extend.

I am, gentleman, your obedient servant,

W. S. GRESHAM.

I sent copies of this letter to the consuls of the United States in the line of my itinerary, about forty in number, and specified the information I desired, and requested that they should secure permits to visit such institutions as they might deem desirable to inspect. I received prompt replies from all of them, and much valuable information. With their aid, all arrangements for my coming were made in advance, so that no time was lost anywhere, and I was enabled to see more in three months than I otherwise could in six months, and possibly in a year. European prisons are especially difficult of access, and permits must be obtained by applications to the central government of the countries in which they are located.

The National Conference of Charities and Correction for 1895, was held at New Haven, Connecticut, commencing May 24th and closing May 30th. It was larger in numbers than any previous conference, and its annual report was larger. I attended the most of its general sessions, and some of the section meetings, and participated in the discussions. On the afternoon of the 13th, I went to New York, and remained there until June 1st, and then, in company with Philip W. Ayres, secretary of the Associated Charities of Cincinnati, I left for Europe on the Cunard steamer, *Campagna*. Mr. Ayres was also a delegate to the Paris congress, appointed by Governor McKinley to represent the State of Ohio.

We landed at Queenstown, Ireland, on the morning of the 7th of June, where our consul met us and put us

on the train for Cork, where he had arranged for a visit to the prison in that city. He also telephoned the governor of the prison, whom we found waiting for our arrival. During the next three weeks, we visited many of the leading institutions for the dependent, defective, and criminal classes in Ireland, Scotland, and England, and arrived in Paris *via* Dover and Calais on the evening of June 27th. Before leaving home, I had written to all the American delegates to meet in Paris at noon on the 28th of June at the parlors of the banking-house of John Munro & Company, and a majority of the delegates were promptly on time. In accordance with the rules of the congress, an organization was effected, and I was selected President of the delegation, and Rev. Samuel J. Burrows, of Boston, was made secretary.

The International Prison Congress, as I have already stated, was organized through the efforts of an American, the Rev. E. C. Wines, and was first convened in London, in 1872, and then, successively, for each five years, in Stockholm, Rome, St. Petersburg, and Paris. In Paris, twenty-five nations were represented by about four hundred delegates, one-half of whom were from France. The United States were represented by fifteen delegates, four of whom were appointed by the Secretary of State, and eleven by governors of states. The congress was opened on the evening of June 30th, at the great amphitheater of the Sarbonne, in the presence of the President of the Republic, M. Felix Faure, and many high officials of the government, and after the services were over the foreign delegates assembled in the Grand Salon of the Sarbonne, where they were presented to President Faure, who was surrounded by his ministers, the president of the chamber of deputies, ministers of foreign countries, and by his military escort.

The French government welcomed and entertained the

members of this congress with even more than their ordinary politeness and hospitality. Almost every evening there was some splendid banquet or reception to the delegates. One night the President of the Republic, M. Felix Faure, entertained them, and received them with all the pomp of military guards and music in the splendid apartments of the Palace of the Elysee. Another evening the minister of the interior, M. Leygues, received them with similar state, in salons and gardens, both brilliantly lighted. The Paris municipality voted a large sum of money for a grand banquet and reception at the Hotel de Ville. One of the most interesting of the entertainments during the congress was the dinner given to the foreign delegates by the French Prison Society, on the Eiffel Tower. The visitors were taken up in lifts to the large restaurants on the first stage of the tower, where they were welcomed by their French friends in a most hearty manner. Three ministers of state were present and made admirable speeches.

One of the receptions given was a special dinner at the Palace of the Elysee, by President Faure, to which the presidents of delegations only were invited, and about an equal number of distinguished officials, civil and military. Next to me on my right was a senator of France, and on my left M. Galkine-wraskoy, the president of the Russian delegation. On receiving the invitation of President Faure, my first impulse was to decline, for two reasons: first, because it did not seem fair that I should be the only American delegate invited; and second, because not being able to speak French, and none of my colleagues with me who could, I should be in a very unpleasant position.

In my dilemma I went to our American ambassador, Mr. Eustice, for advice, and he promptly informed me that an invitation from the president of the republic was

tantamount to a command, and it would be considered an insult to refuse. Of course I accepted; and as Mr. Ruggles-Brise, the head of the British delegation, who could speak French like a native, proposed that we should go together, I had no linguistic troubles. However, I would have had no trouble any way, for President Faure spoke English fairly well, and so did his daughter, and they were very courteous, and I got along very well.

On the evening of July 9th, a dinner was given by foreign delegates to the French committee on organization. It was held at La Maison Bubat, Champs Elysees. The dinner was given in a tent decorated with the flags of all nations, while an excellent orchestra rendered the national airs of different countries. Toasts and speeches by distinguished guests were continued to a late hour. An incident especially interesting to Americans was the tribute paid by Dr. Guillaume, the general secretary, to the late Dr. E. C. Wines, to which I was called upon to respond on behalf of the American delegation.

My address was reported in the daily bulletin of the congress, as follows:

*Mr. President, and Ladies and Gentlemen:* On behalf of the American delegation, I desire to express our appreciation of the high honor accorded our country by Dr. Guillaume in the tribute he has given to the services rendered by our distinguished countryman, Rev. Dr. E. C. Wines. No other man in America has done so much for the reformation of prisons as Dr. Wines. To him we owe the organization of our National Prison Association, which has met annually from 1870 to 1895, and every year in a different state, and its influence for good in prison progress has been more potential than all other causes combined. The National Prison Association of America was organized in 1870, and out of it grew the International Prison Congress, which held its first session in London in 1872, and therefore America is proud to unite with Europe in according high honor to that godly man and Christian philanthropist. Dr. Guillaume has suggested the desirability of a representative from America upon the International Prison Com-

mission, and I am very glad to say that this suggestion has been anticipated by the American delegates. At a meeting held July fourth it was voted by the American delegation to present the matter to the national association. I hope America will have a member upon the international commission for the congress of 1900.

And now, Mr. President, in conclusion, allow me to say, on behalf of the American delegation, that we are glad to be here, and that we appreciate very highly the many courtesies we have received from the delegates of other countries, and especially that we appreciate the wonderful hospitality of the citizens of Paris and of France in the entertainments and attentions, both official and unofficial, that have been extended to us and to all other members of the congress. America is the friend of all nations, and the enemy of none, but she is especially friendly to the Republic of France.

In addition to these entertainments, excursions were given every other day to visit points in the neighborhood of the city; one was to Versailles, another to St. Germaine, and still another to the famous palace and park of Fontainebleau, where a grand banquet was given in the evening.

During the sessions of the congress, which continued until the 11th of July, the congress occupied itself with two main divisions of work—firstly, the consideration of a very valuable and comprehensive series of papers and reports prepared months previous by experts in the various countries; and, secondly, with speeches and discussions arising out of these papers. The delegates were distributed amongst four sections or departments, each meeting in a separate hall of the large institution of the College of France, at the Sorbonne. The sections were respectively occupied with the consideration of—(I) Penal Legislation; (II) Prison Discipline; (III) Preventive Means; (IV) Juvenile Offenders. In the second section, I was complimented with the vice-presidency. Of the American delegation, only three or four could speak French, so that we were at a disadvantage in the



discussions. However, any delegate could speak in his own language upon the subject under discussion, and an interpreter would translate into French. At one of the general sessions, the American delegation was invited to present features of their prison system peculiar to their own country, and especially the Elmira system. This invitation was accepted, and I was selected to present the general features of the Elmira system, and Major R. W. McClaghry, superintendent of the Illinois Reformatory, the administrative features.

On our return to America, the national delegates prepared a report of the proceedings of the congress, which was transmitted to congress, and was printed, together with my personal report upon British and continental prisons. My report was also printed as Bulletin No. 6 by the Board of State Charities.

Leaving Paris on the 11th of July, we went directly to Neuchatel, in Switzerland, and then for a week visited institutions in that republic, and then through Germany, Holland and Belgium. From Ostend, in Belgium, we returned to Dover, in England, and then visited institutions in South and West England. From start to finish, we followed our itinerary like a railroad time-table, and reached Liverpool on the 22d of August, and then, on the 24th, sailed for New York on the Cunard steamer Umbria.

Everywhere our American ministers and consuls had every arrangement made for our coming, and everywhere we were treated with distinguished consideration and courtesy, as representatives of the government of the United States, and the officials in the various countries afforded every facility possible for our investigations. Another great advantage I had was in Mr. Ayres, who could speak both French and German, and acted as in-



terpreter in all countries upon the continent. In our travels, we not only saw institutions under the most favorable circumstances, but we saw everything else that tourists usually see, and probably a good deal more. And in the next chapter, I will give some general impressions as to what we saw.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

British Islands—Irish and Scotch hospitality—English hospitality—Crosby Hall—Historic places in London—John Bull, a gentleman—France—Switzerland—Germany—Coblentz—Dusseldorf—German social life—Holland—From Zutphen to Rotterdam—Belgium—Ostend to Dover—South and West England—Gloucester—Hardwicke Court—Birmingham—Stratford-on-Avon—Chester—Liverpool—Liverpool to New York—The National Prison Congress—Legislation in 1895 and 1896—The National Conference—State Conference of 1896.

My observations from day to day, as recorded in my journals, were published in a series of thirty articles in the "Sunday Shield," of my city, commencing in December, 1895, which, if printed in a volume, would occupy three or four hundred pages, and therefore in the recollections I am now recording I can only find room for a few general impressions of the countries I visited in Europe and of the people I met.

Altogether, going and coming, we spent five weeks in the British Islands. Landing at Queenstown, June 7, 1895, we traversed the whole length of Ireland, stopping off at Cork, Dublin, and Belfast; thence, across the Irish Sea from Larne to Stranraer in Scotland, we visited in succession Ayr, Glasgow, the Scotch lakes, Sterling and Sterling Castle, Perth, Dundee, Edinburgh, and Melrose; thence to Newcastle-on-Tyne, and down the whole length of the east England country, stopping off at Durham, York, Cambridge, London and Dover. On our return from the Continent, in August, we took in South

and West England, visiting Canterbury, Ashford, Brighton, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Southampton, Salisbury, Bristol, Gloucester, Birmingham, Stratford-on-Avon, Chester, and Liverpool. The weather was delightful, everybody was kind, and daylight in summer continued from three o'clock in the morning until ten at night, so that we were able to see a good deal of the British Islands in five weeks.

As a somewhat extensive traveler upon the American continent, I had discovered that the treatment a tourist receives is largely dependent upon himself. If he is friendly and appreciative, he will receive a friendly greeting, but if he is a critic and faultfinder, he will be met in a similar spirit. In going abroad, therefore, I made a rule to commend that which was superior, and to say nothing of that which was inferior, and the result was that in all countries everybody was kind and helpful, and I do not remember of receiving any discourtesy anywhere. This was especially the case in Great Britain, where so many tourists complain of rough treatment.

I was amply supplied with letters of introduction, but I rarely used them, and for the reason I rarely needed them. A few examples from a great number of similar experiences will illustrate what I mean. We landed at Queenstown in the early morning of June 7th, and arrived at Dublin in time for a six o'clock dinner at the Gresham Hotel. It was an elegant hotel, and as we came out into the smoking-room I had occasion to say so to Mr. Ayres, and indicated some things in which it was superior to most American hotels. Two gentlemen near by seemed pleased, and entered into conversation. As they seemed friendly, I asked them questions about the city of Dublin and its attractions. As there were still three hours of daylight, it occurred to me to ask

what there was near by that we could see at that time. Of course they knew that we were Americans, and my Loyal Legion button disclosed the fact that I had been a soldier, and so one of them proposed that we go to the Phoenix Park, and visit the barracks, and hear the military band, and upon our assent, he called a carriage, and we had a delightful introduction to Dublin and its hospitalities.

Our new friends were natives and residents of Dublin. The elder, as we learned afterwards, was a famous criminal lawyer. The younger was a Trinity College graduate, who had passed his examination for the bar that day, and was to be admitted in the morning. It was two or three miles to the park, and a delightful ride, and on our arrival at the barracks they took us to the officers' quarters, where our barrister friend seemed to know everybody and everybody knew him, and we were introduced all around, and had a good time generally. The officers of her majesty's service are gentlemen wherever you find them, and of course we had a delightful evening.

Phoenix Park with its 1,720 acres is the largest in Dublin, and I have no doubt is a very fine one, but we only saw it at night. There were hundreds of carriages with city people who were out to hear the music, and, upon the whole, we found our first evening in Ireland one of great interest and well worth remembering. Our friends escorted us to our hotel and invited us to attend the courts in the morning, which we were compelled to decline as our program had already been arranged for the next day to visit institutions. So we bade adieu to our friends, and will ever remember the Irish hospitality we received from total strangers in the city of Dublin. This cordiality of treatment was not limited to Dublin and other Irish cities, but was equally conspicuous in Scotland and

England wherever occasion called for attention from strangers. This was really contrary to my expectations, for the testimony of American tourists seems to be, very largely, that John Bull is a surly old fellow, and very offish with strangers unless they come well fortified with letters of introduction. We were amply provided with letters, but we rarely used them, except where permits were essential in visiting public institutions.

At first I was inclined to think that the Irish and Scotch were friendly to Americans because so many of their kinsmen were located among us, but all over England we found ourselves equally at home. Take for example our first experience in London. We came into that city at night. It was in June. Parliament was in session, the races were on, and scores of conferences and conventions were in progress, and the result was the hotels were so crowded that we had trouble in getting shelter for the night, and did not get permanently settled until late in the morning. We were at a boarding house near the British Museum, several miles from Bishopgate street, near the Bank of England, where the office of a friend was located, who was the first man I wanted to visit. To go there we went to Holborn street, near by, and got on top of an omnibus and made our first excursion to the heart of London. We soon came to buildings about which information was desirable, and therefore I interrogated a gentleman in the seat behind me. He was an intelligent Englishman who had spent his life in London, and finding that we were Americans on our first trip in the city, he seemed to be pleased to give us all needed information as we rode along for an hour in the slow-moving procession of vehicles great and small. I told

him I wanted to stop off at Bishopgate, and he said his office was on that street and he would show us our way. At last we reached Bishopgate, and descending from the omnibus he went with us for a few blocks to his office, and directed us to our destination a few blocks away. In parting he invited us to call on our way back, as he wanted to show us some interesting localities in the neighborhood, which tourists did not often see.

Returning about noon we concluded to call upon our new friend. We found that he was the president of a big water-supply company, and was busy with a committee meeting, but came out and invited us into his private office, and gave us the morning papers and told us to wait a few minutes, when he would be at leisure. In a quarter of an hour or less he was ready to go with us, and proposed that we should get a lunch at Crosby Hall, near by, as it was one of the places he desired to show us.

Crosby Hall was built by Sir John Crosby in 1466, and is said to be the only mediæval gothic dwelling now in London, and has a famous history. It was first occupied by the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. For a long time it was used for the reception of ambassadors, and was considered the finest house in London. Under Cromwell it was used as a prison, and then in succession as a church, warehouse and lecture room. Recently it has been restored and used as a restaurant. The old banquet hall with its fine oaken roof is now the main dining room. Certainly it was a very interesting place, and we were much obliged for the opportunity of seeing it and for the elegant lunch he ordered.

After lunch, our new friend spent the whole afternoon with us, and took us in succession to the old church of St. Hellena, where Shakespeare was a parishoner, thence to the Tower of London, where we spent an hour

or two, thence to old London Bridge and across it, and then put us on a steamer and took us up the Thames to Westminster Bridge, passing on the way Temple Bar, Somerset House, Waterloo Bridge and other famous places. Near by were the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Hall, St. Margaret's Church, all of which we visited, winding up at Westminster Abbey between eight and nine o'clock at night. Mr. Seaton, for that was his name, by this time knew that I was a banker at home, and suggested that the next afternoon he would take us to the Bank of England and in the meantime would secure permits for that purpose. I told him I would be glad to see the Bank of England, but I thought we had already imposed upon him too long. "Not at all," he replied, "for if you have enjoyed this tramp as much as I have, you certainly ought to be satisfied."

The next day, with Mr. Seaton and a guide, we went through the Bank of England from the rooms above to the money vaults in the basement, and had an opportunity to see the famous institution to our entire satisfaction. In parting, Mr. Seaton suggested that in case we wanted to see Parliament in session, to call on him, as his partner was a member and would be glad to oblige us with tickets of admission. As an example of courtesy to strangers, two English tourists in America will have to travel a long time to find it equaled.

John Bull, as we found him in any part of the British Islands, is not the burly beef eater we see in the comic newspapers. Neither is he offish or surly. On the contrary, wherever we went, whether among friends or strangers, we were treated with the utmost courtesy and kindness, and the fact that we were Americans seemed to be a passport to their hearts. The truth is, John Bull has a much kinder feeling for Americans than they have for him. I think he looks upon America as a father looks upon a



boy who has grown to lusty manhood. He may be a little obstreperous once in a while, but the father likes him all the same, for he is a chip of the old block, and will be a credit to him after a while.

Later on, one of our consuls told me that on the Fourth of July, Americans in London had a street parade during the day, under the stars and stripes, and in the evening they held a banquet, and made the eagle scream at his loudest, and John Bull only smiled as he would at boys in a frolic. We can imagine what would happen in New York if Englishmen, on one of their gala days, should parade Broadway and Central Park, under the Cross of St. George, and then make the lion roar at Delmonico's. The truth is, John Bull, with all his faults, is a fine old English gentleman, and even if we do get our backs up at him every once in a while, he is more worthy of confidence and respect than any other power in Europe. Personally, I have not a drop of English blood in my veins, as far as I know, and yet if an adverse fate should compel me to live outside of America, I would greatly prefer Great Britain to any other country.

In France, our experiences were limited almost entirely to the City of Paris and its immediate surroundings, about which I have already written. We left Paris on the morning of July 11th, en route for Switzerland. I do not love great cities, and am always glad to get out of them, and Paris was no exception. It is true, we were treated with the highest consideration, both officially and unofficially, and I shall always remember gratefully the kindness and courtesies we received, but for me, life in Paris runs at too high a pressure, and its ideals are not my ideals. Intellectually, Paris is peerless. In architecture and art, in science and literature, in music and oratory, and everything else that appeals to the senses, it has no equal; but alas! it has lost faith in

God and the future, and its law of action seems to be "eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

The government, apparently, is atheistic in all of its action, and the very name of God is expurged from all official utterances, and responsibility to such a Being is carefully ignored in all official action. If Paris is France, as many writers claim, then God help France, for "mene, mene, teckel, upharsin" is written upon its banquet halls. With such reflections upon Paris, it was delightful to glide out of its walls upon the fast express into the free air of the country, through fertile fields and quiet village homes clustered about church spires, which we may hope stood for a faith which seems to have vanished in Paris.

All day long for 300 miles or more, we rolled through a country as beautiful as the Garden of Eden, and cultivated like a garden, for it is divided for the most part into small holdings, and is owned by the people who live upon them. As a whole, I doubt if there is a finer body of land on earth, or better suited for the habitation of civilized men, than the provinces of France, and as I watched the great panorama unrolled before us hour by hour, I thanked God and took courage, for I could see that France was more than Paris, and I could hope that a great people, no longer the vassals of kings, but free citizens, with power through the ballot to dictate the policy of the nation, would see to it that the people of France and not Paris would shape the destinies of the future. As the sun declined through the western hills, we were in the shadow of the Jura Mountains, and in the valleys of Switzerland, and by 10 o'clock we were in the City of Neuchatel.

To the tourist, there is no country in Europe more interesting than Switzerland. Its great mountains, its beautiful lakes and fertile valleys are unparalleled for

scenery, and no country has a history more romantic, or a people more intelligent. In government, it is the most republican of republics. It is a little less in size and population than Ohio, and yet it is divided into twenty-two states or cantons. The government is similar to ours, with a federal assembly or congress, consisting of a state council or senate of forty-four members, and a national council corresponding to our house of representatives, with one hundred and forty-seven members. The languages of Switzerland are mainly German and French, although in cantons bordering on Italy, Italian is spoken a good deal. In cantons bordering on France, French preponderates; in cantons bordering on Germany, German preponderates. In the republic as a whole, German is spoken more than all other languages, and Protestants outnumber the Catholics. In manners and customs, however, the Swiss people are quite distinct from their neighbors, and have a nationality entirely their own. In its educational advantages, Switzerland is unsurpassed by any other country. Parents are compelled to send their children to school from the age of six to twelve, and the law is strictly enforced. There are universities of the German model at Basil, Berne and Zurich; and on the French plan at Geneva, and academies of a high grade at Neuchatel and Lausanne. The number of clubs for scientific, literary, musical and social purposes can be counted by the hundreds.

In short, there is no people more intelligent than the Swiss. About the first thing that attracted my attention at Neuchatel, as I looked out of the hotel window in the morning, was a flag floating from a government building, and for the first time we saw a national banner with the cross for its emblem, instead of some beast or bird of prey. Unlike Paris, Switzerland has faith in God Almighty and Jesus Christ, His Son, and it makes the little

republic great and free. We saw a great deal of Switzerland, and visited all of the principal cities, and traversed its lakes and valleys, and climbed its great mountains. To write up fully my recollections of Switzerland would require a good-sized volume by itself. Switzerland is a little country, but it is a great country—great in liberty, great in intelligence, and great in faith—and its banner of the cross is a pledge of freedom and fraternity upon the earth and hopefulness for the world to come.

We left Basel on the 22d of July, *en route* for Freiburg, forty miles north, in the province of Baden, in the German empire. The Rhine valley is a broad, fertile plain, and highly cultivated. To the west this plain extends for miles to the Vosges mountains, which constitute the boundary between Germany and France. To the east, not far away, is the Black Forest, which covers a range of mountains, or rather high hills, extending about 85 miles north and south, and embraces a large area of country, and called black from the dark color of its pine trees. On our way north to Mayence, the head of navigation on the Rhine, we stopped off in succession at Freiburg, Baden Baden, Achern, Bruschal, Heidelberg, Mannheim, and Frankfort-on-the-Main. At Freiburg and Heidelberg are two great universities, and there for the first time we had evidence of the barbaric practice of duelling, which still continues in full force, and scarred faces are very common. In all German universities duelling still prevails, but I was glad to hear that it had been repudiated by all American students, of whom there are several thousands. The land in Germany, as in France, is divided into narrow strips, in which are grown all the crops common to Ohio. The strips are from 25 to 500 feet wide, and alternate so as to secure a more frequent rotation of crops. Fences are very rare, and all roads are smooth as a floor, but they are not as wide as ours. The

railroad stations in Germany are not as artistic or convenient as they are in Switzerland, but they are much better than ours.

At Mayence we took the steamer down the Rhine, and stopped off for a day at Coblenz and Cologne. "The Rhine, the Rhine, the beautiful Rhine," has been so written up, and talked up, and painted up, that my expectations were much beyond the reality. Of course, the old castles and their historic surroundings are exceedingly interesting; but in the way of natural scenery, in comparison with such rivers as the Hudson or the Columbia, the Rhine is much inferior. In short, there is but very little wild or picturesque scenery on the Rhine, and its mountains are simply high hills, terraced largely from shore to summit, and planted in vines. The terraces, as the work of man, are stupendous, and there are thousands of miles of them, walled with solid stone, but they are not especially beautiful or picturesque.

At Coblenz we spent the Sabbath and took in the old cathedral in our rambles, and from our hotel watched the soldiers, in companies and brigades, marching across the bridge of boats (1,200 feet long) to attend religious services in the various churches. Unlike the French government, the German emperor fosters the religious sentiment everywhere in his armies, and every German soldier is taught allegiance to God Almighty as well as to the fatherland. A finer lot of soldiers I never saw than those who marched across the Rhine that day to discharge their duties as Christians by attendance at church services. German soldiers are not mere hirelings, but are simply discharging a patriotic duty that every young man is required to do for two years in the German army, and therefore, like our national guard, the very flower of the German youth are in the service. The German army is the most perfect fighting machine on earth, and with such

an army Germany has nothing to fear from without; but the weight of the machine and its magnitude may be too great for the country to bear continuously, and there may be trouble some day, but it will be internal and not external.

Opposite Coblenz, on a projecting rock 300 feet above the Rhine, and inaccessible on three sides, stands the mighty fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, the Gibraltar of the Rhine, and there we spent the afternoon. The views of the Rhine from the battlements are very fine, and the strength of the interior is most impressive. Here the Roman legions encamped before the birth of Christ, and here contending armies have often struggled for victory.

Cologne is the largest city on the Rhine and the most renowned. Here Agrippiana, the mother of Nero, established a colony of Roman veterans in the year 51; and during the centuries that followed, more historical events have happened within its boundaries than in any other city in Northern Europe. Here we spent two days visiting for the most part benevolent and correctional institutions, which were the best we found in Germany; but we also visited the museum and the art gallery, and of course the great cathedral, the greatest in the world.

Leaving Cologne, we went north twenty-four miles by rail to Dusseldorf. Under the guidance of Mr. Leiber, our American consul, we spent our first afternoon in visiting the new provincial prison and a new lunatic asylum in the suburbs, both of which were very creditable. The next day, we took in other parts of the city and especially the museum and the art gallery, where we saw the magnificent marine views by Fuchs, which I have never seen surpassed.

The social life of the German people, whilst it differs in many ways from ours, is very delightful, and espe-

cially so in their outdoor gatherings in parks and gardens. To most Americans a beer garden is a place to be avoided, but in Germany it is a place for family reunions and general sociability, where the people, old and young, meet together and listen to fine music and discuss topics of the day. It is true they all drink beer or wine, old and young, male and female, but apparently in as much moderation and with as little harm as we do in drinking lemonade. All over Western Europe in the countries I visited, similar habits prevailed; but in all continental Europe, I saw but one man intoxicated, and he was an American in Paris, and that was on the Fourth of July, which in his estimation made it a pardonable offense.

Germany is a large country, and we only saw its western border, but time would not permit us to go eastward, and so going north from Dusseldorf fifty miles or more through a rich farming region, bounded on the east by the Rhine, we come to the borders of Holland in the province of Gelderland.

Holland, or more properly speaking, the kingdom of the Netherlands, is only one-third as large as Ohio, and yet it has a population of about 5,000,000 and has a history as famous as any country in Europe, and its influence upon our American institutions is probably greater than that of any other country except England. It was emigration from Holland to England during the persecutions of Philip II of Spain that carried Calvinism into that country, and later on carried the Pilgrim Fathers and Puritans to New England. It was Holland that sheltered the Pilgrims for eleven years, and then in New England they founded a commonwealth based upon the ideas they learned at Leyden. It was the United Provinces of the Netherlands that furnished the pattern from which the United States of America was modeled. From

Holland we got the congress, our supreme court, our written constitution, our local self-government, our common school system, our freedom of the press, our land laws, with the system of registration of deeds and mortgages, in fact almost everything else of value in our form of government. From Holland we got our flag also, with the red, white and blue expanded into thirteen stripes instead of three. It is true the republic of Holland has passed away, through the desire of Napoleon to found a kingdom for his brother, but the spirit of the republic remains undisturbed under the form of a constitutional monarchy, and liberty remains as of old. To any American, therefore, Holland is an interesting country, but to me it was doubly interesting for the reason that my ancestors three hundred years ago were natives of the province of Gelderland, and there, in Arnheim and Zutphen, I found kinsmen of my name. We spent time enough in Holland to take it in quite fully. Our first stop was at Arnheim and then at Zutphen, where my kinsman, Antony Frederick Brinkerhoff, resides. We were fourteen generations apart, but blood is thicker than water, and he gave us the freedom of the city and showed us everything worth seeing. Zutphen is off the line of tourist travel and is a fine specimen of an old Holland city. A city half as clean I have never seen in any other country, or a brighter or more intelligent people. There are many curious customs in Gelderland, and the wooden shoes of the working people are very queer, but then there was no poverty visible, and there was everywhere an appearance of comfort and content.

Leaving Zutphen we came back to Arnheim and took the train for Amsterdam. Leaving Arnheim we soon came to the lowlands rescued from the sea, which are as fertile as the valley of the Nile, and fine farming lands and broad pastures extended as far as the eye could



reach. In our ride of two and a half hours to Amsterdam through the very heart of Holland, there were canals and windmills everywhere in sight. The panorama of land and water unrolled before us was very strange and very attractive, for there is no other country like Holland, and its reclamation from the sea is one of the most stupendous achievements of man upon the earth. The largest part of Holland is below the level of the sea, the waters of which are kept out by enormous systems of dykes. In Amsterdam the houses are built upon piles, for there is no dry land anywhere to sustain them, and yet it is one of the wealthiest and most attractive cities in the world. From Amsterdam we went north by steamer through canals and lakes and the river Zaan to Alkamar (all sea) and thence to Zandpoort, Haarlem and Leyden. Leyden is the oldest of Dutch cities and, upon the whole, the most interesting of those we saw in Holland. It is one of the famous cities of the world on account of its heroic defense and deliverance from the Spaniards after a siege of nearly a year in duration in 1574.

One thing that surprised me in Holland, and especially in Leyden, where there are practically no foreigners, and that was, that the Dutch look more like Americans than any other people we found in Europe, outside of England. They are not a distinct type like the Irish, Scotch, French and Germans, whom you recognize as such on sight, but they are a mixture of all nations like ourselves, and hence I take it they look like us; at any rate, that great audience at St. Peter's Church looked for all the world like a well-to-do congregation in New England or New York. They are not fleshy people as the cartoonists would have it, but as a rule are strong and spare, and I saw more people over six feet tall there than in any other country, and there were more handsome,

healthy looking women than I saw elsewhere. One would suppose that in a country like Holland, traversed in every direction by sluggish canals, and especially in Leyden, where all the streets are canals, that the people would be eaten up by mosquitoes. On the contrary, I did not see a mosquito in all Holland, and very rarely a house-fly or other insect, and window-screens and mosquito-bars are unknown. From Leyden we came to The Hague, which is the capital of the Netherlands, and a city of nearly 200,000 inhabitants. Like Washington and the District of Columbia, it belongs to the general government, and it was here that our people got the idea of a District of Columbia and a city under federal control.

To the American minister at The Hague, who was an old acquaintance, we were indebted for many courtesies. He took us through the old historic forest (where the recent Peace Congress was held) to Scheveningen on the ocean, which is the Saratoga of the Netherlands, and thence returning he took us to the museums, of which there are three. The most interesting, however, was the Royal Museum, with its famous pictures by Rembrandt and Paul Potter. We were in all the great galleries of the countries where we traveled, and of course saw specimens of the work of all the great painters of the world, but to my mind Rembrandt has no equal, and I doubt if he has ever had an equal on the earth. Unlike Paul Potter, his pre-eminence is not limited to one or two pictures, but his superiority is visible in all his works. At The Hague, of course, there are more Rembrandts than anywhere else, and nearly all of his greatest pictures are there, but there are many others scattered through the world; and everywhere they are stars of the first magnitude. Even in America, there are several, three of which are in the art-gallery in Chicago. Leav-

ing the Hague, of course we stopped off at Delft to visit the tomb of William the Silent, Admiral Tromp and Hugo Grotius, and to inspect its famous potteries; and then went on to Rotterdam, which has the best harbor in the Netherlands, and is the seaport for the entire Rhine Valley.

The Kingdom of Belgium is the most densely populated country in Europe, having nearly 500 people to the square mile. It is only a little over one-third the size of Ohio, and yet its population is nearly 6,000,000. This, of course, makes the conditions of life very hard to the great majority of its people, who work twelve hours a day and live on black bread and vegetables for the most part, for meat is a great rarity and probably is not tasted once a month by the Belgian peasantry. Belgium is an interesting country, and we saw a good deal of it, stopping off at Antwerp, Ghent, Louvain, Brussels and Ostend, but its attractions to an American are not to be compared with Holland or Switzerland. What interested me more than anything else were its prisons, which, taking them as a whole, are the best planned and best administered of all the prisons of the world. I made a careful study of these prisons, and my observations, together with observations upon other European prisons, as I have already stated, were published as an appendix to the official report of the American delegation to the International Prison Congress.

From Ostend to Dover the distance is about sixty miles, and the most of the way the coast of Belgium or France is in sight. We left Ostend at 11 A. M., August 11th, and were glad to be in company with the people, who, for the most part, spoke the English language. Instead of the everlasting "wee, wee," and "yah, yah," which for six weeks we had heard in response to our inquiries, it was a solid satisfaction to hear the good, old-

fashioned Anglo-Saxon "yes, sir." Unlike the placid sea we found in crossing from Dover to Calias, the channel was in its normal condition of choppy seas and gusty rains, and many passengers were sick and miserable. However, I was happily exempt, and shielded by a mackintosh and a friendly awning, I kept the deck and watched the changing panorama of sea and land from a steamer chair, and enjoyed it immensely. In four hours we were alongside of the great stone pier of Dover, from which we had sailed in June, and under the battlements of England, with the Union Jack, with the Cross of St. George, floating proudly in the winds. Americans returning to England from the continent realize, as they never did before, how near we are together in all our ways and ideas, and so as we landed, I said to my traveling companion, "Thank God, we are once more in a Christian land where Magna Charta rules." We did not stop in Dover, but took the waiting train to Canterbury, sixteen miles to the north. Here we stopped over to visit the great cathedral. We saw nearly all the great cathedrals in the British Islands, and the most famous of those in western Europe, but to me Canterbury was the most interesting of them all. There are others in the British Islands, and on the continent, that excel it in certain directions, and there are many more costly, but in its entirety, and its history, it impressed me more profoundly than any other. Here at Canterbury we had another example of courtesy to strangers, of which I have spoken elsewhere, as our frequent experience in the British Islands. It was Sunday, and after a five o'clock dinner, we went over to the cathedral which was near by, and wandered about it for an hour or so, and took in its magnificent proportions from different points of view, and then in the evening went to hear Bishop Eden, of Dover, preach from its pulpit. He is a famous orator,

and we found the great audience of 2,000 people, but we could only hear the organ and singing. However, as we were standing on the outskirts of the choir, one of the church officials came along, and recognizing us as Americans, he asked me if I would like to hear the sermon. Of course I answered in the affirmative, and he said he would see what he could do for me. He went away and returned presently and piloted me through the crowd to a chair which he had secured in some way, and seated me within twenty feet of the speaker, and I heard a delightful and instructive sermon upon "Summer Outings," from the text, "Come apart and rest awhile."

Coming out at the close of the service, our new friend met me and made some inquiries as to our length of stay, and when I told him our stay was very limited, and we only stopped off to see the cathedral, and must leave before noon, he said the doors would not be open for visitors until nine-thirty in the morning, and you will not have time to see the cathedral. However, he said, I may be able to aid you; wait and see. He soon returned and told me that he had arranged to have us admitted at eight o'clock, an hour and a half in advance of the regular opening, and all we had to do was to call at the second house from the outer gateway, where the man in charge of the cathedral would meet us and act as our guide before the regular opening. This we did, and had a more satisfactory survey of Canterbury Cathedral than of any other in our travels.

I have already named the various places we visited in south and west England, and no part of our journey was more enjoyable. At Ashford, twelve miles from Canterbury, we stopped to visit a juvenile reformatory, where the boys, with a brass band, welcomed us with Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle. At Brighton, the greatest of English seaside resorts, we stopped for a day.

After dinner we spent an hour or two on the beach, watching the vast crowds, which in the summer are mostly excursionists from the country. To me, one of the most noticeable things was the similarity of the people to our ordinary American excursionists. Except for the English brogue in their speech, you would hardly know you were away from home, in a foreign land. At Portsmouth, of course, the principal attractions were its great harbor and naval equipments. The fortifications of the harbor, next to Gibraltar, are the strongest and most complete in the British empire. It is not only a great naval station, but also an important garrison for soldiers, and is one of the few places in England where the soldier is as conspicuous a factor of the population as in most continental towns. On the Isle of Wight we crossed from east to west, and spent a night at Freshwater Bay, near the home of Tennyson. In the morning we took a walk through the village, out to the poet's home, known as Farringford. We walked up the long lane and wandered about the grounds awhile, and then returned to the hotel and took the train to Newport, where we stopped to see the great convict prison, known as Parkhurst. Southampton is a city of over 60,000 inhabitants, and is one of the great seaports of England, and it is said that over 10,000 vessels enter it every year; but otherwise it is not a place of interest to tourists. At Salisbury we stopped to see the famous cathedral and the Blackmore Museum. The cathedral is considered one of the finest in the British Islands. The Blackmore Museum is noted for having the largest collection of American antiquities in all Europe, and the Smithsonian collection at Washington is the only one that surpasses it. It is the famous Squire & Davis collection, described in the first volume of the Smithsonian Reports, and which our government refused to purchase. Mr. Black-

more, a wealthy Englishman, bought it for less than half its cost to gather it, and it is now in a fire-proof building in Salisbury, erected expressly for its reception. From Salisbury to Bristol we passed through Salisbury Plain, twenty miles long and fifteen miles broad, which has been a sheep pasture for ages.

At Bristol we visited two pioneer reformatory schools, one for boys and one for girls, established by Mary Carpenter fifty years ago, and then went out four miles to visit the reformatory for boys established in recent years, located where John Wesley lived and preached. He established there a school for the training of Methodist preachers, and there he owned a house, and there he lived and there he did his work. The little chapel in which he preached is now used for a chapel by the reformatory people, and in it they have morning and evening service. The quaint old pulpit is just as he left it. Under the pilotage of our consul, Mr. Lathorp, we visited many places of interest in and about this ancient seaport, from which so many emigrants took their departure, and among them the famous suspension bridge, 250 feet above the surface of the water and 700 feet long; the cathedral, and Clifton Down. Clifton Down is a park of about 250 acres, and has been owned by the city for centuries, and is left almost entirely in its natural condition, outside the carriage drives. Its green turf is the finest and strongest I have ever seen. Horseback riders gallop over it in all directions, and make no more impression upon it than upon brick or asphalt. All over the British Islands the moist climate insures greener grass and stronger turf than anywhere in America; but Clifton Down is said to have no equal in the three kingdoms.

From Bristol we went to the city of Gloucester, which occupies the site of a first century Roman town. Its principal attraction is its fine old cathedral, which has a

history dating back to the seventh century, and really is one of the most interesting in all England. What brought me to Gloucester more than anything else was the fact that it was near the home of my old friend Barwick Baker, with whom I had had a continuous correspondence for more than a dozen years before he died, and from whom I received more inspiration in prison reform than from anyone else. In the cathedral is a fine memorial to his memory, for which a number of our American penologists contributed.

The old ancestral home of Barwick Baker, known as Hardwicke Court, is about four miles from the city of Gloucester, and before leaving America I had received an invitation from his son and heir to spend a few days with him, and so on Saturday, August 17th, we rode out to the Court and remained until the 19th, and were glad to enjoy the hospitalities of an English magistrate in his country home. Unlike Americans the great men of England, and the rich men, all live in the country, and only spend a portion of their time in London, during the sessions of parliament, which is called the "season." These country homes are the old estates that, as a rule, have been in the family for centuries and descend under the law of entail to the eldest son, and, of course, they are full of history and are very interesting. Hardwicke Court is a large estate and upon it is a village, and homes of the tenantry, and a church, and a parish school. Here in a fine old mansion and a broad park surrounded with a growth of great trees of oaks and elms, Mr. Granville Baker resides with his charming family of seven children, and a more delightful home life I have not seen anywhere. On Sunday we attended services in the quaint old parish church, a mile and a half across the fields, and then in the afternoon visited a famous reformatory for boys. It is famous from the fact that it



was the first reformatory in England, and was established by Barwick Baker in 1851, upon his own estate, and was wholly supported by him. He was assisted by a friend, who acted as a voluntary superintendent, and they started with three young thieves from London. Their success was phenomenal, so that by 1855 there was scarcely a regular habitual thief in the county of Gloucestershire, and from the inspiration of their success the juvenile reformatory system went all over the British Islands, and over America also. The days we spent at Hardwicke Court were very delightful, and we would have been glad to have made a longer stay, but we were due in Liverpool to take the steamer on the 24th, and so we bid good-bye to our Hardwicke friends, and under the pilotage of Michael, the oldest son, we went to the city.

During the day we visited penal and benevolent institutions, among which was a hospital for the insane, most admirably conducted, and then in the evening we took the train for Birmingham.

Through the courtesy of our American consul, Mr. Parker, we saw a good deal of Birmingham in a short time. With a population of half a million it is, next to Manchester, the most important manufacturing city in England. It is mainly a modern city, and is the outgrowth of industrial conditions which have come into existence during the present century, and there are no antiquities to attract the tourist. In its social and political sphere, however, it has always been distinguished as a center of liberality and freedom of thought, and it is one of the best governed cities in the world. Politics are entirely ignored in municipal affairs, and the best business men of the city are selected for official stations, and they give their time gratuitously to the work from the mayor down to the police force. Of course policemen and clerks are paid, but nobody else, not even the

judges. Social distinction in Birmingham comes through service to the city, and not from accident of birth, and lords and ladies do not count unless they do something for the public good. Mr. Parker, our consul, has given careful study to the subject and written it up, and says that it is the most democratic city in the world. Birmingham in England, and Glasgow in Scotland, are models for the world in municipal government.

The birthplace of Shakespeare was twenty-five or thirty miles from Birmingham to the northeast, and is the Mecca of tourists, and, of course, we made a special trip to take it in, and there we spent a day, and saw what other people see, and what has been described thousands of times. One of the facts that impressed me in visiting Stratford-on-Avon (pronounced A-von, not Av-on) was the uncertainty of the personality of the man Shakespeare. He was the greatest light in English literature, and yet, after the lapse of three hundred years, how little we know about him! In recent years it has been hotly denied that the plays of Shakespeare were ever written by a man of that name, and it is claimed that Lord Bacon was their author. Even his name is mythical, and there are thirty different ways of spelling the name "Shakespeare," gathered from different editions of his works.

On the way to Liverpool we stopped over at Chester for a night. It is a very ancient city, and is surrounded by an old wall, built originally by the Romans, and upon the top of it is a fine promenade over two miles long, and on it we made the circuit of the city. We also took a look at the cathedral, which is an old one, and dates back for its origin to the Roman period. It is not as large as other cathedrals we saw in England, but it is very interesting. Six miles from Chester is Hawarden,

the residence for many years of Mr. Gladstone, the greatest man of the century in England.

Liverpool, next to London, is the largest city in England, and is its greatest seaport. It is a modern city, and to the tourist has but very few attractions, and Americans, except commercial travelers, scarcely stop there even for a day. Of course, we called upon our consul, Hon. James E. McNeal, who was an Ohio man and an old friend. He invited us to make the consulate our headquarters, which we did, and under his direction and pilotage we saw considerable of Liverpool during the two days we had at command before sailing home. We took in several benevolent and reformatory institutions, and among them the training ship Akbar, the Industrial Home for the Blind, and a school for the education of the blind, all of which we found very creditable. The morning of August 24th we occupied in getting our baggage on ship board, and then, after lunch with our consul, and bidding him good-by, we went on board the ship, and were happy in the prospect of a solid week's rest on the ocean homeward bound.

The Liverpool docks are the finest in the world, and for miles and miles they constitute a solid wall of granite. At 3 P. M. the gang plank was hauled in, and the great ship swung out into the stream and threaded her way down the Mersey into the Irish Sea, and took her course for Queenstown and the western world. For hours the steamer was in sight of land, and we sat upon the deck and watched the changing landscape, but at last the ship turned more to the westward and the shores of Albion faded out of sight, and we were once more upon the boundless sea, "with the blue above and the blue below." The steamer Umbria, of the Cunard line, was not as large or fine as the Campania, but ranked next to her, and was a good sea-going vessel. Our experiences

at sea were the usual incidents of ocean travel, except for three days, when in mid-ocean, we met stormy weather, and a passenger who had crossed the ocean at all seasons, and in every month of the year, said it was the roughest time he had ever seen. We had seen a live avalanche in Switzerland, and now we had a live storm at sea. I had read of mountainous waves, with no faith in their reality, but now, as I looked out of our stateroom window, it was actually verified, and for all the world the outlook resembled some sections of the Swiss mountains, and there were hundreds of peaks in sight that were snow-capped. Really, the sea just then was more impressive than the mountains. It was magnificent, and I enjoyed it immensely. During the days of storm, with every plunge of the ship, the decks were under water, and no one dared to venture outside, and so I stayed in my state-room, and saw all that could be seen through the port-hole window, and spent the time in writing up my annual address for the Denver Prison Congress, and finished it before we landed. Notwithstanding the rough weather, we made fairly good time, and in seven days and three and a half hours we were at the Cunard dock in New York. It was hot when we left New York, and hot when we returned, but, nevertheless, we were glad to be at home again, under the "Star Spangled Banner," in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

The National Prison Congress for 1895 was held in Denver, Colorado, September 14th to 20th, and was a very interesting and profitable session. In my annual address I gave an account of my observations upon European prisons, with the conclusions as to comparative results, which is contained in the annual report of the congress for 1895.

The Sunday morning session of the congress was held

in the Central Presbyterian Church, and the annual sermon was delivered by Rev. Wm. F. Slocum, D.D., the president of Colorado College, at Colorada Springs. He took for his theme, "The Elements of Justice in Charity," and founded his discussion on Romans, 13:10—"Love is the fulfilling of the law"—which was ably presented. The Sunday evening session was arranged for and conducted by the Chaplains' Association in the Central Presbyterian Church, and addresses were made by Chaplain Batt, of the Massachusetts State Reformatory, and Rev. H. H. Hart, secretary Minnesota Board of State Charities. The succeeding sessions of the congress were continued for three days, closing Wednesday night. Among the papers presented the most noteworthy perhaps were "The Parol System in Penitentiaries," by Warden Henry Wolfer, of Minnesota; "Intermediate Sentences," by Warren F. Spalding, Secretary Massachusetts Prison Association; "Politics and Crime," by Amos G. Warner, Professor of Economics and Social Science in Leland Stanford University, California; "Prison Discipline," by Warden Chamberlain, of Michigan; "Discharged Convicts in England and Europe," by Samuel J. Barrows, of Massachusetts; "The Ethical Aspects of Crime," by Rev. J. H. Crooker, of Montana; "Pure Water as a Hygeinic Factor in Prisons," by D. N. Rankin, of Pennsylvania; "Police Force in Cities," by Chief Deitsch, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Denver is not only one of the most attractive cities in America, but its ability to entertain conventions is unsurpassed, and its welcome to the prison congress will always be remembered with pleasure by its delegates.

The legislature of 1895-'96 enacted into laws two bills, prepared by the Board of State Charities, and recommended annually for a number of years. The first was the interchange of commodities bill (92 Ohio Laws,

page 183). and the second was the bill repealing section 975 of the Revised Statutes (92 Ohio Laws, page 170), the results of which are far-reaching in their effects, for it takes away from infirmary directors the administration of out-door relief as a county charge, and transfers the responsibility of such relief to township trustees, to be paid by township taxation.

The National Conference for Charities and Correction for 1896 was held June 4th to 10th, at Grand Rapids, Michigan, and was even larger than that at New Haven, in 1895. I was unable to be present during the first three days of the conference, but for the remainder of the time I attended all general sessions. The large attendance was a very gratifying indication of an advancing public sentiment in regard to all matters considered by the conference. The National Prison Congress was held in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, commencing on the evening of the 26th of September, and closing on the evening of the 30th. It was very successful, both in numbers and in the weight of its deliverances, and the general consensus of opinion seemed to be that it was the best that we had ever had. I was selected president for the fourth time, but a change of policy for the future was inaugurated, by the adoption of a rule that hereafter, a president shall not be eligible for a second term. This has always been the rule in the National Congress of Charities and Correction, and after the death of General Hayes, and our inability to secure the services of another ex-president of the United States, it has been the best policy for the prison association. Where a president has but one term to serve, he will do his best to make his congress superior to those of his predecessor. A president who does his duty in organizing a congress, and in presiding over its deliberations, has onerous duties to perform, and after five years of its responsibilities, I was

very glad to retire from that position. I value very highly the honor conferred upon me by my associates, but there are many others of equal or greater ability, and they ought to be recognized, in doing so I believe the best interests of the congress will be promoted.

In going to the prison congress, I spent several days in Chicago, and visited various local institutions, and among them the Cook County Insane Asylum and the county jail. Also, for the first time, Hull House and another social settlement. Returning, I stopped over, with several other delegates, and participated in a public meeting for the discussion of prison topics.

The Ohio State Conference for 1896 was held at Xenia, October 12th to 15th, which was very largely attended by delegates from all parts of the state. I was very proud of it, for in its papers and discussions, it was fairly the equal of our national conferences.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## EVENTS OF 1897.

New Orleans Conference—River trip to New Orleans—The Conference—Prison reform in Louisiana—Homeward bound—National Conference at Toronto—New York institutions—State Conference for 1897—After the conference—National Prison Congress—Sessions of the Congress—Trip to Mexico—San Antonio—Laredo—Monterey—In the torrid zone—City of Mexico—Mexican officials—President Diaz.

As there was no session of the general assembly for 1897, there is no legislation to record for that year. In other directions, however, in philanthropic work, in which I was participant, there was more than usual activity.

At the National Conference of Charities and Correction, at Grand Rapids, Michigan, in June, 1896, it was determined to hold an adjourned session in New Orleans, Louisiana, in March, 1897. A large number of the delegates had desired to hold the regular conference at New Orleans in preference to Toronto, believing it the more inviting place for conference influences, and therefore, to meet the Macedonian cry of the Louisiana delegation to "come over and help us," it was decided to hold an adjourned session in that city. The wisdom of this movement was vindicated by its results, for the visible outcome has been greater, probably, than that from any previous conference. Within a year, a Board of State Charities and Corrections was made a permanent requirement by the constitutional convention of Louisiana; also the appointment of a code commission by the



legislature for the revision and codification of the criminal laws; also a constitutional provision for the abolition of the lease system; the organization of a prison association for the state; and a local commission for the visitation and inspection of all the charities of New Orleans. Through the inspiration of our adjourned meeting, five free kindergartens have been established in New Orleans, and in various other directions progress has been reported. At this conference, there were nearly one hundred delegates, representing seventeen states, and of these delegates fifteen were from Ohio.

A majority of our Ohio delegation concluded to make the trip to New Orleans by river, and so we took the passenger steamer "John K. Speed," at Cincinnati, in the evening of February 18th. The river was full and rapid and the weather was moderate, so that we could be outside the most of the way, which made the journey very interesting and pleasant. We stopped at all the principal cities to put off and take on freight, and had ample opportunity to take in the various attractions of the river. At Cairo, we were detained half a day, and at Vicksburg we visited the National Cemetery, and at various other points there was ample opportunity for sight-seeing. We reached New Orleans on the evening of February 26th, nearly two days ahead of time, so that we had opportunity to locate and look around before the Mardi Gras orgies, which began March 1st. The carnival, with its spectacular foolishness, did not impress me favorably, but the people of the city and the thousands of visitors seemed to enjoy it immensely, and so long as they were happy, it was not my business to find fault. Personally, however, I do not care to see it again.

The conference began on the morning of Thursday, March 4th, and continued until the evening of March

6th, with three sessions a day, which made hard work, but afforded opportunity for a very full presentation of the various phases of philanthropic work. The two leading daily papers of the city published the proceedings more fully than has been done for the conference in any other city. In fact, every paper presented was published in full, together with a complete abstract of the discussions, so that the conference had an audience all over Louisiana and the adjoining states. The addresses upon Charity Organization, by Robert Treat Paine, of Boston, and President Gilmore, of John Hopkins University, were especially strong, and that upon Kindergartens, by Mrs. L. W. Treat, of Michigan, I have never heard equaled anywhere. As there were no section meetings, and only such topics were presented as were desired by the local committee, more opportunity was allowed for discussion, and each topic was very fully considered, and the result was a conference which was in all respects very satisfactory and very useful.

My own contribution to the conference, outside of discussions, was a paper entitled "Prison Reform in Louisiana," which was a presentation of the ideas of Edward Livingston as embodied in his criminal code, with its marvelous introduction, prepared for the legislature of Louisiana over seventy years ago. It was not adopted, but it contained the principles upon which all prison reform legislation has since been formulated in all civilized countries. My paper was prepared on the steamer on my way down the river, and has received probably wider circulation than any other I have ever written. It has been translated into French by the executive committee of the International Prison Congress and transmitted to its members throughout the world. By using Livingston as my authority, I was able to advocate the most advanced ideas of prison reform without giving offense to a

Louisiana audience, whilst pointing out various local shortcomings.

The conference closed Saturday, March 6th, and I took the night train to Tuscaloosa, Alabama, and spent the Sabbath at the State Hospital for Insane with Superintendent Searcy, the successor of my old friend, Dr. Brice. On Monday, I came on to Nashville, Tennessee, and spent two days with old friends and visited various local institutions; also, by invitation of State Board of Charities, I spent an hour with Governor Taylor and the finance committee of the house, to discuss matters of pending legislation. I left Nashville on the evening of March 11th and arrived home safely March 12th.

The twenty-fourth National Conference of Charities and Correction was held at Toronto, Canada, July 7th to 14th. To attend this conference, I left home July 6th and took the evening boat for Buffalo, and thence by Lewiston and Lake Ontario to Toronto. This was the first time the conference had met outside of the United States, but it found a hospitable welcome and was largely attended. I had been there ten years before, at the National Prison Congress, and had met at different times quite a number of Canadian philanthropists, and was glad to meet them again. Toronto is a beautiful city and one of the best governed on the continent, and our sojourn for a week was very delightful. A large number of papers were presented that were able and instructive, but there were too many of them to allow the discussion and criticism that every paper ought to receive. The main value of a conference is in securing an interchange of opinions upon a given topic, and failure in this respect was a serious defect in the Toronto conference and ought not to be repeated. At the Toronto conference, there were half a dozen section meetings, some of which were in session, more or less, during the general

sessions, which was also a mistake and ought not to be allowed at any time. My own opinion is, that the adjourned meeting in New Orleans, where there were no section meetings, and where ample opportunity was allowed for discussion, was of more practical value than the conference at Toronto, although the topics considered were far less in number.

Leaving Toronto in the afternoon of July 14th, I returned to Buffalo, and then spent two weeks visiting institutions in the State of New York, and made report of observations, which was published in full in our September bulletin. These institutions in their order were, the Hospital for Insane at Utica, the Penitentiary and Protestant Orphan Home at Albany, the State Hospital for Insane at Poughkeepsie, the Temporary Home for Destitute Children and the Bloomingdale Insane Asylum in West Chester county, the Asylum for the Criminal Insane at Mattewan, and the King's County Penitentiary and various other institutions in Brooklyn. The trip was very interesting and enjoyable, and I found many things worthy of commendation; but upon the whole, our Ohio institutions did not suffer by comparison, and in some respects we are decidedly in advance.

The State Conference of Charities and Correction for 1897 was held in Toledo, October 26-28, and was attended by about two hundred delegates from the various counties of the state, and many able papers were presented, and the discussions were valuable. Two of the papers were exceptionally good: the first by Lewis B. Gunkel, of Dayton, upon "Outdoor Relief," and the other by Dr. G. A. Dorem, of Columbus, upon the "Custodial Care of Idiots." The latter was monumental in its excellence, and contained the conclusions of forty years' experience in dealing with this class of dependents. Dr. Dorem's paper was printed separately in a pamphlet and was cir-

culated widely, and was very helpful to our board in securing from the next legislature an appropriation for the purchase of a farm for the custodial care of idiots. At this conference a committee was appointed to prepare a bill for the codification of the poor laws of the state, of which the secretary of the board was chairman and Judge Follett was a member, and the result was the formulation of a bill which was enacted into a law by the next legislature exactly as reported.

At the close of the conference, October 29, I went to Cincinnati, and the next day visited the county jail, house of refuge, and the workhouse. On Sunday, the 31st, I delivered an address to a large audience at the Y. M. C. A. Hall upon the prison question, and the next morning at the Presbyterian church I talked upon the same subject, for an hour, to the ministers of the Evangelical Alliance. Both of these addresses were reported in the daily papers, so that I had a wide hearing in Cincinnati and throughout the state.

The National Prison Congress for 1897 convened in Austin, Texas, December 2, and continued until the evening of the 6th. For a large majority of delegates it was a long distance to travel, but the number in attendance was well up to the average, and the congress itself was one of the ablest we have ever held. From Ohio we had seventeen delegates, and of these fourteen of us went together in a special car from Columbus, leaving that city at 3 P. M., November 29, and arriving at St. Louis the next morning, where we spent the day. At St. Louis we were hospitably entertained by the city officials, and visited various points of interest, and especially the jail and workhouse, and in the evening we left for the South on the Iron Mountain Railroad. In the morning of December 1st, we were at Malvern, in the State of Arkansas, where we detached our car, and

went west on a local railroad twenty-two miles to spend the day at the Hot Springs. We found this famous watering place well worth a visit and spent the day very pleasantly. In the evening we went back to Malvern and took the night train on the Iron Mountain Railroad, and at 2 P. M. of the next day we were at Austin.

The opening session of the congress was held in the First Presbyterian Church, and was welcomed by Charles A. Culbertson, governor of the state, and Lewis Hancock, mayor of the city. To their welcome I made response, and then read my annual address. I had now been with the congress for fourteen years, first as vice-president for ten years, and as president for four years, and having reached within a few months the allotted age of three score and ten, it seemed fitting that with this congress I should cease to be officially responsible for it, and therefore my address was in the form of a valedictory, in which I summed up the results of progress in the past and closed with prophecies of the future. Outside of our annual report it was published in full in several daily newspapers both North and South, and was quoted largely elsewhere, and especially in the religious weeklies. The papers and discussions of the congress were unusually able, and some of its deliverances were of monumental excellence. The local attendance was very good, and at the meeting on Sunday evening in the College Auditorium the audience numbered about 2,000, which has never been exceeded before or since. At this meeting two very able papers were presented; one upon "The Prevention of Crime," by Geo. G. Winston, president of the university, and the other upon "The Lease System in Texas," by Hon. John N. Henderson, judge of the court of criminal appeals, and these, together with

the very able sermon of the morning by Reverend J. R. Briggs, pastor of the Tenth Street Methodist Church, made the Sabbath one of the most memorable in the history of the prison congress.

The congress closed on the evening of December 6th, and on the morning of the 7th an excursion of twenty-five delegates left at 4:20 A. M. on special Pullmans for San Antonio and the Republic of Mexico. As I have already written of this trip in a series of fifteen letters, published weekly in the "Mansfield Shield," and which, if printed in a volume, would make a book of two hundred pages or more, I do not care to refer to it here except in brief outline.

At San Antonio, eighty miles southwest of Austin, we spent the day and night, and left for Laredo on the morning of the 8th. San Antonio is a city of 60,000 inhabitants, and we found the people very hospitable and the place attractive. Its public buildings and its cathedral and old mission buildings were very interesting, and especially the Alamo church and plaza, where in 1836 occurred the bloody assault of Santa Ana and the massacre of the Texan patriots.

The next day, late in the afternoon, after an all-day ride through southern Texas, we reached the Rio Grande and crossed over into Mexico. I have been in many strange countries; but I think the transition from one side of the Rio Grande to the other is the most extreme in its civilization I have ever experienced. On one side is a live, rattling, up-to-date, English-speaking town. On the other is a quiet, sleepy place, with quaint Spanish architecture of the middle ages, flat-roofed adobe houses, and narrow streets, through which the bronzed-visaged inhabitants come and go as leisurely as if all days were Sundays, and no one ever was in a hurry. The first Mexican official to make our acquaintance was a custom-



house officer, who came through the cars and looked into our hand-sachels for contraband goods. This perfunctory duty completed, the train pulled out slowly through a throng of swarthy-looking natives, wrapped in rainbow-colored blankets, under tall sugar-loaf hats, with brims as broad as an umbrella. Mexicans of all grades, from the Castilian Spaniard to the lowest Indian, are dark-complexioned, but they are never black, and their race characteristics are entirely different from the negro. Leaving Laredo, we rolled out into the chapparal and cactus-covered plains, and onward and steadily upward through the night, and in the morning we found ourselves in the old historic city of Monterey.

We found Monterey a very attractive and prosperous city, with a superb climate in winter, with cloudless skies and a temperature like the early June days in Ohio. It dates back for its origin to 1560, and is full of history. Here we spent the entire day and evening, and under the pilotage of American residents we visited all the important points in and about the city, and in the evening were taken to the leading club-house and shown its attractions.

We left Monterey at 11 P. M., and the next day, Friday, December 10th, all day long we were in the torrid zone, on the high tablelands and through mountain valleys of marvelous beauty, and meeting everywhere, both in city and country, scenes entirely new to American eyes. During the night we were high up among the mountains, and early Saturday morning we were at La Cima, where the descent of the eastern slope begins, and the glorious beauty of the valley of Mexico commences to unfold. Through gaps in the mountains you catch fleeting views in the panorama, until it bursts like a vision full upon the sight; the glittering towers and domes of the City of Mexico in the middle distance; a



little farther to the left, the broad expanse of the waters of the lakes gleaming in the sunlight like burnished silver; and beyond, far away in the distance, are the two great mountains of Iztaccihuati and Popocatepetl. The first is known as the "Lady in White," and both are covered with eternal snow. At noon we were in the City of Mexico.

No other city I have ever visited, in America or Europe, begins to equal the attractions of the City of Mexico, and the days we spent there I shall always remember with the greatest pleasure. Through the courtesy of Mexican officials, from President Diaz down, and the daily pilotage of American residents, every opportunity was afforded to see the attractions of the city under the most favorable conditions, and we availed ourselves of our advantages as far as our time would permit, and there were no hours wasted.

Among the officials we met, most notable were Raphael Rebollar, governor of the federal district, and Porfirio Diaz, president of the republic. The governor received us at the city hall (Palacio Municipal), and treated us with distinguished consideration. After shaking hands all around, we had quite a lengthy conversation with him through an interpreter, mainly upon prison topics, about which he seemsd much interested. He looks like a Frenchman more than a Mexican, and is very intelligent, and our party were well pleased with him. At the close of the reception, he presented me, as president of the prison congress, a large and handsomely-bound photograph-album with photos of President Diaz, the governor and ex-governor of the federal district, and of the penitentiary commission, comprising eleven members. These were followed by a dozen or more full-page photos of the new penitentiary, both exterior and interior. Of course I made my best acknowledgments, and shall retain the al-

bum as a valuable memorial of Mexican experiences. After the reception was over, the president and several of his officers escorted us through the federal building, and showed us its various halls and offices and explained their uses. In one room was a large number of portraits of various officials.

The last day of our sojourn in the City of Mexico, we spent the morning in making farewell calls upon our American ambassador, Honorable John M. Clayton, and our consul-general, Honorable Andrew D. Barlow, and then proceeded to the plaza to attend a reception arranged for us at one P. M. at the national palace by President Diaz. Promptly on time the president, with some of the members of his staff, came in and we were introduced to him. President Diaz, when we met him, was in his sixty-eighth year, but he did not look over sixty. He is five feet eight inches tall, and weighs perhaps one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and looked as vigorous as an athlete. His hair and moustache were gray, and complexion bronzed like a sea-captain, and was the picture of health. He was very cordial and kind, and shook hands with each of our party, as I introduced them separately. One of his staff acted as interpreter in faultless English. He made various inquiries, and among them our opinions of the new penitentiary. I said to him that I was very much pleased with it, and could assure him, after visiting a great many prisons both in America and Europe, that if the new prison was administered fully in accordance with the requirements of its construction, it would be a model for the American continent. He seemed pleased, and said that after all there was some advantage in being behind in prison reforms, as it had given an opportunity to adopt all the modern improvements. After a talk of twenty minutes, in which several of our party participated, we said good-by, and

left, fully satisfied that President Diaz was the right man in the right place. In the evening we parted with our Mexican friends at the hotel, and took carriages to the station, and thence, at nine P. M., our Pullmans rolled out on their way northward, and after a four days' continuous ride we were safely home again.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## EVENTS OF 1898-99.

Care of adult idiots—Plans of new jails—The Spanish War—Institutions visited—Ohio State Conference—National Prison Congress—New Orleans Congress—Twenty-sixth National Conference of Charities and Correction—Results of philanthropic work—Care of epileptics—Custodial care of adult idiots—The dependent poor—Dependent children—Defective children—Juvenile delinquents—Adult criminals—Improved administration.

At the biennial session of the general assembly of Ohio for 1898, through the initiation of the Board of State Charities, a number of legislative enactments were secured. The most important of these was the codification of the poor laws and an act entitled "an act to provide for the custodial care of the feeble minded." For nearly a century, the poor laws of the state, almost every year, had been added to or taken from, and amended and reamended, until their interpretation was often difficult and confusing; and, therefore, their codification, in a bill formulated by the Board of State Charities in co-operation with a committee of the State Conference of Charities, was a very satisfactory conclusion of study and effort.

The care of adult idiots for many years had been urged upon the state by the Board of State Charities, and recommended to legislators as a requirement of the utmost importance, and, therefore, the passage of an act authorizing an institution for this purpose, and making an appropriation to purchase a thousand acres of land in

the neighborhood of Columbus, was welcomed by the board as an accomplishment of the highest value. I became interested in this phase of philanthropic work over twenty years ago, when, in 1878, visiting the institution for feeble minded youth at Syracuse, New York, I heard, for the first time, of the institution for the care of feeble minded women at Newark, New York, and I became so impressed with its importance, that I have written it up, and talked it up, more frequently, perhaps, than any other man in the state, and if I have been instrumental, even in a small degree, in securing the permanent care of adult idiots by the state, I will be happy.

Among the laws enacted by the legislature in 1898, in which our board was interested, was the act of April 12th, requiring the approval by the board of all plans for new jails, workhouses, children's homes, infirmaries, state institutions, and municipal lockups or prisons, and for important additions to or alterations in such institutions before their adoption by the proper officials. There were other acts of value in which the board was interested, but those referred to above were the most important.

The twenty-fifth session of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections was held in New York City, May 18-25th, and in point of numbers was larger than any of its predecessors. Nearly one thousand names were registered as in attendance, representing thirty states of the Union and Dominion of Canada. From Ohio we had twenty-eight delegates, which was a larger number than any other state outside of New York, except Massachusetts, which had twenty-nine. At the opening of the conference, Carnegie Hall, one of the largest in the city, was filled to its utmost capacity, and addresses of welcome were made by Honorable Joseph H. Choate, Ex-Mayor Strong, Archbishop Corrigan, Right Reverend Henry C. Potter, D.D., and President

Low, of Columbia College, and during the entire conference the hospitalities of New York were attractive and continuous. The subsequent sessions of the conference were held, morning and evening, in The Charities Building, corner of Fourth avenue and Twenty-second street, and the afternoons were free to delegates for the visitation of local institutions, under the pilotage of members of the local committee of arrangements. The papers and discussions of the conference were able and valuable, and the volume of proceedings in which they were published is a very important contribution to philanthropic literature.

At this conference, twelve of our ex-presidents were present, a larger number than ever before, and President Stewart gathered us together for a photographic group, which, by photogravure plate, was transferred to the annual report. Of these ex-presidents, my old friend and comrade in philanthropic work, Doctor Charles S. Hoyt, has since passed away. He died in harness as he desired, and the conference has lost one of its ablest and most faithful members.

Whilst the conference was in session, the Spanish war was in progress, and absorbed the attention of the public to a large extent. All the great newspapers had dispatch boats and special correspondents in Cuban waters, and the New York journals, morning and evening, and between times, in special editions, with scare headlines, were in evidence at every street crossing, and, of course, such peaceful proceedings as those of the National Conference did not receive much attention from the reporters, and, for the same reason, doubtless, the local attendance was somewhat curtailed. However, the conference was a great success, and our New York friends were fully entitled to the commendations we gave them at the closing session.

During the summer and autumn, our board, as usual, through its standing committees, visited the various state institutions. In June, we were at the Central Hospital for Insane, at Columbus, and the Institution for the Imbecile Youth. On the 4th of July, we attended the celebration of the Toledo State Hospital, where I was one of the speakers, and where the triumph of modern methods in dealing with the insane was illustrated by the presence and participation of more than three-fourths of the patients, and in all the exercises, without the slightest disturbance of any kind. In the morning there was a parade, with music and banners, followed by foot-races and base ball games, and in the afternoon we had in the grove an old-fashioned patriotic program, commencing with the reading of the Declaration of Independence, and followed by orations, recitations and music. Later in the day there were balloon ascensions, and in the evening fire-works galore, and a dance in the amusement hall. Twenty years ago such proceedings were not only unknown, but were not even dreamed of. In August, we visited the various institutions in the Cleveland district, comprising the city infirmary and hospital, the workhouse and the Protestant and Jewish orphan asylums, the state hospitals at Newbergh and Massillon, and the workhouse at Canton, and the results of our inspections were published in full in our quarterly bulletin. In September, we made inspections of institutions in the Athens district, including the state hospital at Athens, the Industrial School for Boys at Lancaster, and the Hospital for Epileptics at Gallipolis.

In September, I attended the Trans-Mississippi Conference of Charities and Correction at Omaha, commencing on the 15th and continuing to the 20th. On the way out I stopped over for a day at Chicago, and visited the new county jail. The sessions of the conference

were held in the Congregational Church and the papers and discussions were able and valuable. On account of the attractions of the great exposition, and the large number of other conferences, the local attendance was not large, but those who came were specially interested in philanthropic work, and, doubtless, were largely benefited. On Sunday and Sunday evening, delegates were given a hearing in a number of city churches, and in that way we were able to reach large audiences. My own address upon "The Prison Question," in St. Mary's Avenue Congregational Church, was published in full next morning in the local papers, with editorial comments, and I have heard that much good came out of it later, in the improvement of city and county prisons.

The Ohio State Conference (the eighth) for 1898 was held in Mansfield, commencing on the 11th of October, and continuing until the evening of the 13th. This was a notable conference in every way, and the number of delegates present equaled the average attendance of the National Conferences, and in its deliverance it equaled any of them. The local attendance was also specially noteworthy. At the opening the large Presbyterian church was full, and after that the sessions were held in the auditorium of the Y. M. C. A. building, and were largely attended, especially in the evening. In fact, the local attendance was larger than that at our National Conferences, except in two or three instances. This, of course, was very gratifying to me, as I had been instrumental in bringing the conference to Mansfield. Both of our newspapers published the proceedings of the conference to the extent of five or six columns every day, which has rarely ever been equaled in any other city where the National Conferences have been held.

From the State of Ohio over two hundred delegates, including the governor of the state, were registered, rep-



representing state, county and city institutions, and from abroad we had upon the platform Professor C. R. Henderson, of Chicago University, president-elect of the National Conference for 1899; Rev. H. H. Hart, general secretary of the National Conference; Z. R. Brockway, superintendent of the New York State Reformatory, Elmira; and Horace Fletcher, of Chicago, the author of "Menticulture," and the famous child-saving book, entitled "The Last Waif."

Following the Ohio State Conference was the National Prison Congress, which convened at Indianapolis Indiana, on the evening of October 15th, and continued until the evening of the 19th. In company with Mr. Brockway, the president of the congress, and Superintendent Sefton and Chaplain Locke, of the Ohio State Reformatory, I left Mansfield on the morning of the 14th, and attended the congress through all its sessions. For the first time since the reorganization of the congress in 1884, I was free from any official responsibility, and the relief thus afforded and the opportunities for discussion on the floor the same as other delegates I found very enjoyable. The congress was largely attended, and its deliverances were varied and valuable, as will be seen by reference to its published proceedings. In the assignments for Sunday service, it fell to my lot to deliver an address, in the evening, at Second Presbyterian Church. The day after adjournment, I joined an excursion of delegates to visit the State Reformatory, at Jeffersonville, where we spent the day. In the evening, we inspected the jail at Louisville, Kentucky (one of the worst I have ever seen anywhere), and returned home *via* Cincinnati.

The prison congress at Indianapolis, like the National Conference of Charities at Milwaukee, and for similar reasons, decided to hold an adjourned session in New Orleans. This was arranged for January, 1899, com-

mencing on the 21st and closing on the 24th. This congress convened at the appointed time, with an attendance from other states of about fifty delegates, nearly all from the North. Our Ohio delegation, in company with other delegates from Indiana and Pennsylvania, went by special Pullman from Cincinnati, and spent Friday the 20th at Memphis, Tennessee, where we were taken in charge by a committee of citizens and shown the city and its public institutions. In the afternoon we were entertained by the ladies of the federation clubs, and then for a couple of hours various phases of the prison question were presented in short addresses by delegates. Leaving Memphis at nine p. m., we reached New Orleans at noon. The headquarters of the congress were at the St. Charles Hotel, where the opening session was held in the evening. At this session the address of welcome was made by Honorable N. A. Snyder, lieutenant-governor of the state, and it devolved upon me to make the response, after which Major R. W. McClaughrey, of Illinois, president of the congress, delivered his annual address.

The next day, Sunday, the morning session of the association was held in Christ Episcopal Church, where the regular congress sermon was preached by Bishop Sessums, one of the finest orators it has ever been my privilege to hear. Certainly, in matter and manner, this sermon has not been excelled by any of the distinguished preachers heard by the congress in previous years. Sunday evening, as usual, prison topics were presented by delegates in several churches, and it fell to my lot to occupy one of the leading Methodist Churches. The audience was not large, but my address was published in full in two of the city papers Monday morning, so that I had a wide hearing. So with all the proceedings of the congress, everything was published in full every morning, the same as

had been done in the previous year for the National Conference of Charities and Correction.

The regular sessions on Monday and Tuesday, morning and evening, were fairly well attended by citizens, but the liberality of the press gave us all Louisiana and adjoining states for an audience, and the gospel of prison reform had a wider hearing than it did at the regular congress in Indianapolis. Among the valuable papers at the New Orleans congress there were two especially noteworthy by women, the first upon "The Need of Separate Prisons for Women," by Mrs. Ellen Cheney Johnson, superintendent of the Massachusetts Reformatory for Women, and the second upon "The Reformation of Incurable and Wayward Girls," by Mrs. Adina Mitchell, of Whittier, California. This was the last appearance of Mrs. Johnson before the prison congress, of which she had been a member and a regular attendant since its reorganization, in 1884. I met her every year, and visited her several times at the Massachusetts Reformatory for Women, where she was the general superintendent during all these years, and a year ago we were travelers to the City of Mexico, so that I knew her intimately and valued her friendship greatly. She was a wonderful woman, and her institution was the best of its kind in the world. I fear we shall travel far and wait long before we shall find her equal. She died in London, England, June 28, 1899, where she was attending the International Congress of Women. A national prison congress without Mrs. Johnson will lack one of its important factors, and to those of us who have been with it from the beginning it will seem lonesome.

The Twenty-sixth Annual Conference of Charities and Corrections was held at Cincinnati, May 23 to 26, 1899, and next to that of the previous year, in New York, was the largest ever held. There were about 800 registered

delegates, about one-half of whom were from Ohio. Its deliverances were equal to any of its predecessors, I think, and its annual volume is a valuable contribution to the literature of philanthropy. The conference was very ably handled, and all the details of the program were carried out smoothly and satisfactorily; but, as I have said of other congresses in recent years, it seemed to me that too much was attempted, and there were too many papers and too many topics to allow proper consideration.

As a remedy for these conditions I have recommended to the executive committee of the twenty-seventh conference, which meets in Topeka, Kansas, next year, that the methods of the International Prison Congress, with modifications to suit our conditions, be adopted. What these methods are can be seen by reference to the report of the American delegation on the Paris congress of 1895. In brief, they comprise the publication and distribution in advance of all papers, so that members can come prepared to discuss them without their being read to the congress. The congress is divided into sections, and each paper is referred to the section to which it belongs, with a series of topical questions, previously printed and distributed, for consideration and answer. The various sections meet in the forenoon and discuss these questions, and vote their conclusions. In the afternoon these conclusions are reported to a general session, where they are again discussed and voted upon, and the result goes out as the consensus of the entire congress.

In this way no time is consumed in reading the papers, but ample time is given in advance for their consideration, and the members of the conference can come prepared to approve or disapprove, and every one will have a chance to do so in the section meetings, when the various questions presented are up for discussion, and

again in the general meeting, if they want to be heard again. This is a radical departure from former methods; but something must be done, sooner or later, or there will be an explosion or secession. Really, under existing conditions, our Ohio state conference, and doubtless others, is more instructive and valuable to those who attend than the national conference. My idea is to make our state conferences colleges of philanthropy and the national conference a post-graduate university.

Every prudent merchant, once a year, usually takes what he calls "an account of stock," in order to ascertain his gains or losses, and the reasons therefore, and then as the years go by he compares each year with the previous years, in order to gain wisdom from experiences. So with our board of state charities, we take an account of stock, as it were, each year in our annual report, and in our discussions in connection with it. In my recollections for the past twenty-two years I have limited myself almost entirely to my experiences in philanthropic work, for the reason that my duties and observations, so far as the public is concerned, have mainly been in that direction. During those years I traveled widely, and have visited the typical institutions in every state in the Union save one (South Dakota) and also in the Dominion of Canada, the Republic of Mexico, and the countries of western Europe, so that there are but few persons in the world who have seen so many, and therefore it seems proper that I should sum up results. This I can do only in bold outlines, without argument, for my space will not permit anything more. The observations upon which these conclusions are based have been printed elsewhere in various reports and periodicals, and cannot be repeated here. Those who have had occasion, either officially or otherwise, to deal with the problems involved in the care of the dependent, defective

or delinquent classes do not need to be informed that progress is slow, and in some directions distressingly slow, and yet when we look back through a series of years, as I do, it is clearly evident that some progress has been made in almost every direction, and in some cases the advances have been really marvelous.

Take for example the care of the insane. Twenty-two years ago when I began to visit the asylums there were less than half a dozen in the United States where the non-restraint system (now almost universal in state institutions) had been adopted. In fact I remember but three, viz., at Athens, Ohio, under that prince of alienists, Dr. Richard Gundry; at Norristown, Pa., under Dr. Chase; and at Auburn, N. Y., under Dr. Carlos McDonald; and even in these, and of course everywhere else, there was no freedom for patients outside of airing courts surrounded by walls or stockades. With these exceptions restraints were everywhere considered indispensable in the care of disturbed patients, and straight jackets, muffs, straps, camisoles, covered beds (or cribs as they were usually called) and various other mechanical appliances were visible in all asylums for the insane. When I came upon the Board of State Charities it was in doubt as to the wisdom of the non-restraint system, although our secretary, Dr. Byers, was an ardent advocate. However, I soon became a convert and thereafter by voice and pen championed the new era until the battle was won. Of course many other improvements have been inaugurated, but the advance made can only be appreciated fully by those familiar with the old as well as the new. I have no doubt but the progress made in the care of the insane during the past twenty years was greater than in the previous century.

As with the insane so also with epileptics, great pro-

gress has been made in their care. Twenty years ago there was no separate institution for the care of this most pitiable class of unfortunates. A few were scattered through the wards of our insane asylums, a menace to the other patients, and a horror to themselves in the interval of their seizures, but as a rule they were in poor houses, jails or private families in hopeless neglect. As early as 1869, in the second report of our board, the separate care of epileptics was recommended in "an asylum consisting of a farm ample in size and productive in character, upon which plain, neat and substantial pavilions might be erected, under the general direction of an accomplished agriculturist, and a good administrative ability, aided by efficient medical skill and competent foremen and attendants, would fully meet the demand." With such provision the curable might be restored, the labor of others, physically strong, properly developed, and the general comfort of all others promoted.

In 1870 and 1871, this recommendation was revived and amplified, and then for four years the board was abolished. In 1877, the board having been re-established, the care of epileptics was again pressed upon the attention of the legislature. In 1878, when I came upon the board, the subject was given special prominence, and in writing the report, I secured papers upon epilepsy, by Doctor John Curwen, of Pennsylvania, and by Doctor H. C. Rutter, of Ohio, both eminent in the specialty, and published them as an appendix. We followed this up year by year, until at last, in 1890, our efforts secured recognition, and authority for building an epileptic asylum was granted by the general assembly, April 11 of that year. In pursuance of this act, lands were secured for the location of this institution at Gallipolis, and on the 12th of November, 1892, its corner stone was laid.

At this ceremony I had the honor of delivering the address which was published as Appendix "A" in our board report of the year, and in which I gave a detailed account of the genesis and purposes of the new institution, which was the first epileptic asylum in the world supported from the public funds. In 1893, five cottages were completed and 200 patients were received, and from year to year other cottages have been added until at present (1899) about 800 are cared for in the colony. At first the wisdom of aggregating epileptics in a separate institution by themselves was widely questioned, but our experience soon demonstrated its superiority, and other states have followed our example, and the new era for the care of epileptics has been fully inaugurated.

Another forward movement has been the custodial care of adult idiots. Twenty years ago, the only institution for the permanent custodial care of this class of defectives was that established at Newark, N. Y., for women. Now there is another for men, and several states have followed, and the importance of such care is generally acknowledged. The necessity for such care is so obvious that it seems strange that it has not become universal, and yet it has taken twenty years of persistent effort on the part of the Board of State Charities to secure its recognition in Ohio. However, by act of the general assembly, passed April 12, 1898, "provision for the custodial care of the feeble minded" was authorized, and 1,068 acres of land have already been purchased for that purpose, and appropriations for buildings will doubtless be made.

In the care for the dependent poor, decided progress has been made during the past twenty years in all directions. Poor houses are better planned and more intelligently administered, and outside, in the distribution of



outdoor relief, at least in the larger cities, old methods have been revolutionized and supplanted by what is known as organized or scientific charity. In Ohio, a long step forward has been made by an act of the general assembly passed April 26, 1898, by which the distribution of outdoor relief is made the duty of township trustees instead of county infirmary directors, which has resulted in securing better care for the worthy poor at a largely reduced cost.

During the past twenty years, probably, more progress has been made throughout the United States in the care of dependent children than in any other department of philanthropy. In 1878, in Ohio, our statistics show 2,604 children in public care during the year. Of these 526 were cared for in the six county homes then in operation and 2,078 in county infirmaries. In 1898, our statistics show 3,745 children received during the year, of whom 3,356 were cared for in the forty-six county homes, and only 389 in county infirmaries, and these were under three years of age and were allowed to remain with their mothers as provided by law. Of all these children, more than half were placed out in families during the year. As in Ohio, so in other states, the importance of caring for dependent children is now very generally recognized and provided for.

As with dependent children, so with defectives, the deaf, the dumb and blind—ample provision is made for their care and education by the state, and great progress has been made in educational methods.

In the care and reformation of juvenile delinquents, no country in the world has made greater progress than the United States, and in this great advance Ohio has borne an important part. In fact, the first great step forward was made by this state by the establishment of the Boys' Industrial School at Lancaster in 1857, on what has since been

known as the cottage or family system, and this was followed in 1869 by the Girls' Industrial Home at Delaware. These examples have been followed in all of the Northern States and in a number of the Southern States, so that offenders of this class, by education and industrial training, are graduated into good citizenship as largely as the pupils from the public school.

In dealing with adult criminals, progress has been slow, but still some advance has been made in all directions. Our jails and workhouses, compared with some other countries, are still far behind; but compared with what they were twenty years ago, improvements are visible almost everywhere, and the outlook for the future is encouraging. In dealing with criminals confined in penitentiaries and state prisons, we have kept pace fairly well with progress in other countries, and in some directions we are in advance. Certainly, in the care of young felons under the age of thirty years, under the system of indeterminate sentences, with progressive classification and parole, which had its origin at the state reformatory at Elmira, New York, in 1876, we have made an advance which has not been equaled in other countries. This system is now known as the Elmira system, and is in operation, in one form or another, in a majority of the states.

A notable advance in recent years is the improved methods of administration in our benevolent and penal institutions. This has been brought about largely through the educational advantages of our National Conference of Charities and Correction and our National Prison Congress, which meet annually for the consideration of topics pertaining to the care of the dependent, defective and criminal classes. The National Conference of Charities and Correction, as an independent organization, held its first annual meeting in 1879 in Chi-

cago, and, with two exceptions, I have attended all of its subsequent meetings. The National Prison Congress was organized in 1870, but, after a few annual meetings, was suspended until 1884, when it was reorganized. Since then it has met annually, and I have attended every meeting. Each of these organizations brings together for conference the leading workers and thinkers in their respective fields, and their exchange of experiences and discussions are not only of great value to those who attend, but are educational to the general public through the newspapers and the annual conference reports. As an outgrowth of these national conferences, there are now in many states annual conferences of those interested in their own local institutions, and of these the first was inaugurated in Ohio in 1890, and has been held annually since, and has grown steadily in numbers and ability, until it rivals the national conference as an educational force. There are many other items of progress that could be noted, but enough, I think, has been given to indicate clearly that the world moves and that our efforts in philanthropic work have not been in vain. I have already taken up more space than I expected, and therefore, with a brief chapter of general retrospection, I bring my memories to a conclusion. I do so, not because my activities are ended, but I have reached the allotted age of three score years and ten, and a year beyond, and I prefer to close whilst, like Moses, I can do so "with eyes undimmed and natural force unabated," and not because of the infirmities of age.

## CHAPTER XXX.

## CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

Home surroundings—Every-day home life—Out of politics—Faith and Ideals—The cry of the ten thousand.

I have already referred to my early home surroundings as very attractive. My father's farm of one hundred and sixty acres was one of the best in the county, and its location, fronting on the Owasco lake, afforded an outlook rarely equaled. Between the house and the lake was the main road from the City of Auburn southward along the eastern shore. We had a fine orchard and fruits of all kinds, and of the very best. Our neighbors were well-to-do farmers, and there were children all around us who were pleasant associates, and I have always been thankful I was born in the country. In the family my two older sisters were very kind to me, and my brother Samuel, who was two years older, was my principal companion.

My brother David, who was the oldest of the family, soon married and moved to Michigan, and I saw nothing more of him until my return from Tennessee. My brother Samuel, who afterward became a physician of eminence, was a mischievous boy, and sometimes played pranks upon me; but, upon the whole, we got along very well together. He was something of a musician and something of an artist, especially in caricature, and was very entertaining in many ways. He had a genius for extemporizing fairy tales and other fictitious imaginings, which might have made him famous in literature if he had developed in that direction. How-

ever, his life was doubtless more useful in the profession of his choice, for when he died in Santa Barbara, California, where he had lived for many years, the whole city were mourners at his funeral.

In my recollections I have said but little of my everyday home life, and yet it is there that my most helpful experiences and largest enjoyments have been centered. Naturally it is exceptional events, and not the daily routine, that find record in our memories; and yet it is the daily routine that makes up the larger part of all our lives, and if that is unpleasant the enjoyments of life are greatly marred. Fortunately, my home life has been cloudless and my business life has been congenial, and hence the regular routine has been joyous and not grievous. A part of our daily routine is the social, civic and religious life of the community in which we live, in all of which, if we do our duty, we must bear a helpful part; and I trust I have been able to contribute something in all of these directions. Whether successful or unsuccessful, the effort has been a continuing pleasure. I have always been a student, and books, periodicals and newspapers have been my daily companions, and by their help I have been able to keep abreast of modern thought in all important fields, and effort in these directions has been helpful and agreeable. In all my life I have found but little time for what are called amusements, and that little, as a rule, has not been pleasurable. My recreations have been changes of mental occupations and outdoor work, and they have sufficed to keep me in physical and mental health, and have left me but few regrets for time wasted in foolishness. Fortunately, I married young (I was twenty-four years old and my wife eighteen), and had a home of my own. I believe in early marriages, when habits and ideas are not emphasized and fossilized, and can be easily harmonized. The only di-

rection in which I have been disposed to be extravagant has been in the appointments of my home, and I have endeavored to make it the most delightful place on earth for my children; and if I have succeeded, I am very sure the outlay has been wise. At any rate, my children have grown to full maturity and thus far have never given me an hour of uneasiness, and if they are satisfied, I am sure I am. In another direction, also, I deem myself fortunate, and that is the early beginning of a Christian life. For forty-eight years I have been a member of the Congregational Church, and have participated in all its activities. For many years I have had charge of our senior Bible class, and as a Bible student and teacher I have found a vocation helpful to myself, and, I trust, useful to others. The Bible as a whole is a wonderful book; but the New Testament, and especially the life and teachings of the Divine Nazarene, has been a fascination to me beyond all other books combined, and as I grow older it continues to grow upon me.

It will be noticed that I have made but little record of activities in politics during the past twenty-five years, and it may seem a little strange for one who had previously been so conspicuous and pugnacious in that direction. The truth is, I had found a higher and better mission in philanthropic work. The Board of State Charities is a nonpartisan board of six members equally divided between the leading political parties, and our judgment has always been that politics should not enter into the administration of our benevolent and correctional institutions, and by precept and example we have brought all the influences at our command to bring about that result. In furtherance of this policy we have not felt at liberty to make ourselves prominent in political contests. Personally I have been a Democrat all these years, and as a citizen I have cast my vote and given my

personal influence in support of the distinctive features of my party, but beyond that I have not ventured. As members of the State Board of Charities we receive no salary whatever, and therefore have no motive for the discharge of the duties imposed upon us except the love of God, and humanity, and our duty to the state. Personally, since I have been on the board, I have refused to make any recommendations for appointments to any position in any institution which comes under our supervision, so as to preserve a wholly unbiased judgment in any contingency that may arise. I do not know of any office that a citizen can hold in which there is a larger field for earnest and intelligent service. General Hayes, after his retirement from the presidential chair, often said that there was but one more civil office that he would be willing to accept, and that was to be a member of the Board of State Charities. We had hoped to have him a member of our board, but, unfortunately, when the two or three vacancies occurred during his lifetime the conditions were such that his appointment was not practicable. I have seen a great deal of official life in my time, and I am entirely sincere in saying that there is no position in the state, from governor down, that I would be willing to exchange for my membership of the Board of State Charities. Every year of service has deepened my interest in the work, and enlarged my estimate of its importance, and whilst I live, whether I remain upon the board or retire to private life, I expect to give whatever I can spare of thought and energy remaining to me to the solution of the problems I have studied for so many years.

It is true, my work as a member of the Board of State Charities lacks the charm of personal effort with the unfortunates, and I sometimes envy those who deal directly with individuals in trouble, and can see at once the re-

sults of service rendered. Our work, on the contrary, deals with the unfortunate in masses, and with institutions in which they are cared for. Our business is with methods of administration and with causes rather than with individuals, and the results of our work, as a rule, are only visible after many days. Still, if we can succeed in making a step forward in an institution, or shut off a stream of evil at its fountain head, it is far reaching in its results, and it is a permanent help to those that come that way for generations to come. At the close of the year we often feel discouraged with the meagerness of results accomplished, but when we look back by decades and see marked improvements in almost every direction, we thank God and take courage, and again go forward with hope for the future.

To the world at large I suppose I am best known as a prison man, but I am quite sure that the best work I have attempted has been for the dependent and defective classes, and especially for homeless children. In these directions we have had the sympathy of the public, and have thus been able to make large progress in all directions, but in dealing with the criminal classes the average American looks upon prison reform as a sentimentalism, and consequently progress is very slow. Nevertheless the prison question is the most important now before the American people.

We can live and prosper under high tariffs or low tariffs, under a gold standard or silver standard, or no standard at all, but with crime increasing year by year, like a tide that has no ebb, we must solve the question, or free government will come to an end, and "the man on horseback" will be a necessity. That I am deeply interested in the prison question goes without saying, and I suppose there is no other man living that has visited more prisons or studied the questions involved more care-



fully than I have, and with many other faithful workers I have endeavored to educate a public opinion that will bring about a successful solution. At any rate I do not propose to abandon effort for the smaller questions that are now agitating political parties.

As I conclude these recollections, I am in my seventy-second year, and have passed the mile-stone designated as the allotted age of man, beyond which according to the psalmist is "Labor and Sorrow." However, I am in perfect health mentally and physically, and in spirit I never expect to grow old, and I see no reason why, with the increasing experiences of advancing years, I should cease to be useful. At any rate whatever the coming years may bring to me, I trust that they will permit some continuing service for the betterment of mankind.

As a conclusion for my recollections, and as a revelation of the springs of action in my own career, I do not think of anything better than a lay sermon, founded upon experience, prepared a dozen years ago for the young people of Mansfield, and delivered at the lyceum shortly after our removal to our new home in the Memorial Library Building. These ideas have been an inspiration to my own life, and I commend them to those who come after me. They were written twelve years ago, but they are just as appropriate now, and even more so.

#### FAITH AND IDEALS—A LAY SERMON FOR YOUNG MEN.

The oldest account we have of man's advent upon the earth tells how Eden was lost, and how the world was cursed, through the subtlety of the serpent, in deceiving the mother of us all, with the specious lie that the disobedience of law would produce pleasure rather than pain.

"And the serpent said unto the woman: Ye shall not surely die."

This bit of history, whether a veritable fact or only an allegory,

presents, nevertheless, one of the profoundest truths, which is confirmed upon every page of man's history.

#### WHAT A MAN BELIEVES THAT HE IS.

In fact, the most characteristic difference between man and the brute is doubtless faith.

With the brute environment, heredity, and instinct (which is heredity intensified) are everything, and with a man they amount to much, but after all a man, in the main, is what he believes, and the outcome of his life is the result of his faith.

Every man has an ideal by which, in the main, he molds his life. If his ideal is high, his conduct will correspond; and if his faith is strong, it will overcome all the hindrances of environment or heredity.

"Now, faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," and the grander the ideal the greater the achievement.

"By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went."

"By faith Moses, when he was come of years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

By faith both of these men accomplished results which have made them potential factors for good in all ages, and has given them a name and fame which will endure whilst the world stands.

If, then, faith is the dominating force in man's destiny, it follows as a logical sequence that a right faith is his most important attainment, and he who hinders such faith is an enemy.

If this be true, then it follows also that modern agnosticism, which weakens faith in God, in a life hereafter, and in a judgment to come, must be a prolific cause of wrong-doing, for it breaks down the only barrier which prevents wrong-doing in a multitude of persons.

Agnostics may plead innocence of any evil intent, but their philosophy is evil in its results, and as such its advocacy is not only inexcusable, but it is also unscientific.

Faith is based upon ascertained facts, and surely enough of these have been accumulated by the observation and experiences of those who have preceded us, to guide us fairly well in all the relations of our early life, if we obey their conclusions.

Among these conclusions are the physical laws which are formulated into sciences, and our faith accepts them as true, without personal verification. Were it otherwise, the activities of modern life must cease, for life is too short to prove the truth of every fact we use.

By faith in the "Nautical Almanac," and his sailing charts, the navigator drives his ship at full speed over seas he has never traversed, and into ports he has never seen.

By faith ten thousand railway trains are constantly coming and going in safety.

By faith, and by faith alone, commerce and manufactures, and all the multitudinous requirements of our social fabric, are made possible, and their continuance is wholly dependent upon faith. If at any time faith begins to fail, disaster becomes imminent, and if doubt increases, panic begins, and the earthquake follows.

All panics have their origin in want of faith. When business men doubt the integrity of each other to any large extent, a financial collapse is inevitable.

If an army doubts its leaders, or distrusts itself, an aggressive enemy of half its numbers can easily conquer.

So with the individual man, he is a hero or a coward, a success or a failure, just in proportion as he has faith.

If this be true, how important it is that everyone should have faith, and especially a right faith, for it is possible to have faith in a lie, and a lie works evil.

Fortunately, truth is stronger than falsehood, and there is enough truth established beyond the reach of doubt to guide us safely in all our relations in life.

Surely, good and not evil comes from loyal obedience to the ten commandments.

Surely, society will be helped and not hindered by obedience to the precepts of the sermon on the mount.

To this extent, at least, we are certain of truths about which there is no dispute, and there are enough of them to make any man or any community stable and secure in the attainment of the highest prosperity and happiness of which the world has any record.

It is very evident, therefore, that what the world needs, what individuals need, is absolute consecration to what is known to be true.

Doubtless, everyone will be called upon to act under circumstances when entire certainty is not attainable, but if we are loyal

to what we know to be true, we shall not go very far astray in doing what we believe to be true.

The Apostle James understood this principle fully when he wrote to the twelve tribes, "if any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing doubting, for he that doubteth is like the surge of the sea driven by the wind and tossed."

Doubtless, as a rule, absolute truth, at least in moral action, is hard to follow, unless it is embodied in a living ideal; but fortunately, we have one such ideal about whom there is no difference of opinion as to his pre-eminence over all others. Surely, under these circumstances we shall make no mistake in following the example and teachings of the founder of the Christian religion. If He was a divine teacher, as He claimed to be, then obedience to Him insures for us an inheritance eternal in the heavens. If, on the other side, He was not divine, we are absolutely certain that, under His precepts, the man or the community will be happier, freer and nobler in every way than has ever yet been attained under the teachings of any other being known to the earth.

Under these circumstances, is it not fair to infer that the various forms of modern scepticism that impair the faith of men in the pre-eminence of Jesus, or in the reality of God and the future, and a judgment to come, are a fruitful cause of the increasing volume of crime?

It is the old story of the Garden: A weakening faith creates a weakening will, and disobedience follows, with crime as the culmination.

The trail of the serpent is over it all.

Modern agnosticism arrogates to itself the garb of science, but true science is a builder and not a destroyer. True science never tears down a working hypothesis until it can supply a better one.

Christianity is a working hypothesis for the existence of a spiritual world, and of man's connection with it. If nothing more, it is certainly as well established as the theory of evolution, and if agnostics were true men of science, they would accept it as true until by conclusive testing something better could be substituted.

The Great Teacher expressly invited such testings: "If any man shall do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."

This is a prescription which all can verify, whether learned or

unlearned, and of the millions who have fully tried it there is not a recorded instance of failure.

The skeptic may deny the divinity of Jesus; the agnostic may doubt the existence of a creative intelligence anywhere; the materialist may insist that outside of matter and blind force, there is no evidence of anything, but yet all must admit, and all do admit, that whatever does exist is subject to certain rules or modes of action which are known as natural laws, and every substance is nature, whether animate or inanimate, has its entity in obedience to these laws.

In obedience to these laws, whether material or immaterial, whether natural or divine, man lives and moves, and has his being. In obedience he is happy, in disobedience he is miserable.

These laws of well being are moral as well as physical, and both are determined by experience. Man cannot live by bread alone, and the experience of centuries has shown that the observance of moral laws is just as essential to his happiness as the observance of physical laws.

The requirements of the ten commandments, and the sermon on the mount, are just as imperative and just as scientific as the law of gravitation, and "Thou shalt surely die" is the penalty of disobedience.

Mr. Ingersoll may talk of the mistakes of Moses, and Tyndall and Huxley may insist that the miracles of Jesus are myths, but nevertheless the fact remains that men are happy and nations are prosperous just in proportion as they imbibe the spirit of Moses and of Jesus.

Skeptics may question, and agnostics may doubt, the divinity of Jesus, but His superiority as a moral teacher they cannot deny, and if honest men of science, they ought, at least, to accept his precepts as natural laws.

An honest doubter has wisely written:

"If Jesus Christ is a man,  
And only a man, I say  
That of all mankind I cleave to Him,  
And to Him will cleave alway."

The law of gravitation, as a working hypothesis to explain the order and harmony of nature, is not more firmly established by the Principia of Newton, than is the law of holiness, presented in the

Bible as the essential condition of progress and social order among men.

If, then, the Bible contains the noblest ethical precepts known to the earth, and Jesus, of Nazareth, as their embodiment, is the ideal man of the ages, does it not follow as the night the day that the state which fails to inculcate a reverence for both, and a knowledge of both, is derelict in its duty?

In doing this it does not follow that the state should teach sectarianism in the slightest degree.

Christian ethics and the life of Christ are one thing, and sectarian dogmas are an entirely different thing. The first should be taught and the other excluded.

The graduates of the practical morality class at the Elmira Reformatory must pass examinations in the ethics of Socrates, Plato and of Jesus, and nothing in that famous institution is more ennobling to its inmates.

Would our public schools be injured by a similar curriculum?

In short, what is needed for the highest development of a nation, or of an individual life, is the acceptance of a noble faith, and of inspiring ideals.

Faith alone, however, is rarely potential for the elevation of a nation, or of an individual, except as it is embodied in living exemplars.

Alexander the Great took Achilles for his model, and it is reported that Homer's "Illiad" was his constant companion.!

Napoleon I. took Cæsar as his ideal, and the result has been that with the average Frenchman to-day military glory is his dominating passion.

So with all men and with all nations, they are molded, and guided, and dominated by example more than by precept.

Precept, however pure, is for the most part powerless, until it becomes incarnate. Children live not so much in accordance with what their parents teach, as in accordance with what they live. Philosophers tell us that the golden rule and many other precepts of Christianity were choice maxims in the book of Confucius thousands of years ago, and yet through the long centuries down to the present, where has moral darkness been more profound than in China? But when at length those precepts became incarnate in the life of Jesus, what power so supreme along the ages or so omnipotent to-day?

As with individuals so it is with nations; example is more than precept. Constitutions may never be so liberal, and laws may

be never so pure, but yet if they are not embodied in the lives of the executive men of the nation they are but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. Napoleon I. theoretically was a Democrat, but practically no king in Europe was so despotic as he, and through his example the tribulations of France are largely due to-day.

Viewed from this point, it is very evident that the establishment and continuance of our American institutions is due to the fact—the fortunate fact—that the fathers of our Republic were worthy to be the ideals of succeeding generations.

The precepts of the declaration of independence were, perhaps, not more pure than those of the French revolution, but, instead of Danton and Robespierre and Mirabeau, we had Adams and Franklin and Henry to represent and live and teach them. Instead of Napoleon, God gave to us our Washington.

It is very evident, therefore, that lofty ideals are essential to lofty achievement, and consequently that there is nothing more essential to every man in his battle of life than the adoption of a worthy ideal.

Seneca, the wisest of Roman moralists, has said: "We cannot be healed by ourselves—some one must lend a hand, some one must educate." Therefore, he says, "choose some good man whom thou admirest; hold this model ever before thine eyes."

This, doubtless, is good advice, but the trouble is, no man, however great, is perfect, and hence the necessity of a divine man.

Solomon the wise counseled, as the conclusion of all knowledge, that men should fear God and keep his commandments, but Jesus of Nazareth not only obeyed God, but he embodied his commandments in a human life.

Instead of simply commanding us to do, he invited us to follow.

Solomon was a failure, but Jesus remains the peerless ideal of all mankind, and he says to us, as he said to his disciples, "Ye which have followed me, in the regeneration, when the son of man shall sit on the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel."

"He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

"And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Here then is an ideal, not only for time, but for eternity. Surely there can be nothing more ennobling or more consoling, for in it we have the promise of the life that now is, but also of that which is to come.

Life at its best (and I have seen it at its best) is but a weary

march, like that of the ten thousand Greeks described by Xenophen, but if, like the ten thousand, we are in the path of duty, and marching home, we can greet eternity as they greeted the sea Thalatta! Thalatta!

I think there is nothing in literature, certainly in American literature, more beautiful than the single stanza of Brownlee Brown, entitled "The Cry of the Ten Thousand." Possibly you cannot appreciate it until you are sixty years old, as I am, but to me it is magnificent.

It represents a true man at the close of life with eternity in view:

"THE CRY OF THE TEN THOUSAND."

"I stand upon the summit of my life,  
 Behind, the camp, the court, the field, the grove,  
 The battle and the burden, vast, afar,  
 Beyond these weary ways, Behold, the Sea!  
 The sea o'erswept by clouds and winds and wings.  
 By thoughts and wishes manifold, whose breath  
 Is freshness, and whose mighty pulse is peace.  
 Palter no question of the horizon dim,—  
 Cut loose the bark; such voyage itself is rest.  
 Majestic motion, unimpeded scope,  
 A widening heaven, a current without care,  
 Eternity!—deliverance, promise, course!  
 Time-tired souls salute thee from the shore."

The conclusion of the whole matter is, that man's highest attainment is not material, but spiritual, and that a true faith and a perfect ideal are its first essentials.

If, in the selection of such, my lay sermon shall aid you in the slightest, I will be happy.





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